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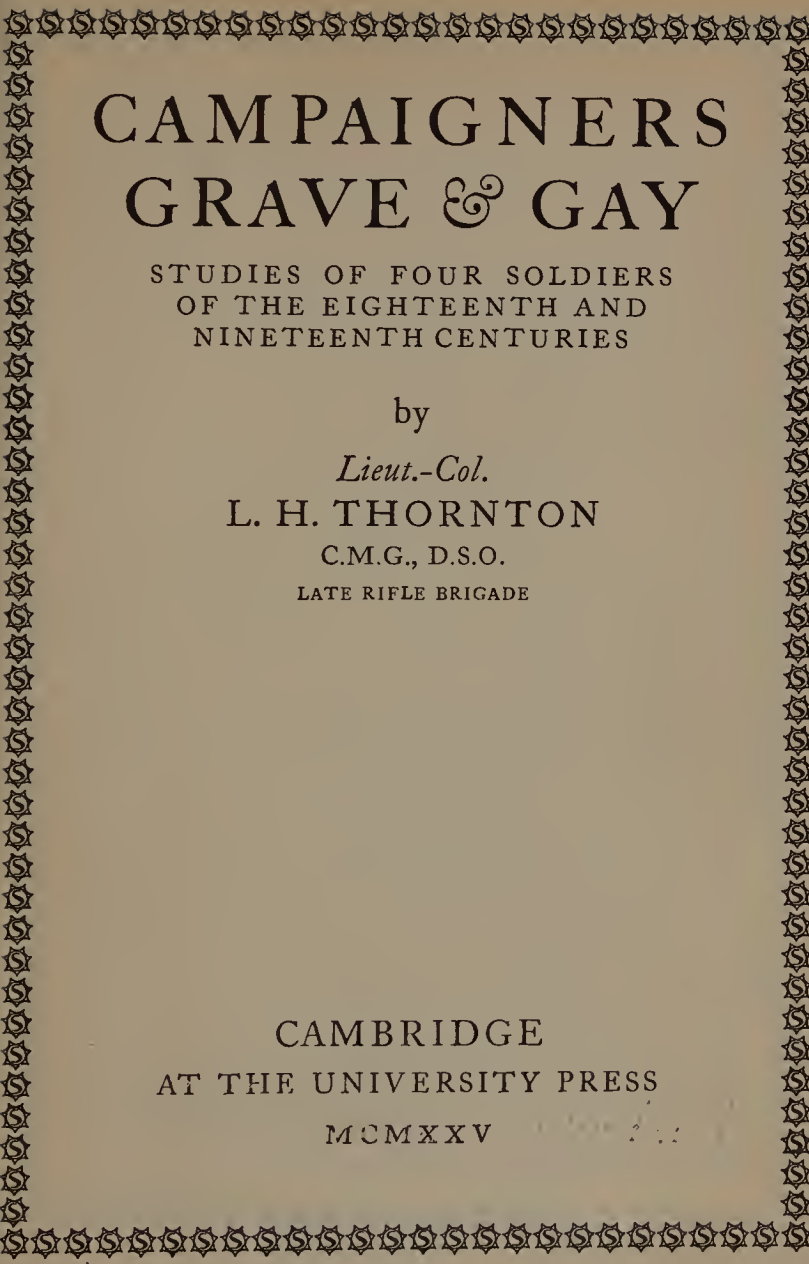
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CAMPAIGNERS GRAVE & GAY

STUDIES OF FOUR SOLDIERS
OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND
NINETEENTH CENTURIES

by

Lieut.-Col.

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C.M.G., D.S.O.

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P R E F A C E

FOR the facts contained in this book the writer is indebted to the researches of others whose names will be found at the head of each chapter. In particular is he beholden to Mr John Fortescue, not only for the wealth of information contained in his *History of the British Army* but also for his most helpful lists of references, which are of the utmost value to anyone who is so fortunate as to have access to a great library.

When the writer held at Cambridge the appointment of Director of Military Studies in the University, he delivered a series of biographical lectures in which he endeavoured by sketching the careers of distinguished soldiers to interest his audience in the study of Military History. These lectures were given in the evening after dinner, an hour very suitable to the purpose, provided always that the lecturer bears in mind that his audience have had a long and busy day, and that in consequence a wholly serious lecture unrelieved by the light touch at frequent intervals is out of place. Should the speaker overlook this point, it is highly probable that by coughs, by the shuffling of feet, and by sounds peculiar to slumber it will be brought home to him that he has lost, or is in danger of losing, the attention of his audience. Warned by one or

two painful experiences of this nature and profiting by the example of his more skilful colleagues, the writer changed his methods and thenceforward took care, before embarking on an evening lecture, to arm himself with some light ammunition, so to speak, in the shape of anecdotes, etc., which might serve to keep the somnolent awake. Out of the lectures so delivered a number have been selected for publication in the hope that possibly they may prove to be not altogether without interest to the general reader, and may perhaps—and this would be a source of real gratification to the writer—be the means of inducing a few young officers to read for themselves the glorious story of their own Army as set out in Mr Fortescue's fascinating volumes.

To an old brother officer, Major Gordon Carey, the writer desires to express his gratitude for his kindness in correcting the many errors of a most unliterary person and for checking the proof-sheets. To Major-General Mahon and Mr John Murray the writer desires to tender his acknowledgments of their courtesy in permitting the reproduction of the maps of the St Lawrence from the *Life of General The Hon. James Murray*. Finally to Mr J. M. Lewis are due the writer's grateful thanks for the preparation of several maps.

L. H. T.

July, 1925.

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MARSHAL MAURICE DE SAXE

AUTHORITIES

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- COLIN, J. *The Campaigns of Marshal Saxe.*
- FORTESCUE, The Hon. J. W. *A History of the British Army.*
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MARSHAL MAURICE DE SAXE

MAURICE DE SAXE was born at Dresden on October 28th, 1696. He was the natural son of the monarch who combined the Electorship of Saxony with the Crown of Poland. Maurice had only one legitimate brother and no legitimate sister. None the less he came of a somewhat numerous family, for he had no fewer than three hundred and fifty-three illegitimate brothers and sisters. His father's name was Augustus the Strong.

Mr Trowbridge has sketched for us the life and character of this most engaging of reprobates, this most prolific of kings. We see the petty Court apeing in its ruinous extravagance the splendours of Versailles. We see a galaxy of beauty, the long line of *maîtresses en titre* who succeeded one another with bewildering frequency. We see also, but less clearly, the shadowy forms of some of those many other women, and their name was legion, who temporarily attracted the fancy of the King. We see Augustus himself, full of *joie de vivre*, possessed of an irresistible charm, a strikingly handsome man, endowed with a strength which, even allowing for exaggeration, must have been prodigious. We see him, fearless, generous, kind-hearted, honest, and straightforward. Many of these traits we shall see reflected in his famous son

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—the same keen zest in life, the same lavish openhandedness, the same attractive personality, the same recklessness, the same outspoken bluntness, the same abnormal physique, and (we must confess it) the same weakness for the society of gorgeous creatures.

If Maurice owed much to his father, he owed even more to his mother, a woman of outstanding ability. His mother was the Countess Aurora von Königsmarck, whose grandfather, Marshal von Königsmarck, made himself famous, or, as some might say, infamous, in the Thirty Years' War. He was indeed as thorough-paced an old ruffian as ever pillaged a town or laid waste a countryside. He died in the service of Sweden, full of years, full of honours, and, we must add, full of riches; for the old bandit knew well how to combine the rapacity of a looter with the discrimination of a connoisseur. The Marshal left three sons, of whom one died young. Of the survivors, the eldest, Conrad, was disappointing, as a Königsmarck. The true Königsmarck must needs be ever occupied in destroying something. Failing cities to sack, there remained the domestic felicity of homes to break up. Conrad cared for neither the one nor the other of these occupations. He spent a virtuous, commonplace existence, adding to the large fortune left to him by his father. The remaining son, Otho, worthily sustained the traditions of his

House. He it was who, in the service of Venice, bombarded the Parthenon and reduced to ruins that sublime relic of a glorious past.

The good Conrad left two sons and two daughters. Of the latter, one married early and settled down to an ordinary, humdrum existence. The remainder of the family proved themselves very Königsmarcks. Charles, the eldest, was a soldier of fortune who served with much distinction against the Turks and the Moors. Wherever a desperate deed was to be done, there was Charles Königsmarck to be found to do it. Nor was it only in war that he made his mark. While in Venice he met the beautiful wife of an English peer and eloped with her. This lady presented him with a daughter under somewhat unusual circumstances. There was apparently in the Venetian service an order forbidding officers to take "animated comforts¹" into the field with them, so Charles, when campaigning in Italy, took with him his *chère amie* disguised as a page. One day, when he was out for a walk, the landlord of his billet came running after him shouting "Sir, Sir, come back quickly! Odd things are happening; your page is being confined."

Later, on a visit to England, Charles made violent love to the greatest heiress of the day, who returned his affection and was prepared to elope

¹ This phrase was actually used in an official letter during the South African War.

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with and marry him. Unfortunately the lady had a husband. This was awkward—what was to be done? The husband might be murdered? And murdered he was. This admittedly extreme method of removing an obstacle to matrimony was too much even for the easy-going Court of Charles II, and Königsmarck had to flee the country. He then joined his uncle Otho, at that time commanding the Venetian army in the Morea. In this campaign Charles contracted a fever, which brought to a close the career of this truly promising Königsmarck at the early age of twenty-six.

The remaining son, Philip, forsook the profession of arms for the life of a courtier. Strikingly handsome and well provided with funds, he wandered from Court to Court until he made his way to Hanover. Here he found a state of affairs existing which appealed to his romantic nature. The Electress Sophia Dorothea of Zell, a woman of great beauty, was treated with brutality and neglect by her husband, the Elector, who was to ascend the British throne as George I, a monarch who neither valued good looks in his wife nor expected them in his mistresses. Without delay Philip set to work to console the Electress for the treatment she was receiving at the hands of her spouse. How far the matter had gone we do not know; but this we do know, that Philip's affection was reciprocated, and that the affair came to the

ears of the Elector. What exactly happened then is shrouded in mystery. But after July 1st, 1694, Philip von Königsmarck was never seen again and all trace of him disappeared, while the unhappy Electress was sent away to the lonely castle of Ahlden, where she terminated her miserable existence thirty-two years later.

There now remains the Countess Aurora. Possessed of great personal charm and ability of a high order, she presented herself at the Court of Augustus at Dresden to solicit his assistance in the search which she was making for her brother Philip. The inflammable Augustus succumbed at once to so attractive a suppliant. The Countess Aurora succumbed also, and in due course little Maurice de Saxe made his appearance, taking his name from the Castle of Moritzberg, "where," said Augustus, with that delicacy which was so marked a feature of his character, "I obtained the victory over his mother."

It will readily be believed that to make provision for so numerous an offspring caused Augustus considerable difficulty. The problem, indeed, brought his Finance Minister, Flemming, to the verge of distraction. The number of those who appealed for financial assistance to Augustus as the author of their being was constantly increasing, and it was impossible for the harassed Flemming to foresee from year to year what the demands under this

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heading would be. At last, making the King's advancing years and growing infirmities an excuse for arriving at finality in the matter, Flemming drew up a list of those whose royal parentage could be fully substantiated. This list contained three hundred and fifty-four names, by the recognition of which, in Flemming's opinion, the claim of Augustus to be considered the father of his people would be sufficiently established.

Augustus was particularly devoted to little Saxe, and he was most anxious to make an ample provision for him. With this end in view he endeavoured to obtain the appointment of the Countess Aurora as Abbess of Quedlinburg, a foundation of great wealth. The income of the Abbey would, the fond father thought, be of immense assistance to Maurice. There were some, however, who thought that the character of the Countess fell short in some respects of that usually associated with an Abbess. Unfortunately, too, the influence of those who took this view was sufficiently strong to prevent the election of the Countess Aurora. So the fair penitent—or rather impenitent, for the leopard had not changed its spots—never attained at Quedlinburg a higher position than that of Canoness, a rank which carried with it no opportunity for manipulating the revenues of the Abbey.

Saxe's education presented some little difficulty, for he displayed a rooted aversion from acquiring

any knowledge whatever of any subject not connected with the art of war. To be a soldier was his sole ambition, and he read with eagerness any book that was given to him bearing on the military profession. To his antipathy to any other form of learning he fortunately made one exception, for he took very kindly to learning the French language, which he came to speak very well. Write it, however, he never could, and to the end of his days, though he made his great career in the French army, his efforts to write the language remained quite grotesque.

When he was twelve years of age he was already so strong and so abnormally developed that his father decided to send him to the headquarters of Marlborough and Prince Eugène, to gain some experience of actual war under those famous commanders. The boy was placed in the charge of an old veteran, General Schulenberg, to whom Augustus gave strict orders that Maurice, young as he was, was to march in the ranks, to carry a musket, and to do his duty on guard, etc. This was a somewhat drastic programme for a boy of twelve, and we gather that, once out of Augustus' sight, the kindly Schulenberg modified the routine a good deal.

On their way to the front, Schulenberg and Maurice stopped at Hanover, where they dined with the Elector. It must have been a curious meal, for both the Elector and Maurice knew of

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the disappearance of Philip von Königsmarck fourteen years before, and although Maurice could only guess at his uncle's fate, he knew that his host must be well aware of what that fate had been. At the Court of Hanover at this moment the reigning mistress was General Schulenberg's sister, that unpleasing woman, afterwards to be created Duchess of Kendal, who, together with a bevy of other scraggy sirens, accompanied King George I to England, where, as Lord Acton has told us, they offended one part of the public by their morals and the remainder by their ugliness.

Having arrived at the front, Maurice de Saxe was engaged at the siege of Tournay. Here he appears to have been in the thick of the fighting, for he is said to have had seven men killed and twelve wounded by his side, his horse shot under him, and a bullet through his hat. At the siege of Mons this child of twelve had an affair with an enormous French dragoon, whom he exterminated by emptying the contents of a huge horse-pistol into his assailant's stomach. At thirteen he was present at the battle of Malplaquet. Knowing what a fire-eater his charge was and foreseeing how bloody the fighting was likely to prove, General Schulenberg took care to keep Maurice well in rear, out of harm's way. This did not suit the boy at all, and at the end of the day he lost no chance of telling everyone that he had been where the

fighting had been hottest. So often did he repeat this tale that in the end he believed it to be true himself, and in after life many of the Marshal's best known stories used to be prefaced by "Now, when I was at Malplaquet...."

After the Peace of Utrecht, Saxe returned home and served in his father's army. At eighteen his father, by way of making further provision for his future, married him to the Countess Victoria von Löben, a great heiress. She was only seventeen, but was by no means an inexperienced little lady, having been already abducted, married, and divorced.

At the age of twenty-five Saxe had fought all over Europe, against the French, against Charles XII of Sweden, taking part in the siege of Stralsund, against the Turks under Prince Eugène, being present on Eugène's Staff at the great battles of Peterwardein in 1716 and of Belgrade in the following year. He had particularly distinguished himself, when only seventeen, by an extraordinary feat of arms, defending himself with only twenty men in an inn at the village of Crachnitz against four hundred Poles, through whom, after a defence lasting all day, he cut his way out by night with the few survivors of his little garrison. Amongst his many other preoccupations he had found time to be divorced, his wife finding him by no means a model husband.

Seeing no scope for his great ambition in his father's service, Saxe decided to go to Paris and offer his sword to the Regent. At the French Court at this time one of the most influential persons was the mother of the Regent, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orléans. Being a German, the daughter of the Prince Palatine, she warmly supported her countryman Saxe. This remarkable woman, a person of very strong character and great individuality, was possibly the greatest letter-writer that has ever existed. Such of her letters as have been preserved provide the most entertaining reading at the present day. The writer recorded everything that happened at Court, and her account of events, and of persons concerned in them, does not suffer from any scruples in the matter of propriety. She had a very keen sense of humour and employed the "under-statement" to good effect. For instance, talking of the Duc de Sully, a distinguished member of the Court, remarkable for his absent-mindedness, she says that he attended Mass at Versailles on Christmas Day "having forgotten nothing but his breeches."

M. de Brancas, another courtier, who combined absence of mind with shortness of sight, has also not escaped the pen of the Duchess, who writes of him: "He was the Queen-mother's *chevalier d'honneur*. One day, while she was at church, Brancas forgot that the Queen was kneeling before

him, for, as her back was very round, her head could hardly be seen when she hung it down. He took her for a *prie-dieu*, and knelt down upon her, putting his elbows upon her shoulders. The Queen was of course not a little surprised to find her *chevalier d'honneur* upon her back, and all the bystanders were ready to die with laughing."

The Court of the Regent was one of the most vicious that history can point to, and to this Court young Saxe, a soldier whose reputation for extraordinary feats of personal gallantry was European and who was also known as one of the handsomest men of the day, gifted with a smile the charm of which few men and no women could resist, was speedily made welcome. Plunging into the midst of the life at Court, Saxe, to all outward appearances out-Heroded Herod, passing as useless and as aimless a life as those amongst whom he lived. In reality he was leading a double existence, working in private at the study of past campaigns carried out by great soldiers and thinking over the lessons to be learnt from his own personal experiences. In all this he had the advantage of a close personal friendship with the Chevalier Folard, the great military writer of the day. Saxe was made Colonel of an infantry regiment, which was, as was commonly the case in those days, known by his name. In a very short time the Regiment Saxe became

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recognised as the most efficient in the French service.

In 1725 Maurice entered upon one of the most romantic chapters in his life. The Duchy of Courland was about to fall vacant, the present Duke being a very old man, unmarried, and in very indifferent health. This decrepit old gentleman had lately succeeded his young nephew, who had died leaving a widow, the Grand Duchess Anna Ivanovna, a niece of Peter the Great. This lady was acting as Regent in the absence of the Duke, who was not likely to return.

Courland was at that time an independent principality, acknowledging the suzerainty of the Kings of Poland. The Dukes of Courland enjoyed the privilege of being addressed by their suzerain as "Most Illustrious and Most Puissant." Most illustrious they may have been, but most puissant they certainly were not, as the unfortunate Courlanders had had every reason to discover from the frequent inroads of Charles XII.

Russia and Poland were both vitally interested in the succession to the Duchy. It was suggested to Saxe that he should put himself up for election; so, raising all the money he could scrape together and making as great a show as possible, he went to Courland to interview the Diet. The funds for this adventure were mainly found by his mother and by the most beautiful woman of the day, the

famous Adrienne Lecouvreur. The latter was the daughter of a hatter. Apart from the fact that he was the father of one of the greatest tragic actresses of all time, the hatter had only one other claim to fame, and that lay in the manner of his death. Finding life disappointing, he decided to end it, and the method by which he chose to achieve his purpose had at least the merit of originality. He locked the door, lit a fire in each of the four corners of his room, and climbed up the chimney. Adrienne, thus deprived of the protection of her father, was taken charge of by a relative on the stage. With him she toured the Low Countries in the wake of those great armies which were engaged there during the War of the Spanish Succession. In such an environment it would have been impossible for any woman, let alone one so remarkable for her good looks, to have escaped the tongue of scandal. Adrienne's lapses from the path of virtue were inspired by a very deep affection for two men with whom in turn she lived. One died; the other deserted her. Then Maurice de Saxe met her, and her devotion to him became the all-absorbing passion of her life. Widely read, well informed on many subjects outside of her profession, she had the *entrée* to circles denied at that time to her brothers and sisters of the stage. She was responsible for any culture that Saxe possessed. She inspired him to study his profession and to strive for

advancement in it, her influence upon him was all for the good, and the pity of it was that the nature of the man was such that he did not appreciate her more.

Arrived at Courland, Saxe set about making himself popular with the crowd as well as with the people of influence. He issued an election address which, in its pretended enthusiasm for national education and other matters, would not have disgraced a parliamentary candidate of the present day. He made himself so liked, in fact, that he was speedily elected. This did not suit Russia's views at all, and a very important personage indeed, Prince Mentschikoff, was sent to interview Saxe. Mentschikoff, originally a pieman in the streets of St Petersburg, had risen by his great ability to the highest position in Russia next to that of the Czar, only to fall eventually from his high estate and to perish in exile in Siberia.

Saxe called on Mentschikoff as soon as the latter had arrived. The Russian, by way of putting his visitor in his place, said "Tell me, Duke of Courland, who were your parents?" To this Saxe replied "I will answer your question when you have told me who were yours." In the end, Mentschikoff, seeing that Saxe was not to be intimidated, and observing, moreover, that he was on the best of terms with the Regent, the Grand Duchess Anna, made the best of a bad job, and

Saxe was left for the moment in possession. His ability ultimately to consolidate his position depended, however, upon whether he succeeded in marrying the Grand Duchess Anna. This rested, as a matter of fact, merely upon whether Saxe proposed to the lady or not, as she was violently in love with him. But to propose to her was just the one thing Saxe could not make up his mind to do, because, as he said, having a very nice taste in these matters, the Grand Duchess's appearance was quite impossible, her cheeks reminding him of "two great Westphalian hams." While he was screwing his courage to the sticking point he was caught out in a most ridiculous affair with one of the Grand Duchess's ladies-in-waiting, which brought his career at Courland to an abrupt conclusion.

One snowy winter's night, Saxe was taking the lady on his shoulders back to her own quarters. By ill luck they ran into an old woman with a lantern. In order to conceal his companion's identity Saxe made a kick at the lantern, slipped up in the snow, and lady and all fell on the top of the old woman, whose screams fetched out the guard. The whole matter was reported to the Grand Duchess, who was furious, and although Saxe assured her that it was "all a dreadful mistake," she was not to be mollified. Saxe thus lost all chance of rendering his position secure. Eventually,

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owing to pressure from Russia and also to the fact that his father, for political reasons, could not support him, he had to resign his Duchy and return to France. His little adventure cost him very dear indeed, for not only did he lose Courland, but he also lost a position which would have provided a field ample enough even for his ambition, namely that of Consort to the Czarina of Russia, to which position the Grand Duchess Anna, by a series of unforeseen events, rose a few years later.

After his return to Paris, Saxe suffered from a severe illness, and while convalescing he wrote his famous treatise on war to which he gave the name of *Mes Rêveries*. The author included in his work a chapter entitled "Reflections on the Propagation of the Human Species." We look in vain for an introductory foreword by Augustus the Strong and we think the book very incomplete without it. The actual chapters devoted to the technical side of war have, of course, a merely academic interest for us to-day, but the chapters on morale and on human nature in war are as valuable now as when they were written. Saxe shews the immense importance of a proper appreciation of the human element in war, and one can well understand how it was that he, a foreigner, obtained such extraordinary results from French troops, results only excelled by Turenne, the Emperor Napoleon, and Marshal Foch.

Too few generals of that day paid any attention to the man in the ranks, who was treated as a mere pawn. Saxe thought and acted very differently. "Man," wrote Saxe, "is an engine whose motive power is the soul; and the largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by the help of any kind of fuel which may be supplied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the will or spirit of the creature is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel, namely by the affections." In his chapter on morale he points out, amongst other things, the fact that regiments in the French service which bore territorial titles, and did not change their name, invariably had a finer record than regiments which changed their name with each new commanding officer. Over and over again such regiments had to change a famous name for the absolutely unknown one of some boy, still in his teens, often still in the hands of a tutor, who was, under the pernicious custom of the day, pitchforked into the command of a regiment. Saxe urged that all regiments should be known by numbers only, to give permanency to the title. This great reform, however, had to wait for some seventy years, when it was adopted by Buonaparte.

What Saxe pointed out has been proved to be true over and over again. At the battle of Wagram in 1809 an Austrian cavalry regiment was falling

back in disorder. This regiment had lately changed a famous and glorious title for the name of a new colonel, an inconspicuous man. The Archduke Charles galloped up to the regiment and called on it to pull itself together, using its old and famous name. The regiment recovered itself and did exceedingly well. Another instance, curiously enough a converse one, occurred in 1843 at the battle of Maharajpore, where Lord Gough finally crushed the Mahratta Empire. The 56th Native Infantry Regiment, very recently in receipt of a number in place of the name of its distinguished founder, Lambourn, was shewing every sign of retiring to the rear "judging its own time." Lord Gough's Adjutant-General, Colonel Henry Havelock, afterwards so famous in the Mutiny, rode up to it and, calling it by its old title of Lambourn's Regiment, or "Lamburoon-ke-pultan," as the natives called it, stopped the rot. The battalion advanced again and covered itself with distinction. The ill-effects resulting in this case from the substitution of a number for a well-known name do not affect the argument, which is that any change of title is dangerous, and remains so until the new title has had time in which to make history for itself.

Saxe advised that infantry should be taught to march in step, a thing apparently unknown at that time in the French service. The march discipline was atrocious, and Saxe pointed out how it could

be improved. He also drew attention to the absurdity of a penal code which was so terribly severe that it defeated its own object. Offenders were hardly ever brought to justice, because, the most trifling offence being punishable with death, no one could be found to arrest or give evidence against his comrade. Saxe pointed out the danger of issuing orders and winking at failure to comply with them. This, as he truly said, was as harmful for the commander who gave the order as for the subordinate who failed to carry the order out. Saxe advocated therefore the preparation and issue of a new code of regulations of a more humane character, while he insisted that, once issued, the new regulations should be unflinchingly enforced.

The whole book is full of the soundest common-sense and in many respects shews Saxe to have been a thinker far in advance of his age. In particular this is shewn by his advocacy of rifled firearms and of a system of compulsory military service under which every able-bodied man, no matter what his station in life, would have been called upon to serve his country for a short period during his youth.

On recovering from his illness, Saxe paid a visit to England. One day at Newmarket he had an altercation with a man driving a filth cart full of liquid sewage. Saxe seized the filth cart man

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and heaved him into the middle of his own sewage.

In 1733 Maurice's father died, and there arose the War of the Polish Succession, in which France became involved. Saxe served under Marshal Berwick and distinguished himself on several occasions, notably at Ettlingen, after which he was promoted Lieutenant-General.

No further opportunities for distinction came his way until the outbreak of the War of the Austrian Succession, in the course of which he became so famous. In the early days of the war he was employed with the French army operating under the Elector of Bavaria in Bohemia. To Saxe was entrusted the capture of Prague by assault at night. This operation was carried out with complete success on the night of November 25-26th, 1741. The orders issued by Saxe on this occasion are well worth a study, even to this day. They were based on a very careful and close personal reconnaissance, without which night affairs can only be most particularly hazardous and risky undertakings. In addition to the information obtained by Saxe personally, very complete details of the situation within the walls were obtained by one of the French intelligence agents, Monsieur de Gogru, who, disguised as a Bohemian peasant, entered the town. The orders embraced two very remarkable ones for the maintenance of discipline after the

French should get in, namely that any infantry soldier found away from his battalion should be bayoneted on the spot, and that any cavalry soldier found dismounted should be sabred. So strict was the discipline enforced that, though Prague was assaulted by night, not a single case of robbery, rape, or violence of any sort occurred, a state of things absolutely unheard-of in those days and likely to be exceedingly rare even now. Curiously enough, Prague had been stormed by night a hundred years before by Saxe's great-grandfather, the notorious old brigand, Marshal Königsmarck. On that occasion, however, the city had been sacked and every description of atrocity committed.

The greatness of Saxe's achievement can be measured by a study of the failure of the British to take Bergen-op-Zoom under similar circumstances in 1814. There Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, a most distinguished officer, failed partly owing to some leaders omitting to tell their commands the precise measures to be taken in the event of the storming proving successful. Heavy casualties amongst the senior officers took place and nobody seemed clearly to understand what to do; the French collected their wits, pulled themselves together, and the British were ejected from the town, which at one moment seemed to be in their hands. Saxe's orders shew that, so far as it was humanly possible to do so, every detail had

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been most carefully worked out by him. Moreover, these details had been most carefully explained to all concerned.

Through the incompetence of the French Generals under whom Saxe was serving, the position of the French army in Bohemia became very critical. It owed its extrication to the fine talents of Saxe, whose advancement in the service, now to be so rapid, had been much retarded owing to his refusal to abandon the Lutheran faith and enter the Church of Rome. His refusal is a curious instance of the fact that, however lax a man may be in his religious views, there is no subject in which he is less open to compulsion either directly or indirectly. Had Saxe consented to change his religion, he would have achieved the goal of his ambition, the Marshal's bâton, long before 1744, the year in which this high distinction was conferred on him.

In the spring of 1744 Saxe was selected for the command of the army destined for the invasion of England in support of the Pretender, whose eldest son, Prince Charles Edward, was to accompany the expedition. The army, numbering some 10,000 men, was quietly assembled at Dunkirk, where the necessary transports were waiting to receive them. The fleet charged with the duty of protecting the transports during their passage was now at Brest, where it was very closely watched by the British

fleet, under Admiral Sir John Norris. So complete were the British naval arrangements for dealing with the situation that the French Government were glad, in March, 1744, to avail themselves of the bad weather existing as an excuse for abandoning the enterprise.

Other employment was at once found for Saxe, who was made Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Flanders. It had been the intention of the French Government to make their maximum effort that year in Flanders, but owing to the danger brought about by the advance of Prince Charles of Lorraine in Alsace, it was found necessary largely to reduce the army employed under Saxe in Flanders. Faced by General Wade, with a far superior force of British, Austrians, and Dutch, Saxe's rôle was to avoid a big battle, in view of his great inferiority in numbers, whilst at the same time keeping Wade fully employed. This object the French Marshal achieved in a most brilliant manner. The Allies were kept aimlessly marching up and down Flanders, and thus fruitlessly passed the campaign of 1744.

The incapacity of Wade to derive any advantage from the preponderance of force which he enjoyed was the subject of much hostile comment and ironical attention in the Press. Mr Evan Charteris quotes an extract from a London journal of the period, in which the latter described some of

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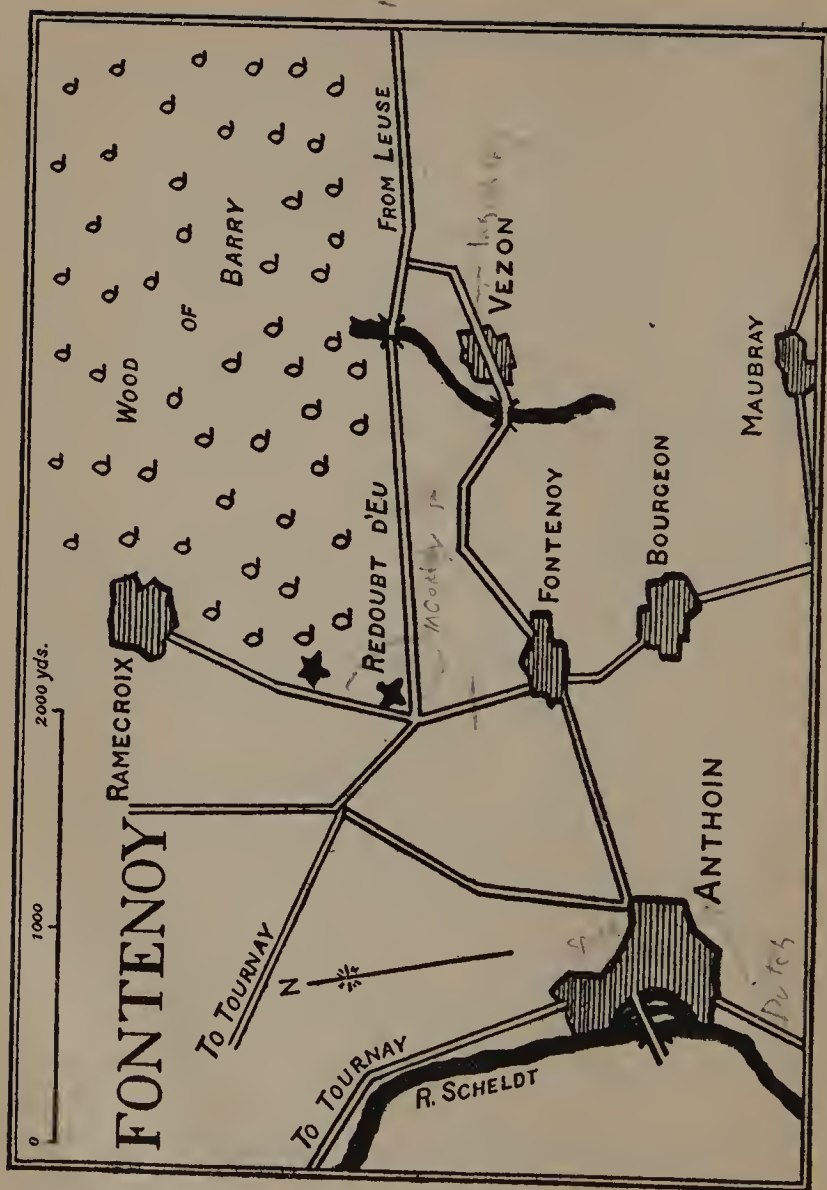
Wade's manœuvres: "On the 30th July they encamped within four or five miles of Lille; on the 31st they lost a Scotch Volunteer before it. They looked also for a Field of Battle, but by great Providence no Enemy was nigh; on the 1st instant they were put in Fear, but as it happened danger was at a distance; on the 2nd they slept sound; on the 3rd the right wing foraged; on the 4th the whole army was reviewed; on the 5th they rested; on the 6th the right wing foraged; on the 7th did nothing; on the 8th received a Trumpet from Count Saxe about the exchange of prisoners; on the 9th sent him back again; on the 10th the Hanoverians foraged and had a gun fired at them from Lille; on the 11th the Britons foraged and had no gun fired at 'em, and the captain that was taken at Lille being exchanged, returned."

Great irritation was felt in England at the barren results of the campaign of 1744. It was decided to make a determined effort in the following year, and Wade was superseded by the Duke of Cumberland. The latter was now twenty-three years old. A good soldier and, as he always shewed himself, a most able, devoted public servant, he was none the less no match either in ability or experience for so redoubtable an opponent as Marshal Saxe, whose forces were greatly strengthened with a view to obtaining a definite decision in Flanders.

Unfortunately for Saxe, he was desperately ill

in Paris with dropsy when the year 1745 opened. Voltaire, calling to see him, expressed the hope that means might be found to save his life, and to him Saxe made the famous reply: "It is not a question of how I am to live, but of how I am to set off on this campaign." Search history where we will, I doubt if we shall find a finer example of the triumph of mind over matter than was shewn by Marshal Saxe in the Fontenoy campaign. Patched up by his doctor, Sénac, he left for the front on March 30th. The French Government were much perturbed over the health of their Commander-in-Chief. It is commonly remarked that no man is irreplaceable; but this is only a half-truth, for the time factor enters into the matter. Had Saxe died or been unable to take the field, it would most certainly have been impossible to replace him with a soldier of equal calibre at that time. We find Saxe writing every day to the Minister of War to say that he feels better and better. At the same time we find the Minister inquiring from many other sources how the Marshal really is.

The situation at the opening of the campaign was as follows. Cumberland, with an available field force of about 50,000 men, consisting of 12,000 British infantry, 20 squadrons British cavalry, 8000 Hanoverians, 22,000 Dutch, and 2000 Austrians, was at Brussels. Marshal Saxe, with about 80,000 troops, was in Hainault at a point threatening alike



all the barrier fortresses. By the most skilful dispositions he so veiled his movements that, while Cumberland believed him to be before Mons, he had actually been a week investing Tournay ere the real state of affairs became known at the Allied Headquarters on April 28th.

Saxe knew that Cumberland was first and foremost a fighting man, and that as soon as the news of the investment of Tournay reached Brussels his opponent would march south to the relief of the beleaguered fortress. To do this, two lines of approach were open to the Allies—one road leading by Hal, Soignies, and Lens; the other by Hal, Enghien, Ath, and Leuse. Of these two routes Cumberland chose the former. Saxe reconnoitred very closely both the lines of approach. As far back as December in the previous year he had expressed the opinion that of all the barrier fortresses it was most desirable to capture Tournay first, and that the enemy in advancing to its relief would come by the Hal, Soignies, and Lens road leading to Tournay over the Fontenoy Ridge. He based his opinion on the difficulties attending an advance by the remaining road, owing to the extreme closeness of the country—difficulties which existed then but not now. Although firmly of opinion that the struggle for Tournay would be fought out on the Fontenoy Ridge, Saxe was too good a soldier to deploy his troops on any one line while there still

remained the slightest chance of the enemy adopting some other course of action. He therefore made arrangements to meet the enemy on both lines of approach and although no works were actually constructed, the sites for such were carefully taped out and a programme of construction provided for in detail.

The Marshal, not being a Frenchman, had no misconceptions about the merits of the French troops of that day, and he had formed the opinion that their best chance of defeating troops like British infantry, for whose fighting powers he had the greatest respect, lay in their front being covered by a series of mutually supporting redoubts and fortified localities. He argued that the enemy would not dare to attempt to pass through the line of redoubts and fortified localities without previously making himself master of them. In the effort to achieve this end, heavy fighting would take place, the enemy would be much shaken, and an opportunity would present itself for a successful counter-attack by the French troops drawn up in the rear of the line of redoubts. These views had received considerable attention in his book, *Mes Réveries*, written as far back as 1732. The views then expressed he now proceeded to put to the test in spite of much opposition at the Headquarters of Louis XV, who had arrived with a very numerous Court to join the French army in the field.

The soldiers about the French Court, too idle to study war and too vain to believe that personal valour alone was insufficient to fit them for high command, took great exception to Saxe's plan. To this the Marshal replied: "As long as I am the cook in charge of the stove, I intend to deal with the British lobster in my own way." In an age of lick-spittles Saxe stood out as a man of the most uncompromising bluntness of speech, and it is to Louis XV's credit that he had the good sense to appreciate the value of an honest man. The King effectually closed the discussion by saying: "I myself am under the orders of Marshal Saxe and await his commands," after which nothing more was said.

Saxe's plain speaking was proverbial, and of this there are several other instances recorded. After the storming of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747, the French troops got very much out of hand, and the excesses committed by them provided a very convenient excuse for a great outcry at the Court of Versailles against the commander of the French forces on this occasion, who happened to be General Löwendahl, a Swede, whose advancement, as he was a foreigner, had caused much jealousy. So great was the outcry that Louis XV was in doubt what course to pursue and turned to Saxe for advice. "There is no middle course," was the reply. "Your Majesty has got either to hang him

or make him a Marshal." Louis chose the latter alternative. On another occasion a General, one of the many carpet knights on the personal staff of Louis XV between whom as a class and Saxe there was never any love lost, remarked to the Marshal that he wondered why the latter did not attempt some particular small operation, seeing that "it would only have meant the loss of twenty or thirty soldiers." "I'd have done it," said Saxe, "if it had only meant the loss of twenty or thirty Court Generals." In this remark Saxe was speaking the simple truth, for one of his most remarkable characteristics was his aversion to unnecessary losses, though fully prepared to incur them if the end justified the means.

Saxe was thus left to deal with the enemy according to his own ideas, and on May 8th, the enemy's intentions being by now plainly declared, work was begun on strengthening the Fontenoy Ridge, while steps were taken to dispose of the 52,000 troops available for field operations after deducting the troops required for the investment of Tournay.

The Allies, some 50,000 strong, reached the Maubray area on the night of May 9th. Of them it only remains for the moment to be said that Prince Waldeck, the commander of the Dutch, was twenty-five, the same age as Cumberland, while Marshal Königseck, the Austrian, was an old man

of seventy-six, and in addition in a very poor state of health, as is shewn by the following extract of a letter written by him to the British Government early in the year: "I have written to the Queen, my mistress, to beg her permission to retire from this campaign in order that I may resume the course of hot baths and asses' milk that I abandoned in order to take the field."

We will now turn to the disposition of the French forces. The French right rested on the Scheldt at Anthoin. From Anthoin a low ridge of gently rising ground runs via Fontenoy to Ramecroix, north of Barry Wood. The villages of Fontenoy and Anthoin were put in a thorough state of defence, entrenched and barricaded, ample communication to the flanks and from rear to front being provided. Between Anthoin and Fontenoy three redoubts were constructed. At the corner of Barry Wood, on the side nearest to Fontenoy, a particularly strong redoubt was built. This redoubt, being garrisoned by men of the Regiment d'Eu, was known as the Redoubt d'Eu. A little to the north of Barry Wood, covering the exits from the wood, was another similar redoubt held by men of the same regiment. From the crest of the ridge there is a gradual slope running down to the Allies' position of deployment, thus affording to the defenders a most admirable field of fire. Behind the French position slopes descending to the Scheldt

provided ample concealment and shelter for the French reserves. The position taken up possessed sufficient depth to meet the requirements of those times, while no houses or trees existed in the interior of the position to hamper communications. The great defect in the French position, as Sir Charles Townshend has pointed out in the *Life* of his ancestor, was that, in case of defeat, Saxe's army would have been driven into the Scheldt, there being in existence two bridges only and those at the extreme flanks of the position.

It was Saxe's intention to hold the redoubts and fortified localities in great strength while he deployed infantry in rear of the intervals between the redoubts and fortified localities, ready to counter-attack the enemy while in disorder from his assaults on the fortified positions. Further back Saxe maintained powerful reserves of cavalry and infantry.

It will have been noted that no redoubt existed between Fontenoy and the edge of Barry Wood. The distance between these two points is eight hundred yards. We have seen that Saxe was of opinion that no troops would attempt to force their way between two of his fortified points without having previously made themselves masters of the latter. Before midday on the day of battle, as we shall see, the Marshal had grave cause to regret the absence of a redoubt placed midway between Fontenoy and Barry Wood.

With the actual distribution of the French troops along the whole line we are not concerned; but we will pay special attention to the troops placed in the gap between Fontenoy and Barry Wood and to those placed to the north of the wood itself and Ramecroix. With their right on the village of Fontenoy came the Brigade Aubeterre; then, continuing from right to left, came four battalions of French and two of Swiss Guards. North of Barry Wood came the Irish Brigade, consisting of Bulkeley's, Clare's, Dillon's, Ruth's, Berwick's, and Salby's Regiments, while on their left again came two more battalions of Swiss Guards. In Ramecroix was stationed the Brigade of Vaisseaux. Further to the left came the Brigades of Normandy and Royal. Strong reserves under Count Löwendahl were stationed behind the French left wing. Saxe had paid special attention to his left wing for two reasons, the first being that he knew that he would be opposed by the British and Hanoverians who occupied the right of the Allied line and for whose fighting powers he had great respect. In the second place the existence of Barry Wood, which in those days was a very large one, was a very serious drawback to the French. The wood was too large to occupy, and the Allies could form their battalions for attack under cover of it. Although unable to hold the wood in strength, the Marshal filled it with his Grassins, the title given

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to a battalion of irregular skirmishers commanded by an officer of this name. Saxe's policy in dealing with this danger-point, therefore, was to hold the wood lightly with skirmishers, while prepared to offer as strong a resistance as possible to an enemy endeavouring to debouch from it.

The infantry deployed behind the gaps between the redoubts and fortified localities were placed in rear, that is to say on the Scheldt side, of the crest of the ridge, where they were protected from the fire of the allied artillery. No entrenchments for the infantry were constructed, though in some accounts of the battle that have been given the existence of entrenchments has been mentioned. The non-existence of entrenchments is made clear in the exhaustive study of the battle made by Colonel Colin, the distinguished Frenchman whose death in action at Verdun is deplored by so many admirers of his writings. It is evident that the Marshal intended from the first to carry out a most active defence by means of the large reserves of cavalry and infantry that he kept ready under his own hand. To obtain full value from these it was essential that the ground should be kept clear and not rendered impassable by the construction of entrenchments in the intervals between the fortified localities and redoubts.

It only remains to be said that the battlefield is little if any changed since the great struggle on

May 11th, 1745, took place. Barry Wood is practically non-existent; otherwise, if one visits the ground towards the end of April or early in May, the scene which presents itself must be identical with that which presented itself to the combatants.

We will now turn to the disposition made by the Allies. On May 9th a reconnaissance was carried out by the allied commanders, as a result of which it was decided to turn the French out of their advanced position in Vezon and Bourgeon on the next day. On the 10th, therefore, this was done, the French burning Bourgeon in their retirement. A further reconnaissance was carried out on this day, and General Campbell, who commanded the British cavalry, suggested that the Wood of Barry should be occupied. His advice was not taken, which was unfortunate; for on that day it was unoccupied by the French, but on the next day, the day of the battle, it was full of French skirmishers.

The Allies decided on a purely frontal attack. It appears that, while Cumberland and Waldeck were in favour of this line of action, Marshal Königseck was in favour of endeavouring to manœuvre round the enemy's left flank. The scheme adopted was simple enough. The Austrians were to attack on the extreme left of the Allied line, while on their right came the Dutch. The Austrians and Dutch, in fact, were to attack from Anthoin

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to Fontenoy, both places inclusive. Brigadier-General Ingoldsby with his Infantry Brigade was to attack the Redoubt d'Eu, while the British and Hanoverians were to thrust themselves into the eight hundred yards gap stretching from Fontenoy to the Wood of Barry.

At 2 a.m. on the morning of the 11th the Allies began to move forward, the British and Hanoverians having some very close country to pass through and the narrow streets of Vezon to negotiate. Communications from rear to front had been made through the hedges and across the ditches beforehand by the pioneers, but progress was necessarily slow. The fact that the morning was very foggy tended to retard movement, and it was not till about five o'clock that the infantry of the British and Hanoverians were clear of the village. Here in the open, covered by the cavalry, who had moved out in advance of them, the infantry began to deploy into their battle positions. About 5.30, the fog having lifted, the French artillery opened fire upon the stationary cavalry and upon the infantry marching and counter-marching into their stations. The rôle allotted to the cavalry was a futile one. One of the first rounds fired by the enemy's artillery struck General Sir James Campbell, the cavalry commander, in the knee, and the veteran (he was seventy-three years old) was removed dying from the field, the gallant old fellow merely

remarking that he was afraid his dancing days were over. If anything else was expected of the cavalry than to sit still and endure losses to no purpose, Sir James Campbell carried the secret away with him. Consequently the unfortunate cavalry remained inactive in front of the infantry under a heavy cannonade to which they were unable to make any reply.

Cumberland had given verbal orders to Brigadier-General Ingoldsby about 5 a.m. Ingoldsby's Brigade consisted of the 12th and 13th Regiments, the Black Watch, and Boschlanger's Hanoverian Battalion. It was the first appearance of a kilted regiment, in the British service, on a European battlefield. When the Black Watch paraded in the morning, their Commanding Officer, Sir Robert Munro, observed his Chaplain, Adam Ferguson, standing armed in the ranks. Munro ordered Ferguson to give up his arms, to fall out, and to attend to his proper business under pain of losing his Chaplain's commission. To this Adam Ferguson replied "Damn my commission!" and he continued to serve in the ranks and wielded his family claymore throughout the day with great effect. This gallant fellow survived the action and reached the patriarchal age of ninety-three, having occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh with very great distinction for a long period of years. Adam Ferguson was not the only

representative of the church militant present that day, for there were in the British ranks several of the disciples of John Wesley. One of these latter wrote to John Wesley after the battle to say that he had been hit in the right arm early on in the action, and later on in the left, but he added: "I knew not if I were on earth or in heaven, such was the beauty of the day."

Cumberland was clear in his own mind that he intended Ingoldsby to assault and carry the Redoubt d'Eu; but Ingoldsby's own version of his orders was that he was intended to place himself in line with the leading troops in the British and Hanoverian advance. After the passage of an hour or so, Cumberland sent an aide-de-camp to find out what Ingoldsby was doing. He found Ingoldsby in a hollow road on the edge of the wood with his whole Brigade. The aide-de-camp appears to have made it clear that Ingoldsby's rôle was to assault the Redoubt d'Eu, upon which the Brigadier said that he must have some guns. The aide-de-camp reported this to Cumberland, who sent up three guns. Another hour passed, and as Ingoldsby was clearly still inactive, Cumberland sent another aide-de-camp, Lord Bury, to find out what was going on. Bury found Ingoldsby with his four battalions and the three guns still occupying his old position in the hollow road. Ingoldsby was clearly in a very undecided frame of mind. He

asked Bury what the latter advised him to do. Bury, nicely combining modesty with discretion, replied that it was not for him to offer advice as to how the Brigadier should carry out his orders.

About nine o'clock, Ingoldsby still having taken no action, Cumberland himself galloped to see him, and, finding Ingoldsby still in the hollow road, the Commander-in-Chief used some very strong language. However, as Waldeck and Königseck were ready and anxious to attack, Cumberland ordered Ingoldsby to abandon the projected assault on the Redoubt d'Eu and to join in on the right of the British and Hanoverian attack.

About 9.30 a.m. the Dutch and Austrians delivered their assault and failed all along the line. It must be admitted that to attack positions of such strength, unassisted as they were by any co-ordinated artillery preparation, was to ask a great deal of the Dutch and Austrians. No excuse, however, could be found for the Dutch cavalry, which, coming under unexpected artillery fire, promptly bolted, one regiment, commanded by Colonel Appius, not drawing rein until it reached Ath, where its commander stated that all was lost and that the whole army had been destroyed—with the notable exception of his regiment, which his own foresight had preserved.

The situation at about 10.30 a.m. on the right of

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the Allies' position was that Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu still remained in the enemy's hands. Into the gap between these two points, none the less, Cumberland determined to thrust the British and Hanoverian infantry, the very thing which Marshal Saxe believed to be impossible.

The infantry had been deployed under the command of General Ligonier. The deployment had been carried out with great precision and in perfect order under a continual artillery fire from the French position which caused considerable loss. This artillery fire had now been endured by the infantry for some five hours, during which period some help had been afforded by five British six-pounders. One of the first few rounds fired by the latter killed the Duc de Gramont, who, mounted on a white horse, was a conspicuous object as he rode along the front of the French position. This was the same officer who, by his rash action, had ruined the plans of the Duc de Noailles at Dettingen.

The British and Hanoverian infantry were drawn up in two lines, each line six deep. They advanced, as Mr Fortescue has told us, in the following order. "In the first line, counting from right to left, stood a battalion of the First Guards, another of the Coldstreams, and another of the Scots Guards, the First, Twenty-first, Thirty-first, Eighth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-third, and Nineteenth; in the second

line the Buffs occupied the post of honour on the right, and next to them came in succession the Twenty-third, Thirty-second, Eleventh, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-fourth, and Twentieth. Certain Hanoverian battalions joined them on the extreme left." It will be observed that, advancing as they did in two lines through a gap so narrow, the infantry had to be drawn up not three deep, as was the custom in the British army in those days, but six deep. It followed that if the second line was unable to use its muskets at all, of the first line only a small proportion of the men could fire.

About 10.30 a.m. the infantry stepped off slowly but steadily in spite of constant losses, ascending the gentle slope which separated them from the crest of the ridge, only some eight hundred yards away. So far it was only the frontal fire of the enemy's artillery which had to be endured; fired at such close range, each round-shot tore a lane through the dense ranks, but the two lines pressed steadily on. To quote Mr Fortescue's vivid words: "The gaps grew wider and more frequent. The front grew narrower as the men closed up, but still the proud battalions advanced, strewing the sward behind them with scarlet, like some mass of red blossom that floats down a lazy stream and sheds its petals as it goes."

And now the two lines had drawn level with Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu, and the artillery,

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which so far had only taken the attackers in front, now took them in flank also and the losses became proportionately heavier. Still the lines pressed on with no change in their formation, excepting that the Hanoverians, squeezed out in passing through so narrow a space, took post behind the second British line. It was now about 11.30 a.m. An hour had been occupied in covering eight hundred yards, and the leading line was fast approaching the crest of the ridge behind which stood the French and Swiss Guards. What precisely happened then has been variously described. It appears that the mounted officers of the French Guards had been watching the advance of the British, and that as the latter approached the crest the French line was advanced to meet the attack. The British, arriving at the crest of the ridge, thus found themselves within thirty paces of their enemy. Both lines halted. There then occurred a historic incident, of which two versions have been given us. History relates that Lord Charles Hay, of the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards, advanced in front of his company, took off his hat, and cried out: "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire first." To which Count d'Anterroches of the French Guards replied that it was for the British to fire first. Such is history; facts are different. What Lord Charles Hay actually said was: "Gentlemen of the French Guards, I hope you will stand

and fight us to-day and not escape us by swimming the Scheldt, as you did by swimming the Main at Dettingen.”

Other instances of the version of history not agreeing with facts are numerous. A most notable one is provided by the case of General Cambronne at Waterloo. As the sun was setting, the wreck of the Grande Armée was streaming up the slopes of Rossomme. Amidst the general rout stood a battalion of the Old Guard in square, unbroken and unmoved, a magnificent spectacle. A British officer, galloping up to the square, called upon it to surrender. To this summons General Cambronne, from inside the square, is said to have shouted out: “The Guard dies, but does not surrender.” Actually what Cambronne said was something totally different, for the General in his rage used a particularly indelicate expression, known in France as *le mot de Cambronne* to this day. On the pedestal of Cambronne’s statue, however, are engraved the words “Le Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas,” the actual words used on the battlefield being rightly considered more suitable to the moment than to a monument.

To return to Lord Charles Hay. Having addressed the French Guards, this officer then turned round and said to his own company of the Grenadier Guards: “There are the French Guards and we are going to beat them to-day.” He then called

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for three cheers for the French Guards, which were heartily given. The Count d'Anterroches in like manner called for three cheers for the British Guards, to which there was a very poor reply. Then up went the French muskets, at the sight of which a long Grenadier of the King's Company of the English Grenadier Guards was heard to remark: "For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful." There followed a spluttering volley from the French Guards, which had remarkably little effect. The turn of the British had now come. Firing with the greatest deliberation and precision, they poured volley after volley into the opposing lines, which they blasted off the face of the earth. Such destruction in so brief a space of time had never been seen before. Seeing their front ranks swept away, the rear ranks of the enemy broke and fled. So panic-stricken were the fugitives that we read of them using their bayonets with great effect on the horses of the cavalry behind them, who impeded their flight. One is forcibly reminded of the well-known story told in 1918 of a soldier of one of the allied armies in France, who, bolting to the rear, overtook in his flight a hare at which he aimed a tremendous kick, shouting out: "Out of my way, you —, and let a fellow run that can!"

Over the mass of dead and wounded men the British lines strode on, and dealt with the French

local reserves who hurried to meet them as they had dealt with the first line. In a brief twenty minutes the British and Hanoverians stood triumphant in the French camp.

We will now turn to Marshal Saxe and see how he fared in this, the crisis of his career. The Marshal had spent the night in bivouac with the troops. In the early morning, lying down in a boat-shaped wicker litter, he was carried to the right of his line at Anthoin. He was in considerable pain and was forced to chew a bullet to allay his thirst. From Anthoin he was carried along the line, and at about 10.30 a.m. he was in rear of Fontenoy at a point from which he could watch the Dutch attack. As the attack died away, one of the Marshal's Staff, M. de Bauffremont, turned to Saxe and congratulated him on having gained the victory. To this the Marshal, who knew better, replied: "The last word has not been spoken yet. Now for the English; they are folk of a stronger digestion." Having said this, he struggled out of his litter, and was helped on to his white pony to be ready for the great events which he saw impending.

From his post in rear of Fontenoy Saxe witnessed the advance of the British and Hanoverians and the *débâcle* of the French Guards. One can imagine his feelings at seeing the British do the one thing which he had felt sure they would not succeed in doing, namely, force their way between

Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu while both of these strong points remained in French hands. The gravity of the situation was at once apparent to the French Commander-in-Chief. It was clear that, unless immediate steps were taken to prevent it, Cumberland was in a position to take both the Redoubt d'Eu and Fontenoy in reverse. If Cumberland were to succeed in effecting this, and if the Dutch and Austrians renewed their assault, all would be lost. Fortune favoured the harassed Marshal in that the Dutch and Austrians remained passive spectators of the scene, and thus left Saxe a free hand with which to deal with the British menace. The obvious line to adopt was to keep Cumberland employed by incessant attacks until such time as a sufficient force could be collected with which to crush him. With this end in view, Saxe galloped to the nearest cavalry to order them up to charge the British. The Marshal arrived, we are told, looking like a corpse, but all accounts agree that never was his brain clearer, never was he more composed, never was his confidence more infectious. Having arranged for the British to be attacked by all the cavalry within reach and having issued orders for the assembly of his general reserve, Saxe galloped off to re-assure the King.

He found Louis XV with his numerous entourage at a point some twelve hundred yards from the Anthoin bridge over the river. There

was an air of great excitement and a marked tendency to panic. The King himself remained outwardly unmoved, though from time to time he chewed nervously the fleur-de-lys worked on the edge of his handkerchief. He was being strongly urged to retire from the battlefield and to cross the bridge while yet there was time. Upon this heated atmosphere Saxe, calm, collected, resourceful, determined, came as a breath of cool air. "What ——— coward," he enquired of the King, had advised His Majesty to retire? Matters, he said, were by no means so desperate as they appeared. If only he were left alone to act as he thought best, all would be well. In any case, he told the King, the only course open to him was to win the battle or perish on the field. We gather from the blanks that occur in the contemporary accounts of what the Marshal said to the King that the language used by "the Wild Boar," as Saxe was called at Court, was not lacking in the picturesque on this occasion. To his immense credit Louis XV, in spite of the ceaseless pessimism of his Court, stood by his Commander-in-Chief, saying: "I am confident that Marshal Saxe will do all that is necessary. I shall remain where I am." If Louis XV had always proved himself the Louis of Fontenoy, the history of France might have been different.

After Saxe's departure those about the King who had been advising him to fly must have felt

remarkably small. Chief amongst the croakers had been Marshal de Noailles, the officer who, through lack of grit, had failed to remedy the mistakes of de Gramont and had lost in consequence the battle of Dettingen. After the battle of Fontenoy, *à propos* of the courage of the Duc de Biron, of the dropsical condition of Saxe, and of the temperamental unsuitability for battle of the Duc de Noailles, the saying went the round of Paris that during the action "le duc de Biron changea trois fois de cheval, le maréchal de Saxe trois fois de chemise, et un Noailles trois fois de culotte."

We left the British masters of the field for the moment, their advance having carried them right into the French camp. It was not for long that they were left undisturbed. As the result of Saxe's orders, charge after charge of cavalry was delivered on the front and flanks of the British and Hanoverians. Charge after charge died away under the terrific fire of those disciplined volleys. "It was like," wrote a French cavalry officer, "charging a flaming fortress." Though the cavalry never succeeded in riding home, they none the less satisfied the needs of the moment, for Cumberland was too busily occupied in keeping off these incessant attacks to make an onslaught from the rear on the Redoubt d'Eu and Fontenoy. Time, too, was gained for the local reserves in rear of Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu to be brought up. Under

these never-ceasing attacks of horse and foot Cumberland had to re-adjust his formation. Keeping a three-battalion front, he threw back his flanks, thus forming three sides of a square.

So furious was the fighting and so incessant the pressure brought to bear upon the British and Hanoverians that they were gradually forced back until, by Cumberland's personal exertions and example, a halt was made close to the Redoubt d'Eu. A great commander Cumberland certainly was not, but he was an exceedingly brave man; and he possessed one great asset, which many abler Generals must have envied him, in his ability to win and retain the devotion and the confidence of his troops. Mounted on his grey Yorkshire hunter, Cumberland moved rapidly from one point of the square to another, everywhere exhorting and encouraging his men, who were still being pounded in flank and rear from the Redoubt d'Eu and from Fontenoy, the garrisons of which, having nothing more to fear from the Dutch, could devote all their energies to defeating the British and Hanoverians. To his eternal credit, Cumberland pulled the square together under circumstances so adverse as to have appalled a weaker man, and with it he advanced again.

It was now about 12.30 and Saxe's general reserve was rapidly approaching, though not yet within reach. The success or failure of the Allies

now turned upon whether the Dutch and Austrians would make another attack in support of Cumberland, and the latter begged of them to do so. Nothing that Waldeck or Königseck could do, however, was of the least avail; their troops would not move, and the British and Hanoverians, left to themselves, strode up the hill to their fate. Pounded and harassed on all sides, they forced their way over ground strewn with their own dead and wounded until they actually stood again at the furthest point which they had reached in their first advance.

It was now one o'clock. Owing to the exigencies of the moment, the previous attacks on the British and Hanoverians had suffered from being disjointed. Saxe was determined that his great final counter-attack should be made in mass, all his available troops being thrown in together, the cavalry on the front, the infantry on the flanks. "Now," said the weary but confident Marshal to Count Löwendahl, to whom he had entrusted the command of the infantry in the final act, "now, my dear Löwendahl, we will give it them in the neck." Against the British right flank was flung a mass of fresh troops, including the famous Irish Brigade; against the front of the square the Carabiniers and the Maison du Roi were directed; whilst against the left flank of the square fresh infantry units were brought into action. At the

moment that the French cavalry were about to charge, four French field guns were run up close to the left corner of the British square, which they pounded unceasingly. When all was ready, Saxe gave a signal and the onslaught was made. It was met by the same unflinching discipline and devastating fire that had met the previous attacks. So deadly was the fire that the Carabiniers alone had 32 officers actually killed, and other units suffered nearly as heavily. But outnumbered and attacked on all sides by fresh troops, the weary British and Hanoverians slowly gave way, and ever presenting an unbroken front to their pursuers, they marched off the field with the same undaunted mien that they had displayed throughout, being assisted in their retirement by the cavalry, and by the Black Watch and Howard's Regiment, which held the enclosures round Vezon.

Fortunately for Cumberland no counter-attack in flank was made on the Dutch and Austrians by the French from the direction of Anthoin, where twelve battalions, so far unemployed, were available. The reason for their not being employed is a curious one, casting an illuminating light on the lack of discipline which prevailed amongst the higher ranks of the French army and which made the latter at this time so imperfect an instrument for war. The two Lieutenant-Generals stationed on the French right wing, the Duc d'Harcourt and

the Marquis de Clermont-Gallerande, instead of remaining with their commands, ready to employ the latter as opportunity might offer, had left their troops in order to betake themselves to the French left wing and ride in the charge with the Maison du Roi. Thus at the critical moment of the battle the French troops round Anthoin were deprived of their leaders.

Saxe did not pursue, and he has been much criticised for not doing so. He has given us the reason. "We had had enough of it," he said. It is true that the Marshal still had at his disposal a considerable body of infantry that had not so far been seriously engaged, but the French cavalry had been fought to a standstill, while of artillery ammunition there was hardly a round remaining; and, what was of far greater importance, he had had enough of it himself, for, ill as he was, he was entirely worn out by the events of the day. Had a pursuit been carried out, its conduct must have been entrusted to other hands, and with the exception of Löwendahl there was hardly a subordinate to whom Saxe could with confidence have entrusted such an undertaking. The Marshal therefore was content to leave well alone. The French losses were heavy, amounting to some 7000, while the Allies had 7390 killed and wounded and had lost 40 guns. Of the total casualties the British provided no less than 4074, whilst the Hanoverians,

out of five battalions engaged, lost 1762. The Dutch, out of 22,000 combatants, lost 1554 men, which is a sufficient commentary on the part they played. Cumberland's conduct of the battle has been much criticised, and with reason. He made no use whatever of his cavalry until the end of the day. He made even less use of his artillery, and was accompanied in his advance by a few light battalion guns only. The remainder of his artillery was *hors de combat*, owing to the fact that the contractors who provided the teams and drivers had been allowed to abscond with their property as soon as the battle began. None the less Cumberland nearly stumbled on a great victory, which he would have achieved had the Dutch and Austrians done their duty and had Ingoldsby attacked the Redoubt d'Eu.

The case of Ingoldsby is a curious one. He was specially selected for this particular task by Cumberland, who knew him exceedingly well. Ingoldsby was brought before a court-martial on a charge of having disobeyed his orders. His defence was that Cumberland had given him contradictory orders, and that this was so was borne out by the evidence of Major Balfour before the court-martial. The finding of the court was to the effect that Ingoldsby had been guilty of an error of judgment only, and he was sentenced to be relieved of all duty for three months. Shortly after-

wards he was allowed to sell out and retire from the service.

Ingoldsby has been defended by the very able pen of Colonel Colin, who has urged that the much criticised Brigadier had been set an impossible task. Colonel Colin points out that there was a complete battalion of Grassins in Barry Wood, while the Redoubt d'Eu was held by a whole battalion with a number of guns. In rear of the Redoubt d'Eu was a second redoubt, garrisoned and armed on a similar scale; and in rear of the second redoubt, behind Barry Wood, stood Saxe's reserves, composed of the Irish Brigade and other powerful units. All this is true; but the fact remains that Ingoldsby made no effort whatever to deal with the problem. Had he asked Cumberland for further support, the latter could, and no doubt would, have sent it to him. In any case, even had Ingoldsby attacked and failed to carry the redoubt, the garrison of the latter would have had their attention diverted. As it was, the defenders of the Redoubt d'Eu were left with a free hand to inflict the utmost damage on the British and Hanoverians in their advance.

Mr Skrine has pointed out that Ingoldsby is often referred to in the Chequers Court Papers, and that from the references to him it is clear that he was a pretty hard drinker. From this we may infer that in the early morning Ingoldsby's nerve

was not quite what it might have been. Shaky from the first, the more he looked at his task the less he liked it, or, as a contemporary writer has put it, "he had smelt too long at the physic to relish swallowing it." Cumberland, as we have seen, had chosen Ingoldsby for a special task because he knew him and thought he could depend upon him. Ingoldsby's failure to come up to expectation provides another instance of friction in war brought about by the weaknesses of human nature.

Two matters of paramount importance stand out from our study of the battle. The first is the influence exercised on the course of events by the personality of the commander; the second is the value of discipline.

The figure of the suffering Marshal, conquering his own pain and physical weakness, dominating by sheer personal ascendancy a weak monarch and a doubting Court, rallying a shaken army, and wrenching victory from defeat, appeals alike to our sympathy and to our admiration. Nor must we forget Cumberland. Young, inexperienced, opposed to the greatest captain of the day, faced with the failure of the Dutch and the inactivity of Ingoldsby, Cumberland none the less adhered resolutely to his task, firm in the resolve to carry out his plan, cost what it might. Much has been written, much has been said, of the valour of our

countrymen and of the five devoted Hanoverian battalions that accompanied them up the slopes of Fontenoy; but let us do full justice to the leader, the tall, burly figure on the grey horse, who, ever appearing, disappearing, and re-appearing amid the dust and smoke of the stricken square, shared the dangers and by his own undaunted, confident bearing sustained the courage of his men.

That we may appreciate to the full what it was that discipline enabled the British and Hanoverian infantry to do that day, let us turn to the stirring pages of Mr Fortescue. "The battalions formed under a cross-fire of artillery, remained halted under the same fire, advanced slowly for half a mile in perfect order under the same fire, and marched up to within pistol-shot of the French infantry to receive their volley before they discharged a shot. They shattered the French battalions to pieces, repulsed three separate attacks of cavalry, halted under a heavy cannonade, retired for some distance and reformed under a cross-fire, advanced again with both artillery and musketry playing on front and flanks, made the bravest brigade in the French service recoil, repelled another desperate attack of cavalry, and retired slowly and orderly under a cross-fire almost to the end." The highest praise of all came from that most generous of enemies, the victorious Marshal himself. In a letter describing the exploits of the

British on that famous day, he concluded with the following words: "Such things we have seen, but pride forbids that we should speak of them, for we know well that it is not in our power to imitate them."

Such, in brief, is the story of Fontenoy, a tale of steadfast valour unexcelled in our history until the Great War came and set up a standard of enduring heroism all its own.

After the battle the Allies retreated to Lessines, while Saxe proceeded with the siege of Tournay, which capitulated shortly afterwards. The release of the investing French troops made Saxe immeasurably stronger than the Allies, who were further weakened by having to throw into numerous fortresses a sufficient garrison, a grave disadvantage incurred in every case in those days by an army acting on the defensive. Fortress after fortress fell into Saxe's hands, while the Allies stood by as helpless spectators. On July 19th Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland, and shortly afterwards we find the British Government writing to Cumberland to inquire what troops could be spared from Flanders for the defence of the United Kingdom. As time went on, the Government, growing more and more alarmed by the success of the Jacobite cause in Scotland, became insistent upon the immediate return of the British army from Flanders. Ten battalions were recalled as a

first instalment, and these were presently followed by Cumberland with the rest of the army, a few squadrons of cavalry under Lord Dunmore alone being left in the Low Countries.

The part played by the French in the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745-1746 was a most advantageous one to them. The direction of great wars by our own country has ever been marred by a tendency to disperse rather than to concentrate our forces, by a fatal tendency to indulge in costly and profitless side-shows to the detriment of the operations in the main theatre of war. The French, however, by their support of the Pretender in 1745-1746 and of James II in Ireland in 1689-1691 have provided us with two very perfect examples of successful diversions in war.

It need hardly be said that Marshal Saxe exploited to the full the favourable situation in which he now found himself, and by the time that operations came to a close for the year the French stood possessed of practically every town of importance in the Austrian Netherlands excepting only Brussels and Antwerp, to which latter place the British base had perforce to be removed, Ostend having surrendered to the French.

As soon as he had placed the French army in its winter quarters the Marshal returned to Paris. His journey was one triumphal procession. At every town he was met by a congratulatory deputa-

tion. At Peronne an official of the Customs approached the Marshal's baggage and was promptly rebuked by his superior officer, who cried out in indignation: "*Canaille*, would you tax laurels?" On Saxe's arrival in Paris the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. On his first visit to the Opera he received a tumultuous welcome, and on Mlle Metz, the *prima donna* who was playing the part of "Glory," approaching his box to present him with a laurel crown, excitement rose to fever heat, the whole audience rising as one man amidst a roar of "Vive M. de Saxe." The Marshal sent Mlle Metz an exceedingly valuable pair of pearl ear-rings as a memento of the occasion. Mlle Metz, however, misinterpreted the motives which inspired the Marshal to send her so costly a present and wrote a note suggesting an interview of a less public character. Saxe, however, who had formed no very high opinion of the lady's charms, replied that "it is for the soldier to seek Glory and not for Glory to seek the soldier." We gather that Mlle Metz was not exactly pleased.

Inspired by the prevailing enthusiasm, the French Academy offered the Marshal the high distinction of a chair in their august body. The Marshal, however, fully conscious, no doubt, of his own literary deficiencies, wrote back in his own hand to say that: "*Cela mire com une bag â un cha.*" What he really meant to say was: "*Cela*

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m'irait comme une bague à un chat," or in English "that would be about as much use to me as a ring to a cat." We may suppose that the Academy, having had an opportunity of testing his literary powers, must have quite agreed with the Marshal as to his unsuitability for the honour which it was proposed to confer upon him.

Saxe opened the campaign of 1746 unusually early, for, in order to extract full value from the absence of the British, he broke up his winter quarters at the end of January. The capture of Brussels was speedily followed by that of Antwerp, while the Allies looked on in absolute helplessness. In June, however, affairs in Scotland having quieted down, six British battalions under General Ligonier were dispatched to Flanders and were disembarked at Williamstadt, to which port the British base had been transferred after the loss of Antwerp. Early in July, Prince Charles of Lorraine arrived with 50,000 Austrians to assume command of the allied forces, which were thus increased to a strength of some 80,000, and more active measures were adopted.

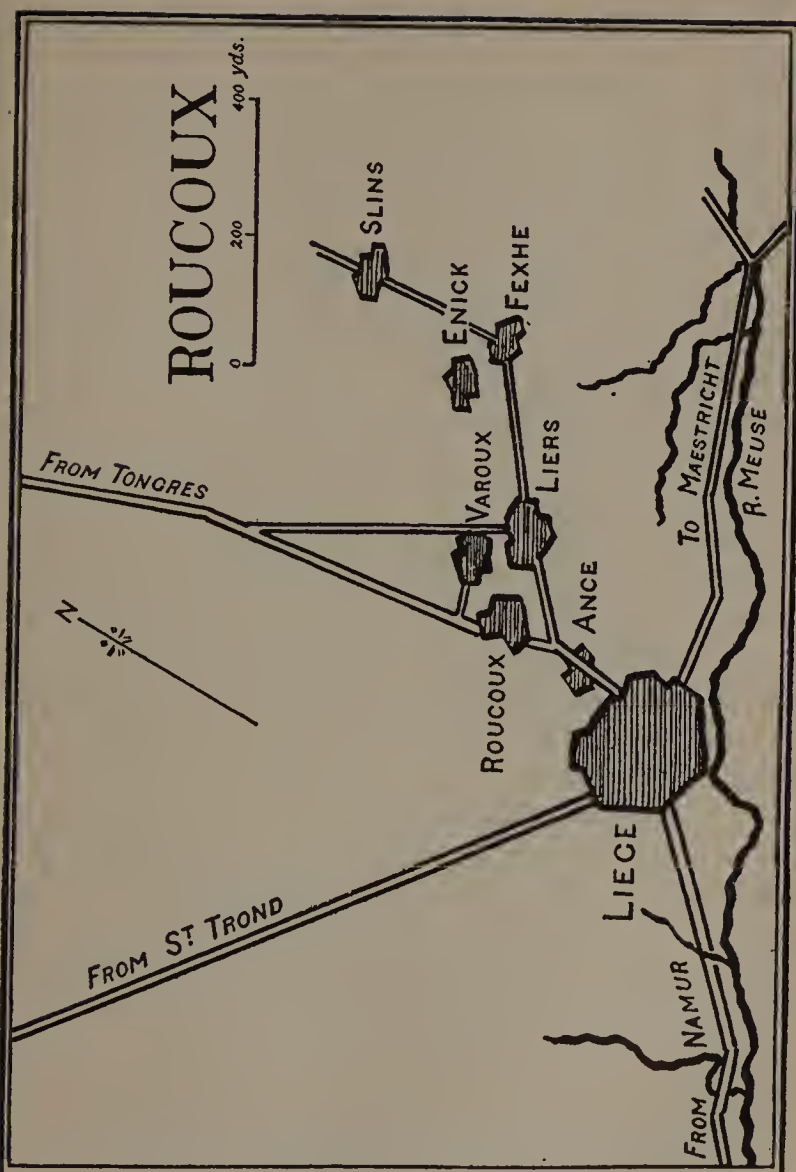
During the first week in October the Allies moved to a position protecting Liège, which was threatened by Saxe. The Allies' position faced very nearly due west. Their line extended from the river Jaar on their right viâ the villages of Slins, Enick, Fexhe, Liers, Varoux, Roucoux to Ance.

ROUCOUX

400 yds.

200

0



The Austrians occupied from the Jaar to the village of Liers exclusive. On the Austrian left were posted the Hanoverian infantry together with the 8th, 19th, 33rd, and 43rd Foot. Further to the left again came the Hessian infantry. On the left of the Hessians came the Hanoverian cavalry, which prolonged the line to the village of Varoux inclusive. From this point the 6th and 7th Dragoons and Scots Greys continued the line up to and including the village of Roucoux. Thence, up to and including the village of Ance, the position was held by Dutch troops.

The defects of the position were its over-extension, its lack of depth, and the fact that two ravines running into the centre of the position reduced to a minimum the facilities for lateral communication. To add to these disadvantages came a most untoward event early on the morning of the 11th, the city of Liège being treacherously handed over to the French.

On October 11th was fought the battle of Roucoux, Saxe with 120,000 men attacking the Allies who were holding the position already described. The bulk of the fighting took place about Liers, Varoux, and Roucoux, the two last-named villages being carried by the French and retaken by a counter-attack launched with great skill by Ligonier. The Dutch and Austrians, of whom the latter had hardly been engaged at all,

began to retire from the field very early in the day and a general retreat set in, a rear-guard being formed under cover of Ligonier with the British and Hanoverian cavalry. By the following morning the whole allied army had crossed the Meuse in safety and retired on Maestricht. The Allies lost in this action about 5000 men, which, in view of the fact that the Austrians had played no part in the battle whatever, was fairly severe. The British casualties numbered 350 killed and wounded, of whom no fewer than 200 belonged to the 43rd Regiment. The French on their side had about 5000 casualties also. The battle can only be styled most indecisive, for once the surrender of Liège was known to Prince Charles of Lorraine, the latter's main desire appears to have been to extricate himself from his unfavourable position and retire into another better suited to the defence of Maestricht.

With Roucoux the campaign of 1746 practically came to a conclusion, both armies shortly afterwards retiring into winter quarters.

Saxe campaigned in great style, maintaining in the field his own Operatic Company. On the night before the battle of Roucoux, M. Favart, his manager, announced at the conclusion of the play: "To-morrow the theatre will be closed for victory. It will re-open the day after to-morrow for the production of *Le Coq de Village*." The ladies of

his company appear to have given the Marshal an uneasy time, for he writes that they gave him more trouble than all the Hussars of the Queen of Hungary. We must confess, however, that the Marshal went out of his way to look for trouble, for in matters relating to the fair sex Saxe was incorrigible, a weakness which was to prove his ultimate undoing, as we shall presently see.

Amongst other stories bearing on this side of his character is the following. One day there called at his Headquarters an officer who wished to see the Marshal. The Commander of the Guard said that the Marshal had the ague and could see no one. The visitor, however, who had important matters to discuss, was not thus to be put off, and he proceeded up the stairs towards the Commander-in-Chief's rooms. On the way up he passed a most attractive person in a green dress, who was coming down. Arrived in the Marshal's presence, the latter asked with some annoyance: "Didn't they tell you downstairs that I had the ague and could see no one?" "Yes, M. le Maréchal," replied the visitor, "but the ague is gone. I met it on the stairs, dressed in green."

For the campaign of 1747 the British Government, being relieved of all further anxiety with regard to Scotland, determined to make a supreme effort to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, and the Duke of Cumberland crossed the water to

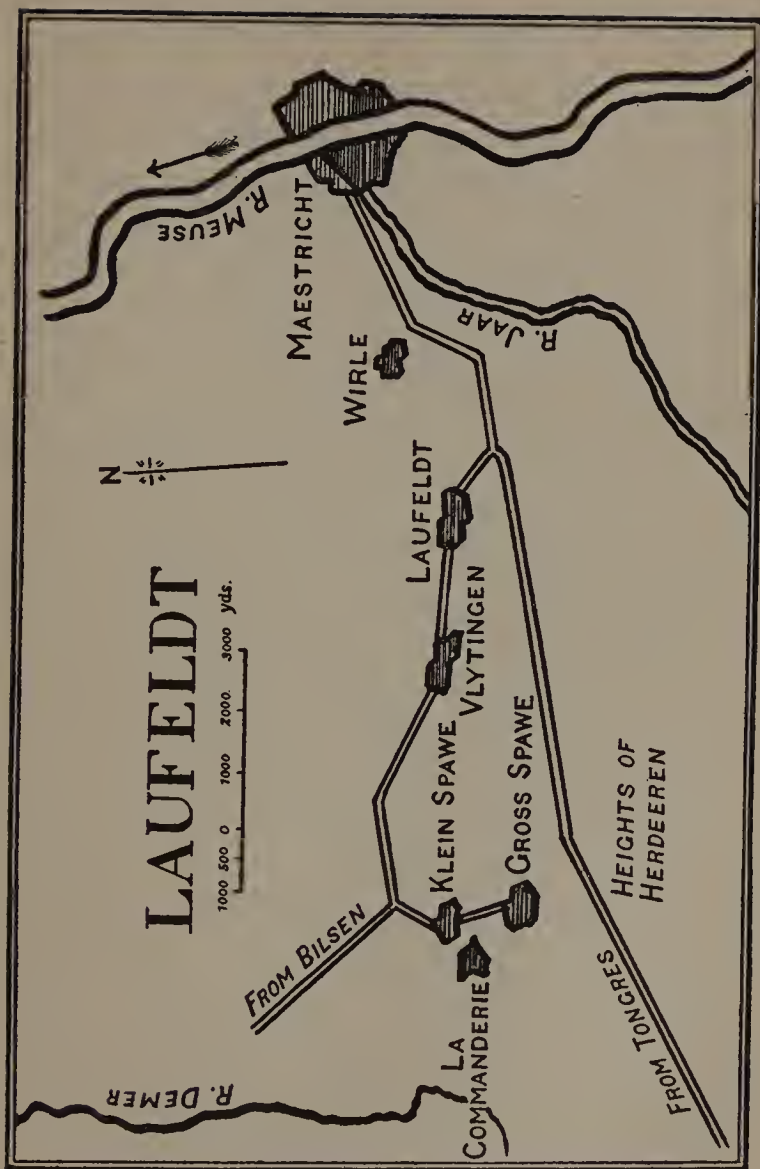
take up the supreme command of the now largely augmented allied armies in Flanders. The paper strength of the allied army now stood at 8000 British, 18,000 Hanoverians, and 6000 Hessians, all paid for by the British, while the remaining 100,000 were provided by the Dutch, Austrians, and Bavarians. The total stood, on paper, at 132,000, but actually no more than 126,000 were available.

In the preceding year Saxe had illustrated the advantages of being early in the field, so the Duke of Cumberland, determined to act likewise and to get the start of the French, broke up his winter quarters in February with a view to besieging Antwerp. However, before the Allies had marched half-way there, as Sir Charles Townshend has pointed out, further progress was found impossible, a miscalculation having been made in the amount of wheel transport required to carry the forage. It seems extraordinary that Cumberland should have committed himself to an enterprise of such magnitude without satisfying himself that he possessed the means to enable him to carry it out. A series of Staff conferences presided over by a commander who had a thorough grasp of his profession could not have failed to elicit the fact that the transport situation was unsatisfactory. Apart from the question of genius for war, Saxe had one immense advantage over the Duke of Cumberland in that,

while the Marshal had learnt his profession from the bottom, the Duke of Cumberland had acquired his knowledge from the top. Saxe's knowledge, indeed, of the inner workings of an army in the field was, like the Duke of Wellington's afterwards, infinitely greater than that possessed by any Commander, Staff Officer, or Head of a Department serving under him.

As a result of the unfortunate miscalculation in regard to the provision of transport, the Allies had to remain halted in the open about eleven miles south-east of Breda for six weeks during a period of most inclement weather. Saxe in the meantime retained his winter quarters, where his troops continued to live in comfort. The unhappy state of the allied army caused the Marshal to remark that when the Duke of Cumberland had sufficiently weakened his army, he would convince him that the first duty of a General was to provide for its preservation.

The French Marshal opened his campaign early in April. He was already in complete possession of the Austrian Netherlands, and he now proceeded to annex Dutch Brabant. After taking possession of a number of towns, he advanced on Maestricht. The Duke of Cumberland, anxious to avoid the loss of so important a fortress, marched so as to interpose himself between the French and Maestricht, and thus there came about



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the battle of Laufeldt, the last great battle of the war.

On June 20th the two adversaries were advancing with the same object, namely to occupy the Heights of Herdeeren, the Allies coming from Bilsen, the French from Tongres. The French cavalry, accompanied by Saxe in person, were the first to reach the Heights, which they occupied with such strength that the Allies were checked. Foiled in his immediate objective, Cumberland determined to take up a defensive position from La Commanderie to Wirle, and the remainder of the day (June 20th) was spent in taking up the position named, the French Marshal in like manner spending the day concentrating his troops for an attack on the following morning. During the night the Austrians, who were holding the right of the line, entrenched the villages of Gross and Klein Spawe. Similarly the Dutch, who were posted on the left, placed the village of Wirle in a state of defence. The British, Hessians, and Hanoverians, who, under Sir John Ligonier, were holding the centre of the position, failed to entrench themselves and, what was worse, they also failed to put Laufeldt in a state of defence. Sir Charles Townshend, in the *Life* of his ancestor, quotes a letter written by the latter shewing the great uncertainty which existed as to whether this village, lying in front of the line as it did, was to be occupied or not.

Numerous conflicting orders were given, one to burn the village, and two to evacuate and re-occupy it. Finally it was decided to occupy it; but not only were no steps taken to place it in a state of defence, but the provision of communications from front to rear and laterally was completely overlooked. As a result of this oversight not only were the defenders lamentably handicapped in their efforts to keep the French out, but the British supports, moving up to the village, had as many obstacles to surmount en route as the attackers themselves had to negotiate. The defence, it may be added, was rendered the more difficult by the fact that, owing to the conflicting orders issued, one portion of the village, having been once denuded of troops, was not re-occupied, owing to an oversight, when the troops were moved back into the village again. From this it resulted that the enemy obtained a footing in the village at the first assault and were never afterwards completely ejected.

On June 21st, about 9 a.m., Saxe opened the battle by launching his main attack on Laufeldt, while as a subsidiary measure he contained the Austrians in their position, where the latter displayed a masterly inactivity. There followed the most desperate fighting for the possession of Laufeldt, the village being taken and retaken no less than six times; on the last occasion the French carried the village and subsequently retained it.

As soon as it was clear to Cumberland that his opponent's principal effort was to be made against Laufeldt, the Duke sent an urgent appeal to Marshal Bathiani, the Austrian commander, asking for support. Bathiani replied that he was sending nine battalions under Count Daun and five battalions from the reserve. The nine battalions arrived in time to take part in the fighting about Laufeldt, but none of the reserves, whose fate we shall presently see. The Duke, thinking that the attackers had expended the greater part of their energy in the attack on Laufeldt, ordered a general advance, which included the forward movement of a mass of Dutch cavalry in the centre. Saxe, however, was by no means at the end of his resources. His intention all along had been to break through the centre of the Allies' position, and he had under his own hand a powerful reserve of infantry and the pick of the French cavalry, which latter at the critical moment he launched at the Dutch cavalry. The French horsemen crashed into the Dutch, who turned and broke in the utmost disorder, galloping over the infantry in rear and scattering amongst others the five battalions from the Austrian reserves which we have previously mentioned and which had just arrived. In spite of the most desperate personal efforts made by Cumberland, it was impossible to check Saxe's great counter-stroke, and the whole allied centre having collapsed,

there was nothing for it but a general retirement. This retirement would have speedily degenerated into a flight, for Saxe was on the point of launching the remainder of his cavalry, which was massed on his right wing, with a view to sweeping round the Allies' left flank. The situation for the Allies was most critical, but in the nick of time Sir John Ligonier at the head of the Greys, the Inniskillings, and Cumberland's Dragoons charged straight into the French cavalry. This, one of the most brilliant charges ever executed by British horse, completely succeeded in its object. The price paid, however, was very heavy, for the British regiments, charged by fresh French cavalry while in disorder and past all rallying, were very heavily punished. Ligonier himself was overthrown and taken prisoner. The required respite, however, had been gained, and time had been afforded to the Allies to interpose a rear-guard between themselves and the pursuing French. Under cover of this rear-guard the Allies crossed the Meuse and took up a position covering Maestricht, while Saxe returned to Tongres.

Mr Fortescue gives the following list of British regiments present at Laufeldt. In addition to the Greys, the Inniskillings, and Cumberland's Dragoons there were present the 4th Hussars and the 7th Hussars. The infantry were represented by the 1st and 3rd Guards, 3rd, 4th, 13th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 32nd, 33rd, 36th, 37th, 48th Foot.

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The Allies, according to Sir Charles Townshend, had 5680 casualties. The British lost 2110 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, the Hanoverians 2435, the Hessians 385, while the 50,000 Austrians had 600 casualties only, and the 20,000 Dutch provided merely 150. The French losses were 8500 out of a total of some 130,000 present on the field.

Fontenoy, Roucoux, Laufeldt—we look in vain for these names on the colours of the regiments that took part in these battles. The names are not there, for the British were in each case, through no fault of their own, on the losing side. None the less there were, up to the advent of the Great War, no battles of which the regiments that took part in them had greater reason to be proud, for on the British and their Hanoverian and Hessian comrades fell the whole burden and heat of the day. “The British,” as Louis XV aptly said, “paid all and fought all.” Or, as a French officer remarked, “The Dutch and Austrians manœuvred as if they had no concern in the matter at all.”

After the action Saxe took Sir John Ligonier and presented him to the King, testifying to the greatness of his opponent's exploit in the following generous words: “Sire, I present to Your Majesty a man who, by a single gallant action, has upset all my plans.” Sir John Ligonier demands a passing reference. A French Huguenot refugee, he received a commission in the British army in 1703

and served throughout the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns. He became Master-General of the Ordnance in 1748 and succeeded Cumberland as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in 1757. He died on April 28th, 1770, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been created a Field-Marshal and raised to the peerage. He had, as Mr Skrine has told us, "served his adopted country for sixty-seven years, and taken part in nineteen sieges and twenty-three general actions without receiving a single wound." Whilst a prisoner at the French General Headquarters, Sir John Ligonier was employed as a go-between in the Peace negotiations carried on during the winter of 1747-1748, which finally resulted in the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

With the close of the war Saxe's active military career came to an end. He retired to the Château of Chambord, which glorious old residence had been placed at his disposal, with an income more than adequate to its maintenance, by Louis XV. Here the Marshal lived in magnificent style, maintaining his own Opera Company and his own pack of hounds. By the King's special favour barracks were built near the Château, and here was stationed Saxe's own cavalry regiment, the *Volontaires de Saxe*. This regiment was organised in three squadrons of Uhlans and three squadrons of Dragoons. The first were armed with a curved sabre and pistols in addition to a lance, while the Dragoons

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carried a sabre and the rifle carbine, the use of which Saxe had advocated as far back as 1732. The uniform was striking, being of green with a helmet of gilt brass encircled with a Russian leather turban, and surmounted by a horse-hair tuft whose colour denoted the squadron of the wearer. To complete the somewhat bizarre appearance presented by the *Volontaires de Saxe*, one troop was composed entirely of negroes, whose ebony countenances were thrown into bold relief by their snow-white chargers.

Saxe exercised a boundless hospitality. Everyone who was anybody in the great world in Paris made his or her way sooner or later to Chambord, where places were laid daily for one hundred and forty guests. But the splendours even of Chambord were not sufficient for a man of Saxe's wide outlook and limitless ambition. He was for ever building castles in the air. Now he would people Madagascar with Germans and would be their King; again, he would colonise Tobago and rule there; then, his imagination taking a wilder flight, he would transfer all the Jews *en masse* from Europe to South America and reign over them.

But, unhappily, the weaving of day-dreams, the entertaining of countless guests, the ceaseless exercising of the *Volontaires de Saxe*, the improvisation of magnificent fêtes were not enough to occupy his great energies. Deprived of the great affairs

which filled his time during the late war, he plunged into every sort of excess, and burnt the candle at both ends and in the middle. Madame de Pompadour has placed it on record of the great Marshal that: "Il entretenoit des filles qui l'ont tué, et c'est une comédienne, Mdlle Favart, qui lui a donné le coup de grâce." We hesitate to query the verdict of so eminent an authority as to "Who was Who" and—a matter even more difficult to decide—"Who was Whose" in the fashionable world of Versailles at that time. Nevertheless we believe the famous Marquise to have been wrong, and that the fair culprit was Mlle Verrières, a shining star in Parisian Opera. This charmer presented the Marshal with a daughter, Maria Aurore, who in her turn became the mother of the most famous Frenchwoman of her generation, Armandine Aurore Dupin, better known under her *nom de plume* of George Sand.

The Marshal died of pneumonia, after a brief illness, on November 30th, 1750. The world was spared in his case the unedifying spectacle of a death-bed repentance based on fear. He died, as Madame de Pompadour has told us, as he had lived, "fearing nothing, hoping for nothing," merely remarking to his old friend and medical adviser Sénac: "Doctor, life is only a dream. Mine has been a beautiful dream, but it has been too short." He died in the Lutheran faith, though efforts were

made at the last by his old friend Marshal Löwendahl to induce the dying man to enter the Church of Rome. We doubt if the selection of Löwendahl for this particular purpose was a very wise one, for somehow we think the pleadings of Saxe's famous brother-in-arms must have been a little lacking in conviction, since one of Löwendahl's most fixed habits was to conform to the religion of the country in whose army he happened to be serving. Thus he had been in turn a Protestant in Sweden, a Mahommedan in Turkey, and a Catholic in France.

Owing to the fact that he died in the Lutheran faith, it was impossible to bury Saxe with all the pomp of a state funeral in Paris. "It is passing strange," said the witty Madame de Boccage, "that we may not say *Nunc Dimittis* for one who has caused us to sing so many *Te Deums*." The Marshal's body was conveyed across France with great ceremony and lies buried in a magnificent tomb in St Thomas's Church at Strasburg.

His death was a very great loss to France. Louis XV said no more than the truth when he exclaimed: "I have no Generals now, only Captains." It is deplorable to think that had the great Marshal borne in mind throughout his life the advice given him in boyhood by General Schulenberg: "Be irreproachable in morals, and you will rule mankind; be industrious; strive for great things; love worthy friends," had he applied to

himself in time of peace a little of the discipline that he exacted from his troops in war, he might, humanly speaking, have been spared to add fresh laurels to his own crown and to have saved his adopted country from the many humiliations that she suffered on the battlefields of Europe during the Seven Years' War. Or, greater service by far, he might, by his political insight, by his great influence with the King, and by the immense prestige that he enjoyed throughout the country, have countered successfully the fatal pro-Austrian policy of Madame de Pompadour—a policy which bled France white and which, by its lavish expenditure on an inflated army and a voracious ally, brought about the starvation of the navy and the loss of the vast French colonial empire.

The question arises how great a soldier was Marshal Saxe. His enemies say that in his day the standard of generalship throughout Europe, with one notable exception, was low, and that in consequence he never met any but opponents of mediocre calibre. We do not seem, however, to have heard the exploits of his great contemporary, Frederick, belittled on similar grounds. Other detractors, like Abraham Hayward, the great essayist, say that to serve his own ends, to prolong the war, to hold on to the last to the great position and unlimited power which he enjoyed in war he purposely refrained from pursuit after his battles; that

"he clipped the wings of Victory in her eagle flight towards the highest pinnacle of Fame." The reply to this charge is, we think, that after Fontenoy Saxe was in a state of physical collapse and was incapable of any further effort. There were other reasons too which made a pursuit out of the question, and these we have already enumerated. As to Roucoux and Laufeldt, the Austrians and Dutch in both cases were actuated by the firm resolve to risk as little as possible and on both occasions retired early from the field, the whole brunt of the fighting having been borne by the British, and by the Hanoverians and Hessians in British pay. The action of the Austrians and Dutch in both cases was calculated to put a decisive action out of the question for either side.

Frederick the Great thought very highly of Saxe. The latter paid a visit to Potsdam in 1749 as the guest of the King, and the two great soldiers sat up till dawn discussing their mutual experiences. "I have learnt much from his discourse," Frederick told Voltaire, "not of the French language, but of the warlike art. This Marshal might be instructor to all the Generals in Europe." We like the touch about the French language and we think that the King must have received from Saxe an autograph letter. Napoleon, too, spoke of the Marshal in high praise, though denying him a place amongst the immortals. In this we must

agree, for a soldier must needs be of transcending genius to merit inclusion in that sacred band.

Reading the Marshal's despatches, we are astonished at the extraordinary lucidity of what would now be called "the appreciation of the situation" which he submitted to the King before the opening of each campaign, and from time to time during the progress of operations. Saxe needed no Clausewitz to tell him that war is an instrument of policy, and in drafting his appreciations he invariably gave full weight to the political aspects of the case. His forecasts proved astoundingly accurate, not only as regards what he could do himself, but also what the enemy could do. In war, from amidst a mass of conflicting information, it needs a master mind to sift the grain from the chaff. To Saxe the operation seemed to present very slight difficulty indeed. By him the problem of security received unceasing attention. No commander has excelled, few indeed have equalled, the ability which Saxe displayed in preventing his enemy from obtaining any information, while at the same time obtaining the earliest possible intimation himself about his opponent's movements.

Strategically he invariably seized upon the initiative. This strategical initiative he combined, as we have seen, in the Fontenoy campaign with the tactical defensive, though, it should be noted, a defensive of the most active kind. In his later

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campaigns, having enormously improved the training of the French army, he abandoned in 1746 and 1747 the defensive attitude of Fontenoy and attacked both at Roucoux and Laufeldt.

In estimating the merits of his exploits we must bear in mind that he was working with an instrument very far removed from being perfect. The French are, and always have been, a great military race; but their high martial qualities—and they are very high—have at times been vitiated by a certain lack of discipline. This lack of discipline had been steadily on the increase since the death of Turenne, and Saxe in his book, *Mes Rêveries*, had laid his finger clearly on the causes as far back as 1732. A penal code so barbarous in its severity that it was never enforced made the maintenance of discipline impossible amongst the rank and file and the junior officers, whilst the fact that all the higher commands were filled by men whose only claim to promotion lay in their influence at Court made the maintenance of discipline amongst Corps and Divisional Commanders a matter of equal difficulty. We have seen how, during the battle of Fontenoy, two Lieutenant-Generals, the Duc d'Harcourt and the Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, abandoned their commands at a most critical moment in order to ride like troopers in the charge of the Maison du Roi. None the less, in spite of this grave dereliction of duty, d'Harcourt received the Marshal's bâton in the following year, while

Clermont Gallerande was given a high command in 1746 and by his insubordinate conduct at Roucoux seriously jeopardised the success of Saxe's main attack.

Finally, to add to the Marshal's difficulties was the fact that Louis XV accompanied him in the field throughout the campaigns of 1745 to 1748. All decisions of first importance had to be referred to the King and, no matter how prompt the latter might be in replying, valuable time could not fail to be lost; and time lost in war, as Napoleon has told us, is never regained. Surrounding the King, too, was a chattering body of courtiers whose uninstructed criticisms were ceaselessly poured into the royal ear and tended to mar the perfect relations which should have existed between the King and his Commander-in-Chief. Taking his difficulties into consideration, we can but be astonished at the great successes achieved by the Marshal, for he never besieged a fortress which he did not take nor fought a battle which he did not win. But the greatest tribute to his genius lies in the fact that, from the day when at the Schellenburg in 1704 the Duke of Marlborough first checked the victorious career of Louis XIV till the cannonade of Valmy in 1792 revealed the growing strength of Revolutionary France, the history of the French army is one of an almost unbroken series of defeats, excepting only for the brief period during which it was inspired and led to victory by Maurice de Saxe.

MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR ROBERT ROLLO GILLESPIE
K.C.B.

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MAJOR-GENERAL
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THE opening of the year 1805 found installed in Madras a new Governor, Lord William Bentinck, and a new Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cradock. The latter, on checking the administrative work of his Staff, found that there was in existence no up-to-date edition of the Regulations for the Army. He accordingly directed his Adjutant-General, Colonel Agnew, to remedy this deficiency, and he further gave the most explicit instructions that a black mark should be placed in the margin of the revised edition against any new matter that might be inserted. Colonel Agnew and his Deputy, Major Pierce, set to work forthwith, and in due course a revised edition was completed and submitted for the approval of the Governor and of the Commander-in-Chief, receiving the necessary sanction in each case after a scrutiny which was no doubt somewhat cursory owing to the total absence of any black marks denoting the presence of new matter. None the less there was a considerable amount of new matter introduced, some of it of the most controversial and, as we shall see, disastrous nature.

It was now laid down in the Regulations for the

Army for the first time that a special uniform-pattern turban should be taken into use by the artillery and infantry of the native army. This turban was to be something similar at first sight to the head-dress of the European troops. Further it was enacted that the chin of the native soldier should be clean-shaved and that his moustache should be only of a certain length, while the wearing of ear-rings and of caste marks on parade was absolutely prohibited. To anyone unacquainted with India, the shape of a soldier's head-dress, the cut of his whisker, the length of his moustache may seem very trivial matters; but to the native soldier in India such details are of vital importance, for they are inseparably bound up with the tenets of his faith, the slightest departure from which condemns the offender to social ostracism in this world and to eternal damnation in the next. Of all the many conquerors who at various times have overrun India, none have succeeded in causing the conquered to deviate by one hair's breadth from the religious customs handed down to them by their ancestors from times immemorial, and few indeed have been so foolish as to make the attempt. To the list of the ill-advised and unsuccessful minority, however, had now to be added the names of Colonel Agnew and Major Pierce. It is difficult to find a reason for the action taken by these officers. Both were men of long experi-

ence of India and its native troops—Colonel Agnew in particular had notably distinguished himself in the field, not only on the Staff but also in command of troops. One might be forgiven for supposing that at the back of their minds was an idea that if the native soldier could in appearance be assimilated to his European brother the fighting qualities of the former might be improved. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1871 we in this country were much exercised in our mind as to wherein lay the cause for the astounding German successes. As a friend of mine put it in conversation one day, “we felt certain that it had something to do with the head; whether it was the outside of the head or the inside of the head we were not sure, so we made a guess and selected the outside of the head, and we accordingly copied the German helmet.” Some such confusion of thought may have afflicted Colonel Agnew and his Deputy.

The new edition, having received approval in the highest quarters, was issued forthwith, and it was not long before the results of the mischievous innovations began to make themselves apparent.

The fortress of Vellore lies ninety miles from Madras and sixteen miles from Arcot. It is an old Mahommedan fortification, and a hundred years ago its massive walls and wide, crocodile-infested moat made it a position of considerable strength. In it were stationed four companies of

H.M. 69th Regiment and the 2/4th Native Infantry Battalion. Outside the fortress was located the 1/1st Native Infantry Battalion. Within the fort, in a large and commodious building, were living the sons of the late Tippoo Sultan, whose family had been removed from Seringapatam on the fall of the latter place in 1799. The young princes, having no occupation whatever and many grievances, seized with avidity on the prospect of intriguing against the British Government which the dissatisfaction felt by the native troops against the new dress orders presented. In May, 1806, a number of native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 2/4th N.I. refused to wear the new pattern turban. The matter was reported at once to Headquarters by Colonel Fancourt, commanding the troops at Vellore. With his report he enclosed a letter from Lieut.-Col. Darley, commanding the 2/4th N.I., advising that considerable caution should be exercised before it was decided to enforce the new regulations. In reply there came from Headquarters, signed by the Adjutant-General, a most trenchant minute to the effect that the offenders should be court-martialled and the guilty severely punished. As a result various penalties were enforced, including loss of rank, dismissal from the service, and flogging; further, the 2/4th N.I. were removed from Vellore and replaced by the 1/23rd N.I.

Towards the middle of June the Commander-in-Chief, while on tour, received a private letter from Colonel James Brunton, an officer whose intimate acquaintance with native habit and thought was universally recognised. In this letter the writer stated that in his opinion the dissatisfaction created by the new dress regulations was very widespread, that serious trouble was to be expected, and that it would be politic to repeal the obnoxious orders before it was too late. Sir John Cradock was much struck by Colonel Brunton's letter, which he forwarded at once to Lord William Bentinck with the suggestion that it might be as well to follow Colonel Brunton's advice. The Governor replied that after careful consideration of the matter he had come to the conclusion that it would be impossible for the Commander-in-Chief to recede from the very definite position which he had taken up as shewn in the Adjutant-General's minute to Colonel Fancourt, to which reference has already been made. Lord William Bentinck further added that he had made enquiries about Colonel Brunton and was informed that the latter had been too long in the country, that his health was impaired, and that he was a victim of chronic despondency. So matters were allowed to drift; and they drifted very quickly at Vellore, where the Mysore princes were most active in adding fuel to the flame of disaffection.

On June 17th a Sepoy called Mustapha Beg, of the 1/1st N.I., came to the house of his Commanding Officer, Colonel Forbes, and told the latter that a mutiny of the native troops in Vellore and in other stations was in contemplation. Colonel Forbes, whose trust in his native officers was implicit, summoned the latter to a meeting. He told them what Mustapha Beg had said and invited their opinion. They one and all replied that there was no truth whatever in Mustapha Beg's statement, and that they themselves were quite prepared to wear the new turban, or indeed any other turban that the sartorial ingenuity of Colonel Agnew and Major Pierce might devise. They further added that Mustapha Beg was mad and that it would be advisable to lock him up, which was done. On July 8th a certain Mrs Burke, the widow of a soldier of the 69th Regiment, went to see Colonel Fancourt, commanding the troops in Vellore, about her late husband's prize money; at the same time she made a statement fully corroborating Mustapha Beg's warning. But Colonel Fancourt, on ascertaining from her that she, though a widow woman, was still living in the lines, jumped to the conclusion that she had joined the ranks of a profession more remarkable for the antiquity of its origin than for its place in public esteem, rated her on her lack of morals, and had her turned out of his house. In this Colonel Fancourt was most

unwise. Even had his estimate of Mrs Burke's character been a correct one, it were all the more reason for paying attention to what she had to say; for from the days of Rahab onwards the intelligence service of armies in the field has owed much to the information furnished by ladies of, let us say, a yielding disposition. Forty-eight hours later the storm broke, and amongst the first victims was Colonel Fancourt.

The mutineers had aimed at a general rising at all stations on the same date. As good fortune would have it, however, special local circumstances, too favourable to the plotters to be overlooked, unexpectedly presented themselves at Vellore on the night of July 10-11th. As a result, the mutiny at Vellore occurred as an isolated and premature act without the support of the Sepoys in other stations. The special circumstances at Vellore were that field operations had been fixed for the early morning of July 11th and that in consequence the 1/23rd N.I., ordinarily quartered outside the fort, were to be brought into the fort over-night in order to ensure a punctual start next morning. Thus there were to be available both N.I. battalions with which to overwhelm the four companies of H.M. 69th Regiment.

The duties for the night of July 10-11th were found partly by H.M. 69th Regiment and partly by the 1/23rd Regiment N.I., the former finding

the Quarter Guard under Lieutenants Eley and Popham. The Field Officer that night was Captain Miller of the 1/23rd N.I. Captain Miller was an officer with a poor sense of his duty, for, too lazy to leave his bed, he asked one of his native officers, Jemadar Shaik Cossim, to go the rounds for him. Now Jemadar Shaik Cossim was the leader of the mutineers. At 2 a.m. on the 11th the two battalions N.I. rose, massacred the Quarter Guard of the 69th Regiment, and attacked the European barracks, bringing to bear on the latter two 6-pounder guns and a very heavy fire of musketry. The men of the 69th, separated from their officers and thus attacked in the middle of the night, provided as they were with only six rounds of ammunition per man, were only able to make a very poor response. In the meantime five officers of the 69th, together with Assistant Surgeons Jones and Dean, had gathered at the house of Lieutenant Ewing, Adjutant of the 1/1st N.I. After beating off two rather half-hearted attacks on the house, they evacuated the latter and made their way into the European barracks, where they collected the men and such ammunition as they could gather from the dead. Then, led by Captain MacLachlan, they forced their way through the windows of the barracks and reached the ramparts, along which they made their way under a heavy fire towards the main gate leading on to the Arcot road. On the

way Captain MacLachlan and all the combatant officers were killed or wounded, and the party arrived at the main gate under the command of the two Assistant Surgeons. Of the four gates two were open, and providentially the draw-bridge over the moat was still down. From the gate a party was detached to make their way along the ramparts to the magazine. En route this party passed the flag-staff, on which was now flying, in place of the Union Jack, the red and yellow flag of Mysore. A soldier of the 69th, whose name has not been recorded, made a most gallant attempt to climb the flag-staff and haul down the flag, but was shot in doing so. On arrival at the magazine the party found the sentry, a man of the 69th, lying dead. On the outbreak of the mutiny, an officer, running for his life, had passed the magazine and, seeing the sentry there, had advised him to save himself while he could. The sentry replied that he had been posted there and should remain there till properly relieved; if attacked, he said, he had six rounds of ammunition and intended to sell his life dearly. It was evident that he had carried out his threat, for round his dead body lay several dead mutineers. It is a tragedy to think that the name of this very splendid man should not have been handed down to us. Nothing but loose powder was to be found in the magazine, and the party returned empty-handed to the main gateway. On

the way they halted at the flag-staff, where two very brave men, Sergeant Angus MacManus and Private Philip Bottom, made a further, and this time a successful, attempt to pull down the flag of Mysore.

On reaching the main gate they found their comrades there in grievous plight, for all their ammunition had been expended, and under a continuous and heavy fire casualties were constantly occurring. Indeed there seemed no hope left, for without ammunition there was no prospect of repelling the attack of the mutineers, who were to be seen collecting preparatory to rushing the garrison of the main gate. At this moment Sergeant Brady, gazing down the Arcot road, saw the figure of a solitary horseman, followed at a distance by another, galloping towards Vellore along the soft track which borders every Indian high-road. Further away in the distance a cloud of dust, rising above the tops of the trees, denoted the approach of cavalry. As the leading horseman, a thin, spare man, well below middle height, approached the bridge, Sergeant Brady, who had lately come to India from the West Indies, recognising an officer whose name for resolute daring in the fighting in St Lucia and San Domingo had been a household word amongst the troops employed in those campaigns, called out: "If Colonel Gillespie is alive, that is he, and God Almighty

has sent him from the West Indies to the East for our deliverance."

And indeed with the hour had come the man. What had happened was this. Major Coates of the 69th Regiment, who lived outside the fort, had sent a messenger to Arcot calling for assistance. This messenger had reached Colonel Gillespie, commanding the troops at Arcot, just as he was mounting his horse to ride out to breakfast with his friend Colonel Fancourt at Vellore. Actually it had been his intention to have dined over-night and slept at Colonel Fancourt's house. By the greatest good fortune, the arrival on the 10th of the English mail, with letters demanding instant attention, caused him to alter his plans. Had he spent the night with Colonel Fancourt, he must, in all human probability, have shared his fate. Colonel Gillespie, hastily collecting a troop of the 19th Light Dragoons, started off at once for Vellore, leaving word for the rest of the 19th Light Dragoons and certain Indian Cavalry units to follow as quickly as possible.

Before proceeding with our narrative, it may be as well to see what manner of man it was in whose hands, under Providence, were now placed the lives of our countrymen at Vellore and the security of British India.

Robert Rollo Gillespie was now in his forty-first year. The son of Scotch parents domiciled in

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Ulster, he had early been intended for the Bar, and had been sent to a tutor at Exning, near Newmarket, to read for entry at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His natural bent, however, was towards the profession of arms, and, his parents giving way in the matter, he was gazetted to the 3rd Regiment of Horse Carabiniers.

When he was eighteen years old and stationed with his regiment at the Curragh, he acted as second to a brother officer in a duel with a local land-owner called Barrington. The fire of both parties having proved ineffective, Gillespie urged that the matter be regarded as ended and honour satisfied. Barrington, who was a noted duellist, objected strongly, lost his temper, and abused Gillespie's regiment, denouncing them as a pack of cowards. There resulted a duel between Gillespie and Barrington. Gillespie, knowing his opponent's skill as a pistol shot and wishing to fight on equal terms, stipulated that they should hold the opposite ends of a handkerchief. So they fought, each holding an end of the handkerchief in one hand, a pistol in the other, with a second pistol laid at their feet. They fired, Barrington's bullet carrying away the hammer of Gillespie's pistol and slightly wounding the latter. Gillespie, stooping down like lightning, picked up the second pistol and shot Barrington dead.

In 1792 Gillespie was transferred to the 20th Light Dragoons, then serving in Jamaica. On his

arrival in Jamaica, the owner of the house in which he passed his first night ashore put him into a bed in which a man had died of the yellow fever the day previously. From this, as was supposed at the time, Gillespie contracted the disease and was only saved by his unusually strong constitution.

During the next two years he served with much distinction in the fighting in San Domingo, having volunteered to serve with an infantry battalion for the purpose. He was twice wounded, and he shewed himself possessed of the unbending will and iron nerve which were never to fail him throughout his career. In 1794 he returned home on sick leave. After a year at home he was appointed Brigade Major to an Infantry Brigade due to embark at Cork for service in St Lucia. While waiting to go on board ship, he went to the theatre in Cork one night and had an altercation with a man of great size, who declined to take his hat off when the National Anthem was played. Both men were seated in the stalls, which was fortunate for the diminutive Gillespie, as the cramped space placed him on more or less equal terms with his big antagonist. Seizing the latter's nose between his finger and thumb he twisted that prominent feature of his opponent's face completely out of shape, doing it irretrievable damage. His opponent roared with pain and left the theatre vowing vengeance, his feelings becoming the more hurt

owing to the fact that his fiancée, hearing of the ridiculous manner in which his nose had been damaged, broke off her engagement. The injured one sought to have Gillespie arrested. Next evening a soldier's wife, carrying twins, one on each arm, staggered up the gangway into the "trooper." It was Gillespie, who thus eluded his opponent who had succeeded in obtaining a warrant for his apprehension.

Gillespie served for the next three years in the West Indies and saw much fighting, in which he greatly distinguished himself. During his first campaign in the West Indies he had served throughout as a Regimental Officer. He was now to gain very useful experience on the Staff, filling with great credit the appointment of Brigade Major and later on that of Deputy Adjutant-General. Towards the end of 1797 he was the central figure in an extraordinary incident which made his name famous throughout the British West Indies. One night in San Domingo he was asleep in his billet, his room being on the upper story. He was aroused by the screams of his servant. The latter had been murdered by eight ruffians, who then proceeded up the stairs to do as much for Gillespie. The latter met them, sword in hand, on the stairs, killed six, and so severely wounded the other two that, though they escaped at the time, they were subsequently tracked and captured. Gillespie him-

self, though much cut about, received medical assistance in the nick of time and recovered. It was found necessary, however, to send him home on sick leave, in the course of which he attended a levée. King George III was heard to remark, after Gillespie had been presented to him, "Isn't it an extraordinary thing that so small a man should have been the hero of so wonderful an exploit at San Domingo?" Gillespie returned to Jamaica in 1799, having been given the command of his regiment, the 20th Light Dragoons. He had already shewn himself a most capable Company Officer and a very efficient Staff Officer. He was now to prove himself a Commanding Officer of the first rank.

In those days the losses which British troops suffered from disease in the West Indies were nothing short of tragic. It was accepted as a fact that an infantry battalion would require complete replacement every two years. Many instances could be quoted of such units being completely destroyed even in one year. Gillespie took up the question of the health of his command at once. He instituted a sanatorium in the hills to which he could send his sick and convalescents. Working in the closest touch with his Medical Officer, he saw that great attention was paid to sanitation, a matter sadly overlooked in the generality of regiments in those days. He further went most carefully into the

question of hospital diet, and as a result the sick were supplied on a scale unknown before. These measures for the preservation of health were carried out the more easily owing to the fine state of discipline which the new Commanding Officer maintained. The effective strength of the regiment showed a most remarkable improvement, thanks to Gillespie's administrative ability, as was proved when the 20th Light Dragoons returned to England in 1802, after the Peace of Amiens. They landed at Plymouth 300 strong, a figure unheard-of before in the case of a corps returning from service in the West Indies.

Owing possibly to his long absence abroad, Gillespie's private affairs had become much embarrassed, and he found it necessary to transfer to the 19th Light Dragoons, then serving in India. He elected to travel overland as far as possible, crossing Europe and visiting Berlin and Vienna on the way. In Galicia he met with the Austro-Russian army and presented himself at the Headquarters of the illustrious personage who commanded it. Very unfortunately for Gillespie, he shewed the illustrious one a pair of "Joe Mantons" that he was taking out to India. The exalted one expressed himself as much pleased with the appearance of the guns, which indeed were not unworthy of the greatest gun-maker of the day. This admiration was very pleasing, but what was to follow

was not. The exalted one, taking one of the guns, handed it to one of his aides-de-camp, and, in spite of the owner's protests, retained it. This is the only instance which I have come across in which anyone got the better of Gillespie.

At the mouth of the Danube he embarked on a vessel bound for Constantinople. On the way he suddenly discovered that the vessel was heading, not for Constantinople, but for one of the pirate ports on the Asia Minor coast of the Black Sea. Gillespie paid a visit to his cabin, and after an affair in which the remaining "Joe Manton" and the skipper's head were closely associated, the voyage was resumed in the proper direction. Arrived at Constantinople he met a French officer who was serving with the French Mission to the Porte which Sebastiani had brought with him by order of Napoleon. The French officer asked Gillespie to dinner, an invitation which the latter was forced to decline owing to an engagement of a more pressing and attractive nature. The Frenchman, much offended, turned his back on Gillespie, remarking that he looked forward to the day when he might have an opportunity of killing an English officer. Gillespie assured him that there was no time like the present. They fought, and Gillespie had no difficulty in disposing of his man. Resuming his journey he arrived at Aleppo, where he joined the household of an Arab chief, whose

party formed a portion of one of those vast trading caravans which, before the days of the Suez Canal, travelled between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean.

In the journey down Palestine he nearly met his death under most ridiculous circumstances. The chief complained of indisposition and consulted Gillespie. The latter, rightly diagnosing the case as one likely to yield to an aperient pill, produced a box of the type advertised in America under the seductive title of "You sleep, we work." Unfortunately the amateur doctor, in his anxiety to make certain of a speedy cure, administered not one, but several pills. It was not long, therefore, before the patient felt decidedly rumbellious. There ensued, indeed, in the region of his belt a battle royal, culminating in a distressful crisis, in anticipation of which the chief, proclaiming that he had been poisoned, sought the seclusion of a neighbouring palm grove. In the meantime his retainers seized Gillespie and would have murdered him out of hand, had not one of their number made the most fortunate suggestion that it might be as well to wait until the chief's return—the latter might have his own views as to what manner of death the treacherous guest should die. However, the chief soon re-appeared, filled with thoughts, not of vengeance, but of gratitude; for his cure, though somewhat drastic, had been complete. He loaded

Gillespie with presents, and the rest of the journey to Basra was carried out under the happiest circumstances. From the latter place Gillespie sailed for Madras, in which Presidency his new regiment was quartered. Arrived at Madras, he visited Bangalore races. During the day a tiger broke out of a menagerie on the course and set to work among the native spectators to exact retribution for the many indignities which he had suffered when in captivity. Gillespie, hearing of this, mounted his Arab pony, borrowed a lance from a native cavalry officer, galloped to the spot, rode at the tiger, and killed it. In July, 1806, he was employed in a dual capacity, commanding his regiment and also commanding the station at Arcot.

We will now return to our narrative.

We left Gillespie galloping up to the draw-bridge at Vellore. The situation there was, as we have seen, that the draw-bridge was down and of the four gates two were open, while the much-harassed and exhausted party of the 69th were holding the position. Gillespie, looking up at the men of the 69th on the wall, immediately grasped the fact that the defenders were on their last legs and that, unless somebody with the necessary power of leadership joined them at once, all would soon be over, the gate captured by the enemy, and the draw-bridge raised. He accordingly shouted up to Sergeant Brady to make the men form a rope

out of their belts and haul him up. This was done. Gathering the dispirited men around him, he pointed out the near approach of help, inspired the men with something of his own courage, pulled them together, and at their head charged the mutineers, who were collecting to storm the gate. The mutineers gave way, and, the danger being over for the moment, Gillespie withdrew his men to the ramparts. At this moment the remainder of the 19th Light Dragoons, with their two galloper guns and a mixed detachment of native cavalry regiments, arrived. Gillespie shouted down to the Sergeant in charge of the galloper guns to blow open the main gate, the fourth and last gate, the third having been by now opened by a soldier lowered at Gillespie's orders from the ramparts. The Sergeant, however, had lost his head and was pointing his guns in every direction excepting the right one, while in the meantime precious moments were flying. Seeing the state of affairs, a Sapper officer named Blakiston, with whom we shall meet again, called up to Gillespie and asked leave to take command of the guns, which Gillespie, who knew him well, readily gave. Blakiston ran one of the guns up to the lock of the gate and blew the latter in. Before the cavalry could enter the fort, however, it was again necessary to clear the mutineers off the parade-ground and thus prevent them bringing a concentrated fire on the gateway.

For the second time, therefore, Gillespie collected his men and, calling on them for a last supreme effort, charged the mutineers and scattered them. The cavalry immediately galloped through the gateway and swept down the parade-ground. In the hands of such redoubtable old soldiers as the 19th Light Dragoons, the affair was soon over. Of the mutineers, a large number were immediately cut down, but the bulk escaped through the sally port on the opposite side of the fort. By 10 a.m. Vellore was again in British keeping. A vigorous house to house search, however, was still going on for stray fugitives. An officer, an eye-witness, has left us a vivid account of an incident which occurred during the search.

He was passing the main magazine, and, hearing a great noise, he looked inside and saw a number of troopers of the 19th Light Dragoons, with their iron scabbards and heavy nail-shod boots, rattling and trampling all over the stone floor, which was covered with loose powder spilt by the mutineers earlier in the morning. Powder-casks everywhere were lying open—some, indeed, were upset—while, to complete the picture, an old grizzled veteran, standing up to his ankles in loose powder, brandished a great horse pistol and roared out: “Shew me the —— and I will blow his —— head off.” It need hardly be said that, for the good of all concerned, this animated scene was brought to

an abrupt conclusion and the magazine cleared of its very dangerous occupants.

Of the mutineers 350 were killed, while the loss amongst the cavalry from Arcot was very trifling indeed, one man being killed and two wounded. The casualties in the 69th Regiment, however, were very high, upwards of fifty per cent. having been killed or wounded; the losses amongst the officers of the two native regiments were also very heavy. That the mutiny was so successfully dealt with was due, in the first place, to the staunchness of the 69th, and in the second place to the resolute leadership of Gillespie. It was stated at the time that, had he delayed five minutes in joining the 69th on the ramparts, the latter must have been overwhelmed. Once the gate had been taken by the mutineers and the draw-bridge raised, all chances of regaining the fort by a *coup de main* would have been lost and lengthy operations would have been necessitated. The ultimate success of these would no doubt have been assured; but in the meantime infinite harm might have been done, for the Sepoys at other stations would have been enormously encouraged by the fact that their comrades were holding Vellore, and the general mutiny throughout British India, which was the aim of the chief conspirators, might have resulted. The East India Company acted with commendable promptitude in rewarding those who had mainly contri-

buted to the success of the day. They voted Gillespie the sum of £2500, while Sergeant Brady was given £250 and a commission, which he exchanged for a Conductorship in the Ordnance Corps. Mustapha Beg was rewarded with £500 in cash and the life pension of a Subadar of Infantry. All ranks of the 19th Light Dragoons were credited with a month's pay, while each native cavalry soldier engaged was given an increase in his monthly pay with a subsequent increase to his pension. For some unaccountable reason the services of Assistant Surgeons Dean and Jones were entirely overlooked, an omission which is the more inexplicable in that all contemporary accounts of the mutiny at Vellore are agreed in recording their conduct as most gallant.

Before leaving the subject, it only remains to be recorded that so salutary was the lesson inflicted on the mutineers that the risings planned at other stations fell still-born.

In 1807, on the departure of the 19th Light Dragoons to England, Gillespie transferred to the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons, and later on to the 25th Light Dragoons. He held for a year, until the post was abolished, the appointment of Inspector-General of Cavalry. For some time he commanded the cavalry on the Punjab frontier.

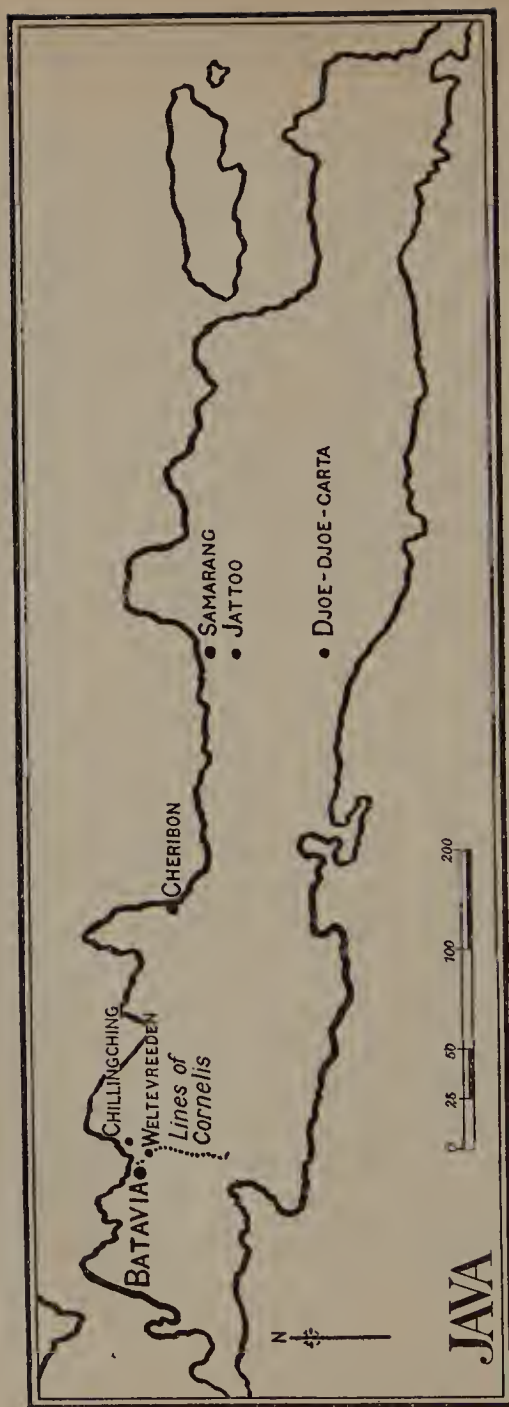
During this period, while on leave, he was tiger-shooting with some friends in the Kumaon district.

One day his camp was surrounded by troops sent by the Rajah of Moree. The latter was at war with the Sikhs and was anxious to obtain the services of an Englishman to command his troops, and to this end his intention was to seize Gillespie. Such an idea seems incomprehensible now-a-days, but it must be remembered that during the latter half of the eighteenth century a number of European adventurers were wandering about India offering their services in the field to native chiefs, who in many cases had derived great advantage thereby. Gillespie dealt with the situation in a characteristic manner. He summoned the commander of the Rajah's forces and, pulling out his watch, said in a most resolute and determined tone, "Tell the Rajah your master that, unless in half an hour he removes his troops from round my camp and allows my party to go where it wishes, I will take his fort and turn him out of his country." So impressed was the commander of the Rajah's forces by Gillespie's manner that he advised his master to do as he was bidden, and the incident closed.

After service on the Punjab frontier Gillespie was given command of the Cavalry Brigade at Bangalore, and later was promoted to the command of the Mysore Division. He was holding this position when, in 1811, it was decided to send an expedition to take Java from the French, who

had occupied that island in common with the other oversea possessions of the Dutch. The Expeditionary Force, under General Sir Samuel Auchmuty, with the Governor-General, Lord Minto, accompanying it, began to leave India on April 11th, 1811. It numbered 10,800 men of all ranks, of whom just under half were British troops. The latter comprised the 22nd Dragoons, a detachment Royal Artillery, and H.M. 14th, 59th, 69th, 89th, and 78th Regiments. To Gillespie was allotted what was called the command of a Division. Actually it was only a third of the force, its strength approximating to that of an Infantry Brigade of to-day.

The force rendez-voused at Malacca during the first week in June and left there 1200 sick, the health of the native troops during the long voyage not having been good. Java was reached at the beginning of August and disembarkation was carried out at the village of Chillingching on August 4th. At this time the force was still further reduced by 1500 sick, so that during the course of the voyage the Commander-in-Chief had been deprived of about twenty-five per cent. of his troops. Chillingching was selected as the place of disembarkation by the Chief Engineer, Colonel Colin Mackenzie, and the same Sapper subaltern, Blakiston, whom we met at Vellore. These two had carried out a reconnaissance before the arrival



of the fleet, and incidentally had narrowly escaped capture in doing so. Blakiston was now one of the Commander-in-Chief's aides-de-camp. He is the author of a book, published anonymously, entitled *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, which is very well worth reading. Too many journals and memoirs of that period are written in a style which seems pompous and stilted to us now. This particular book is written with a very light hand throughout and is full of humorous touches. Moreover the writer saw much hard fighting in India and in Spain, and, being a very observant and intelligent man, what he has to say is always of great interest. Amongst many stories which he tells there is one regarding the relations between the Staff and the Regimental Officers of the day which is worth relating.

There was a certain Captain Grose, a well-known humourist. This officer called at Divisional Headquarters one day and saw the Chief Staff Officer, to whom he wished to make a statement. The Chief Staff Officer was evidently a very pompous individual of a type now happily long extinct. He said to Grose: "I cannot listen to any verbal statements; you must go away and submit any statement you want to make in writing." Grose went away considerably annoyed. A week or so later the Divisional Staff, including its Chief Staff Officer, happened to be dining with Grose's

battalion. During the dinner a jackass, which had lost its way in camp, came up against the Mess marquee, got entangled in the ropes, thrust his head inside the marquee, and brayed loudly. This was too much for Grose to resist. Up he jumped, and addressing the jackass said, "Sir, I perceive that you come from Divisional Headquarters. I cannot listen to any verbal statement; go away, and submit anything you have to say in writing." Captain Grose was killed in the assault on Seringapatam in 1799. He had a premonition of his death and wrote his will the night before the assault, beginning with the words "Oh my nose," evidently some contemporary catch-word, the key to which has long been lost.

The information regarding the enemy which was at the disposal of Sir Samuel Auchmuty was fairly complete. It was known that General Daendels, a most capable officer who had much distinguished himself fighting against us at the Helder in 1799, had been recalled to Europe and had been succeeded by General Janssens, from whom we had taken the Cape in 1806. This change was to our advantage, for, while General Daendels had shewn himself possessed of great energy and administrative ability, his successor was not credited with an excess of these virtues. The forces at the disposal of General Janssens were rightly computed to consist of some 20,000 troops, of whom

about 1800 were French. Of this number the bulk were located in the Lines of Cornelis, an entrenched position of very great strength lying seven miles south-west of Chillingching. Another route lay viâ Batavia, the capital of Java, which latter place lay twelve miles due west of Chillingching, Cornelis again being seven miles south-east of Batavia.

The disembarkation was successfully carried out, covered by Gillespie, who was given command of a special force for the purpose. The water being exceedingly shallow for some distance from the shore, it was necessary for the troops to wade from the point at which their boat grounded. Lord Minto, to shew his zeal for the service, waded ashore and got very wet, but the Commander-in-Chief, five years his junior, went ashore dry on the shoulders of a sailor. "There, you see," remarked an officer who was looking on, "is the difference between an old fool and an old soldier." The disembarkation was entirely unopposed.

The Commander-in-Chief was now to decide on his next step. The shortest route to the position occupied by the enemy's main forces lay south-west. Unfortunately Sir Samuel Auchmuty was faced with a difficulty which in those days invariably faced the leaders of British overseas expeditions, in that he had no transport. The lack of transport in this particular case was perhaps due to the shortage of

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tonnage in India at the time, and possibly was unavoidable. The student of British military history of that period, and indeed of any period prior to it, cannot, however, fail to mark the levity with which expeditions have been launched overseas by British Governments entirely devoid of transport, in the hope that transport of some sort could be improvised on arrival overseas. The disadvantages of such an haphazard system had been constantly and painfully brought to the notice of those responsible for adopting it; none the less it was left to Wellington to put the transport system of the British army, for the time being, on a satisfactory basis during the Peninsula War, though not until his operations had been sadly hampered by the lack of transport in the early days of his command in Spain and Portugal. One would have imagined that the lesson so laboriously learnt would have been laid to heart, but it was not so, for during the long peace which followed the struggle with Napoleon the transport system built up by the great Duke was ruthlessly swept away on the grounds of economy, a piece of petty cheese-paring on the part of the nation which inflicted on its unfortunate army much misery and heavy losses in the Crimean War. It may be urged that the transport question involved in British overseas campaigns has long ago been placed on a satisfactory footing. This is happily the case, but none

the less an instance to the contrary was provided by the despatch of the 6th Division from India to Mesopotamia in 1914 lacking in transport. It may be argued that in a country where all movement must be carried out along great rivers, owing to lack of water elsewhere, land transport was not so necessary as water transport. Unfortunately the provision of water transport had also been overlooked.

To return to our story. Under the circumstances Sir Samuel Auchmuty could not hope to maintain his force at Cornelis if supplied along the Chillingching-Cornelis road, and he therefore determined to make his way to Batavia, establish a new base there, and take advantage of the fine water-way existing between Batavia and Cornelis. He improvised a temporary system of transport by taking all the native servants, with the exception of one, from each officer. By this means, and by making the troops carry three days' rations each, he was able to reach Batavia on August 8th and open a new base there, thus exchanging the disadvantages attendant on a landing on an open beach for the conveniences of a commercial harbour. Again his progress was entirely unopposed.

On the night of the 8th the enemy made a half-hearted attack on Batavia, but were taken in flank by Gillespie as they reached the outskirts of the town and were very roughly handled. On the 10th

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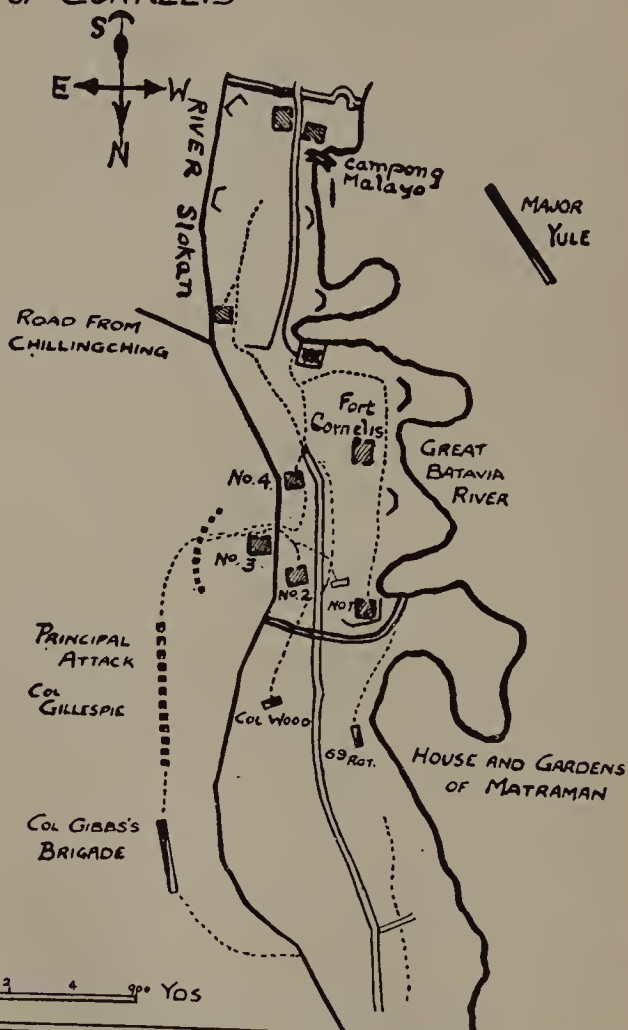
Gillespie, in command of the advance guard, moved south on Weltevreedon. When leaving Batavia that morning at dawn, Gillespie and his Staff had been given some poisoned coffee by the landlord of their billet, an old servant of General Daendel's. The man's designs were discovered in time and the coffee poured down his own throat. Weltevreedon was reached without opposition and its capture was a great asset, for it had been selected by Daendels as a most healthy site and one most suitable on which to establish cantonments. Consequently Gillespie found there extensive barracks and store-houses, which proved of the greatest value to us during the subsequent operations, and it is astonishing that the enemy should have surrendered so important a position without attempting to strike a blow. Gillespie pressed on towards Cornelis, three miles distant, and was presently sharply engaged. In the action which followed the enemy were driven back with considerable loss, which included General Alberti, Chief of Staff to General Janssens, who fell into our hands very severely wounded. He came by his wound in rather an absurd manner. Observing a small party of H.M. 89th Regiment, who at the time were dressed in green, he mistook them for one of his own corps and rode up to them, upbraiding them for retiring without orders. At length a private of the 89th, growing weary of being harangued in an

unknown tongue by an excited and resplendent-looking foreigner, shouted out "Shut up, yah, yah!" presented his musket, and shot the unfortunate Chief of Staff.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty now proceeded to make preparations for bombarding the Lines of Cornelis. The latter consisted of a parallelogram one and a half miles long by half a mile broad, flanked on the western side by the Great River of Batavia and on the eastern by the Slokan rivulet, both rivers being unfordable. At either end of the parallelogram the two streams were connected up by a deep ditch, behind which was a line very strongly entrenched. The position was further strengthened by the construction of powerful redoubts, of which we shall only be concerned with Nos. 1 to 4 on the plan and a central redoubt, Fort Cornelis, located in the middle of the parallelogram. There were in position, as was discovered later, 280 guns. The parallelogram ran due north and south, and we attacked from the north. Thanks to his facilities for water transport, Sir Samuel Auchmuty was able to draw largely on the heavy guns of the fleet, and in the subsequent bombardment the navy played a very distinguished part.

Fire was opened from the batteries on August 22nd, but the full force of the attackers' bombardment was not developed until the 24th, the enemy in the meantime having made a most determined

PLAN OF ATTACK
ON THE FORTIFIED
LINES OF CORNELIS



sortie on the gun positions, in which several guns were spiked. An intense bombardment was carried out on the 24th and 25th, the effect on the armament of the redoubts being very marked. The Commander-in-Chief had decided to launch an assault as soon as the fire of the enemy's artillery should have been somewhat reduced. He was most anxious to bring operations to a close without delay, as the troops were suffering very considerable losses from sickness. The difficulty was how, with the imperfect knowledge of the position at his disposal, to decide in which quarter to make his principal attack. The northern and southern faces offered no prospect of success. On the western or Great Batavian River side, the depth, width, and rapidity of the stream ruled out all chance of success. On the Slokan or eastern flank a favourable opportunity appeared to present itself owing to the fact that the enemy had constructed No. 3 redoubt east of the Slokan river, thus placing this work outside the main line of defence. Accurate information on this point, however, was lacking. There came in on the 24th by great good luck an intelligent deserter, who gave the fullest particulars of No. 3 redoubt and offered to guide the attackers to the spot. He gave the strength of the defenders at about 13,000, of whom some 1600 were French.

After careful consideration the Commander-in-Chief decided to take advantage of the isolated

position of No. 3 redoubt and make his principal attack in that quarter. He also decided to attack on the early morning of the 26th, for further delay would only increase the number of his ineffectives, owing to the very prevalent sickness, and would give the enemy longer time to improve his defences, in which he was now busily engaged. The principal attack was entrusted to Gillespie, who had indeed played the leading part in all the operations from the disembarkation onwards. The composition of the force placed at Gillespie's disposal was so curious as to merit some attention. It was composed as under:

Rifle Company, H.M. 14th.

Madras Pioneers.

Grenadier Company, H.M. 78th.

Right Flank Battalion. Light companies, H.M. 14th and 59th; grenadier company, 5th Bengal Battalion; rifle company, H.M. 59th.

Left Flank Battalion. Light companies, H.M. 69th and 78th; grenadier company, 6th Bengal Battalion; rifle company, H.M. 78th; five companies, H.M. 89th; detachment Royal Marines; detachments 22nd Dragoons (dismounted); body-guard (dismounted); detachment Bengal L.I.; detachment 4th Bengal Battalion.

In rear of the above was Colonel Gibbs' command, consisting of grenadier companies of H.M.

14th, 59th, 69th, and H.M. 59th (less flank companies); detachment Bengal L.I.; detachment 4th Bengal Battalion.

The extraordinary jumble of corps was part and parcel of a most vicious system which had also prevailed during the Seven Years' War and during the War of American Independence. The maintenance of the two specialised flank companies in each battalion was a system to which considerable objections might be urged, for it meant collecting into two companies the cream of the battalion. This was bad enough; but to remove these two companies and to form them into improvised battalions for special occasions was simply to emasculate the units from which they were drawn. Moreover, these improvised battalions were by no means always a success, for the military machine, like the engine of a motor-car, takes time to "run in," and is not at its best until after a lapse of a very considerable period of time. The danger of creating *corps d'élite* has been shewn from time to time in history. A notable case was provided by the creation of the Imperial Guard under the First Empire, this most famous corps being composed of veterans taken from other units, which latter were thus constantly being deprived of their best men. Ludendorff's "storm troops" provide another case in point during the late war. The risk attached also to improvising formations at short notice has been exemplified often in past history,

and instances were not lacking in the Great War, notably the improvisation of a Division before the attack on the Dujailah redoubt in Mesopotamia in 1916. In the case of the operations which we are now discussing complete success was attained. This success was no doubt due very largely to the very remarkable qualities of Gillespie and Gibbs, and should by no means be taken as a proof of the excellence of the system which we have just considered.

Concurrently with Gillespie's main attack the Commander-in-Chief arranged for subsidiary attacks to be made on the north-western and north-eastern corners of the enemy's position. The former was to be carried out by the 69th Regiment and the 6th Bengal Infantry, while the latter was entrusted to the 78th Regiment together with the 5th Bengal Infantry. At the same time arrangements were made to open a very heavy fire of musketry from some high ground facing the centre of the northern face of the enemy's position. Thus was the enemy's attention to be distracted from the main attack. Finally a small force of two Horse Artillery guns and half a battalion of infantry was despatched to Campong Malayo with orders to endeavour to capture the bridge there and to bring fire to bear on the enemy's line of retreat.

At midnight on the night of August 25-26th Gillespie's column, led by the deserter and fol-

lowed by Colonel Gibbs' command, moved off by a circuitous route across country. Gillespie was suffering from malaria and had a considerable temperature. The country was very broken, so that at times the troops had to go in single file and progress was very slow. At one point the guide quite lost his bearings. Fortunately Captain Dickson, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, had personally reconnoitred the route the day before and was able to put the column on the right road. Just as dawn was breaking, the head of the column had arrived within musket shot of the piquet which was thrown out by the enemy for the protection of No. 3 redoubt. At this moment news was brought up from the rear to say that Gibbs' column had lost touch and was nowhere to be found. Gillespie's situation was now critical. If he attacked with the troops actually under his own command, the force might prove insufficient to the task, while if he failed to attack, the enemy would concentrate upon the subsidiary attacks, whose fate would be sealed. Dawn, however, was breaking so fast that he could not retire from his exposed position unseen and must most certainly incur considerable loss from the fire of the enemy's artillery in doing so. Moreover he knew Gibbs well. The latter was a fine fighting man and could be safely trusted to march to the sound of the guns. So Gillespie determined to take the bull by

the horns and press on. The enemy's outlying piquet was rushed with the bayonet, and following hard upon the fugitives Gillespie gained a footing in No. 3 redoubt, in which a stubborn hand-to-hand conflict took place; this resulted in the ejection from the redoubt of the defenders, who streamed towards the bridge connecting the redoubt with the main position. This bridge was covered by the fire of four guns laid right upon it, while flanking fire could be brought to bear on it from No. 2 and No. 4 redoubts. Hastily reforming his command after the capture of No. 3 redoubt, Gillespie pressed on after the fugitives and under a terrific fire carried the bridge.

He had now established himself in the Lines of Cornelis, and he proceeded without delay to attack No. 4 redoubt, the redoubt immediately on his left. This was carried after a fierce struggle. At this juncture Gibbs arrived and was directed by Gillespie at once to attack No. 2 redoubt, which the grenadiers of the 14th, 59th, and 69th carried in fine style. Hardly had they established themselves within the redoubt when a terrific explosion took place, which caused the death of nearly all those in the redoubt at the time, amongst the survivors being Colonel Gibbs and our old acquaintance Blakiston, the Commander-in-Chief's aide-de-camp, who was attached to Colonel Gibbs for the time being. The explosion was caused by the

blowing up of the magazine by two French officers, who perished in the attempt. The names of the two men who performed this act of self-sacrificing heroism deserve to be recorded. They were Captains Osman and Muller. In the meantime the 69th Regiment, breaking in through the north-western corner, had captured No. 1 redoubt, while the attack launched against the north-eastern corner had met with no success. The small force despatched under Major Yule to Campong Malayo found the bridge burnt and their progress brought to a standstill. None the less, with the two Horse Artillery guns, Yule was in a position to inflict considerable loss on the enemy, should he retreat through the southern end of his position.

We left Gillespie and Gibbs in possession of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 redoubts. There now remained to be attacked the fort in the centre of the position, called Fort Cornelis. This was successfully carried after some heavy fighting, the result of which was to convince the enemy that further resistance was useless. General Janssens therefore ordered a general retirement to be carried out through the southern end of the position. As the enemy's retirement began, the 22nd Dragoons came up to Fort Cornelis, where Gillespie was. The latter had suffered a severe blow in the body from some flying débris thrown up by a shell. He had, as we have seen, started the day with a high temperature

and had marched many miles on foot (the precise distance we are not told), and he had been fighting hard since dawn. Overcome by his exertions, by the effects of the malaria, and by the blow which he had received, he had fainted away. Coming to as the cavalry rode up, the indomitable man ordered a horse to be cut out of one of the gun teams, mounted it, and took the lead in the pursuit. Later on, his own charger having arrived, he exchanged it for the artillery horse and led the charge of the 22nd Dragoons which converted the retreat into a disorderly rout. Gillespie kept up the pursuit for ten miles, at the end of which hardly any formed body of the enemy remained, for upwards of two thousand had been killed and between six and seven thousand taken prisoners. Moreover, what was more important than all, the French regular troops had been accounted for almost to a man.

Gillespie's own personal record made him the hero of the day; not only had he planned and led the main attack, but he had also been to the fore in many personal encounters, in which he himself made prisoners of two French Generals and a Colonel, while he killed a second Colonel with his own hand. Search British military history where you will, you will be hard put to it to find greater individual prowess displayed by any one man in any one day than that displayed by Rollo Gillespie at the Lines of Cornelis.

After the action he was forced to go into hospital, where he lay for a long time very ill and took no further part in the ejection of the French from Java.

The losses incurred by the Anglo-Indian army totalled 633 of all ranks, of which number no less than 550 were incurred by the British regiments engaged. The 59th were the chief sufferers, losing 15 officers and 122 other ranks out of a total of 400 engaged, while the 14th lost 5 officers and 101 men out of the three companies which they put into the fight. Mr Fortescue computes that Sir Samuel Auchmuty had available for the battle not more than 5000 effectives, so heavy had been his losses from sickness. In view of the small number engaged, the losses were heavy; but in the face of the decisive victory gained, they were light enough.

General Janssens escaped with a small portion of his force and retired on the Dutch seaside settlements of Cheribon and Samarang, from both of which places he was ejected in turn by troops despatched by water, for Sir Samuel Auchmuty utilised to the full the great advantage which his complete command of the sea gave him. Finally, on September 16th at Jattoo, near Samarang, Auchmuty inflicted a crushing defeat on General Janssens, who surrendered unconditionally the next day, and Java passed into British hands. Some of

the fighting at the end was almost grotesque, for, as we have seen, General Janssens' best troops were entirely destroyed at Cornelis and those left to him were worthless native levies. Blakiston tells us that during the fighting at Jattoo the Commander-in-Chief sent him to tell a party of the 59th Regiment to open fire on a regiment of native cavalry wonderfully arrayed in European uniform with huge cocked hats and armed with long spears. The regiment was seen to be in a state of confusion, and on Blakiston delivering his message to the Sergeant in command of the party the latter replied, "I can't fire, sir, for there's an aide-de-camp a licking of 'em."

This was indeed true, for Captain Dickson, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, riding by himself, had run into the native regiment, and without more ado had charged them and, entirely unassisted by anyone, had put them to flight. Blakiston himself now joined in, and the two aides-de-camp between them drove this *opéra-bouffe* regiment off the field. This is the last we shall see of Blakiston, who was soon to sail for Spain, and we leave him with much regret, for he has given us a most vivid account of the fighting in Java, illuminated with many stories and those touches of human nature without which the study of any campaign is apt to be very dull. It is he who tells us of the stout-hearted gunner who had

just lost an arm, carried away by a round shot, and who, after having had his wound dressed at the advanced dressing station, saluted the Commander-in-Chief with his remaining arm.

I wish we could follow him to Spain, for his adventures there are both interesting and amusing. He tells a story *à propos* of the stringent orders issued by Wellington against marauding after the British army had crossed the Pyrenees into France. One day a farmer, on whom Blakiston was billeted, came to complain that some of the German Dragoons who fought so well for us in the Peninsula had been killing his fowls, and he pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the Dragoon, he excused himself by saying, "One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick and he die."

"Oh, but," said Blakiston, "the farmer contends that you killed more than one fowl."

"Oh, yes, that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick and she die." An ingenious explanation, which did not save the culprit, a notorious offender, from the punishment he deserved.

After the surrender of the island, the Commander-in-Chief returned to India with the 69th Regiment and the Headquarters and one wing of the 89th, handing over the command of the

remainder to Gillespie. It has been given to few leaders in the field to see their operations crowned with the complete success that attended those of Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Incidentally, too, by his assumption and retention of the offensive and by his rigid adherence to his objective, namely, the destruction of the enemy's main forces in the field, whenever and wherever met with, he has provided us with a very perfect exemplification of the first two of the Principles of War laid down in our training manuals for our guidance. None the less, the story of what that fine old soldier and the splendid troops under him achieved had been well-nigh forgotten, and it is not the least of the many debts that the British army owes to Mr Fortescue that by his labours the history of the campaign in Java should have been rescued from oblivion.

It was not long before Gillespie was called upon to carry out an enterprise which gave his special qualities ample scope. Early in 1812 news was brought to Java that the Sultan of Palimbang, in Sumatra, had murdered all the Dutch colonists within his territory, and it was decided to send an expedition from Java to punish him. The Sultan had been led to commit these atrocities owing to a cause trivial enough. To quote a contemporary chronicler: "The Sultan's eldest son, Pangarang Rattoo, a prince of vile and libidinous habits, had, during one of his nocturnal rambles, made an

attempt on the wife of an industrious Chinese." The lady's screams brought to the spot the nearest Dutch guard, who chased the delinquent into the river, on the opposite bank of which he eventually emerged half drowned and vowing vengeance. The account of the incident which he gave to the Sultan so enraged the latter that he had caused the Dutch families to be butchered under circumstances of the greatest atrocity.

A joint naval and military expedition, under Colonel Gillespie and Captain Bowen, R.N., left Java on March 20th and arrived off the mouth of the Palimbang river on April 10th. After they had crossed the bar, a violent storm destroyed a large number of the light boats which the expedition had brought with them.

The city of Palimbang lay sixty miles up the river, and the passage proved a very tedious affair owing to the difficulties of navigation; consequently it was not till April 22nd that the expedition came in sight of the enemy's position at Borang, forty miles from the mouth. This position was one of great strength. Batteries mounting 102 guns had been built on either side of the river. The batteries themselves were protected in rear by strong palisades and also by the nature of the country, which was very marshy and covered with dense jungle. On the river-side rows of stout piles prevented boats from approaching the batteries.

Across the river in echelon were armed vessels, so placed as to rake the whole passage lying between the batteries. Further, there were anchored to the shore, ready for use, enormous fire rafts, capable of covering the whole breadth of the river. The situation was a very awkward one, for the ultimate success of an attack launched by the troops at Gillespie's disposal was problematical, while even if the attack were to succeed the losses must be exceedingly heavy. None the less, something had to be done; so Gillespie summoned the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, Pangarang Martoo, to a conference, and producing the famous watch—the watch which had proved so effective in the case of the Rajah of Moree—and speaking in the most determined manner, he said that if the batteries were not surrendered to him within half an hour, he would attack them and put every man of the garrison to the sword. So impressed was Pangarang Martoo by the British Commander's confident, resolute manner, that he surrendered unconditionally. Hardly had the position been occupied by our troops when there arrived from Palimbang one Pangarang Shereef with the startling news that the Sultan, hearing of the surrender of the Borang position, had fled from his capital, where his troops were running riot and murdering all the Chinamen they could find.

It was now the evening of the 24th, and Gillespie

decided that a great effort must be made to reach Palimbang and put a stop to the orgy of murder which was being carried on there. Unfortunately, owing to the storm already mentioned, his stock of light boats suitable for rapid movement was very limited. Nevertheless he determined to push on himself in a canoe with Captain Mears, his interpreter, and seven grenadiers of the 59th Regiment, while two small boats followed him with Captain Bowen, R.N., Major Butler (Deputy Adjutant-General), Major Thorn (Deputy Quartermaster-General), Lieutenant Monday, R.N., Lieutenant Forest of the 59th Regiment, and ten more grenadiers of the 59th Regiment. Leaving orders for the remainder of the force to follow as quickly as their heavy boats would allow, Gillespie and his tiny band set off to cover the twenty miles which lay between them and the city of Palimbang.

Night had fallen by the time that they approached the city, but the sky was lit up by the flames of burning houses. Past the fort with its 250 guns the little party crept and reached the landing-stage, where they found an enormous crowd of armed Malays screeching and yelling. Into the middle of this pandemonium Gillespie, totally undeterred by the obvious danger of the situation, stepped out on to the landing-stage, which was wet with the blood of many unfortunate Chinamen. In the darkness the crowd were

unable to distinguish how large a force had landed, and marching along, with the grenadiers no doubt using their butts very freely, the little party reached the palace, which they found deserted. Here they spent an anxious night. Around them houses were burning in every direction, and the crackling of the bamboo walls, the crash of falling roofs, and the yells of the excited populace served to create a regular inferno. In the small hours of the morning, however, Major Trench arrived with eighty men of the 89th Regiment, while just before dawn Colonel McLeod joined them with a detachment of the 59th. With this addition to his force, Gillespie was able to seize the fort, and the situation was saved. Having re-established order in the town, Gillespie proclaimed the fact that the Sultan for his offences had been deposed, and he summoned his younger brother, Pangarang Adipatti, to take his place. The necessary negotiations having been completed, Gillespie installed the new Sultan at a Durbar summoned for the purpose, and, after giving Pangarang Adipatti some excellent advice, the Commander of the Forces returned to Java, where he found some urgent work awaiting him.

He landed at Batavia on June 1st. He brought with him only the grenadier company of the 59th Regiment, the remainder of the Palimbang expeditionary force following by a less direct route

than that by which he had come himself. Taking advantage of the absence from Java of a considerable portion of the British force left to hold the island, the Sultan of Mataram had raised the standard of revolt and had collected a large force of armed natives at his stronghold of Djoe-djoe-carta. Here he was expecting to come to his assistance a number of other native potentates who, like himself, were anxious to free themselves from the rule of the invaders. Gillespie, now promoted Major-General and created a K.C.B. for his services at Cornelis, found himself in a very difficult position. The force remaining to him in Java was but small. He could rely upon the services of a portion only of each of his British regiments, the 14th, 59th, and 78th. With these and native corps he could hope to put into the field 1200 men or so, including a small force of cavalry and artillery. The return of the troops lately under his command at Palimbang could not be expected to take place until a month had passed, and in this period of time much might happen, for the Sultan of Mataram was adding to his forces daily. The Commander-in-Chief, as might be expected from what we know of his character, decided to grasp the nettle without more ado and attack the rebel Sultan at once with such troops as were available. On June 17th the small British force arrived before Djoe-djoe-carta. The position was a strong one,

the defences consisting of a thick mud wall with bastions and flanking towers surrounded by a deep ditch full of water, the circumference of the whole being about three miles. The garrison consisted of some 17,000 natives armed with a variety of weapons and supported by over 100 guns. The enterprise therefore presented a somewhat serious undertaking to a force of 1200 men; but the quality of the latter was exceedingly high.

After a careful reconnaissance of the enemy's position, Gillespie launched his attack on June 20th and achieved a very complete success, as a result of which the Sultan was captured and his adherents put to flight. The losses on the British side amounted to 100 killed and wounded, amongst the latter being Gillespie, who, ever to the fore where hard knocks were to be had, received a bullet through the arm.

After this very remarkable achievement, which completely crushed the revolt, no more fighting took place in Java, and towards the end of 1813 Gillespie was recalled to India and posted to the command at Meerut. He was not, however, to remain inactive long, for in 1814 it was decided to carry out operations, for the first time, against the Gurkhas of Nepaul. Early in the autumn of that year arrangements were made to put into the field for this campaign some 30,000 troops organised in four divisions—or columns, as we should

call them nowadays, for their strength bore no relation to what we call a Division. Two of these divisions were to operate from the east and two from the west, and to the command of one of the latter Gillespie was appointed. His division was concentrated at Seharanpore by the middle of October. His orders were to clear the valley of the Doon by the end of October and to be ready to co-operate by November 1st in movements to be carried out by the other western division under General Ochterlony. Shortly after having entered the Doon, Gillespie heard on October 25th that a force under Colonel Mawby, which had been sent forward by him, had run up against a strong position occupied by the enemy at Kalunga. Mawby had found the position too strong for him to deal with and had sent back word to Gillespie to this effect.

On the 28th Gillespie came in sight of the enemy's position and, after a careful reconnaissance, decided to attack. For this he has been blamed, for it has been urged that he should have waited until he could obtain the necessary heavy artillery. To have waited, however, for the arrival of the heavy artillery would have entailed a delay of four weeks, and he had promised General Ochterlony that he would have cleared the Doon and be ready to co-operate with him by November 1st. Unless, therefore, he were to leave Ochterlony



unsupported, the Kalunga position must be carried with whatever troops he could dispose of at the moment. On the 29th his troops moved up to the position shewn on the map, preparatory to moving to their battle stations. His plan was to seize the table-land lying eight hundred yards due south of, and four hundred feet lower than the enemy's position and to establish his batteries there. He had at his disposal two 12-pounders, four 6-pounders, two howitzers, and two mortars. Under fire of these from the plateau he hoped to launch his main attack against the northern face of the enemy's position, supported by the converging attack of three other detachments, one under Major Kelly moving *viâ* Kursalle, another under Captain Fast moving *viâ* Luckhound, a third under Captain Campbell moving *viâ* Ustal. The attacks of the main body and of the three converging detachments were to be simultaneous.

It will be at once observed that the scheme was far too complicated. The detachments had to move over unknown country, very hilly and very thickly wooded. All the detachments had varying distances to cover. To have successfully synchronised the assaults of the main body and of the three converging detachments would have required something not less than a miracle. On the afternoon of the 30th the main body pushed forward and seized the plateau, on which, during the night, the guns

were brought up. In the early hours of the morning of October 31st the detachments of Major Kelly, Captain Fast, and Captain Campbell set off. These detachments had five and a half miles, three miles, and five miles respectively to cover. The guns opened on the enemy's position, which was one of very great strength, as soon as it was light enough to see. At 7 a.m. the artillery fired a special signal to give warning to the converging detachments that the assault would take place in two hours' time. Between 7 a.m. and the hour fixed for the assault Gillespie appears to have felt some anxiety lest his scheme should miscarry, and he repeatedly sent off messengers to get in touch with Major Kelly and Captains Fast and Campbell. None of these messengers were successful, and at 9 a.m., the hour fixed for the assault, only the main body was available, and with this the assault was made. Led by a hundred troopers of the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons (dismounted), backed by two companies H.M. 53rd Regiment and some native infantry, the attackers forced their way through the stockade and right up to the wicket-gate marked "E" on the plan. Here they could make no further progress and fell back on the stockade. A second attack launched from the stockade met with no better results. Gillespie, together with Colonel Westenra of the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons, then left the batteries and

walked to the stockade. Here they found the troops a good deal shaken by their reverses and taking what shelter they could obtain from the stockade. Under Gillespie's orders, two 6-pounder guns were brought up from the plateau and run up to within twenty-five yards of the wicket-gate. These guns were most gallantly served, and under their fire a fresh attack was launched against the wicket-gate, only to fail as the previous attacks had done. The situation now was desperate. No fresh troops were available and there was no sign of the approach of the converging detachments. Gillespie then, saying that he would take the position or die in the attempt, reorganised the troops, called upon them for a last effort, and at their head, waving his hat in his hand, ran for the wicket, falling dead within a few feet of it.

The attack was then abandoned, and the assailants, carrying the Major-General's body with them, withdrew under cover of Captain Campbell's detachment, which at this juncture made its appearance. Gillespie's body was put into spirits and conveyed to Meerut, where he lies buried. There is also a monument to him by Chantrey, erected at the expense of the nation, in St Paul's Cathedral.

By the irony of fate it was within a stone's throw of his grave that the Mutiny broke out in 1857. There can be little doubt but that, had there been in command at Meerut on that fateful Sunday

evening of May 10th, 1857, a soldier possessed of the rapidity of decision, inflexibility of purpose, and physical energy which so characterised Gillespie, the great Mutiny would have been strangled at its birth, and all the tears and all the blood of that tragic episode in our history would have been spared us.

LORD PETERBOROUGH

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LORD PETERBOROUGH

CHARLES MORDAUNT, Earl of Monmouth and Peterborough, was born in 1658. The character of few men has provided so wide a field for controversy. He was possessed of a keen and cultured intellect, a natural genius for war, a nerve which no emergency could shake, and a vitality and indifference to fatigue far above the ordinary. In an age when integrity in the administration of public funds was the exception and not the rule, he set a very notable example of honesty in such matters. To no mean gifts as an orator he added, when it suited him, a remarkable charm of manner, qualities well calculated to influence his fellow man in the mass or individually. A generous patron of science and letters, he assisted Newton and was on terms of intimate friendship with Locke, Dryden, Pope, and Swift. A man so gifted, backed as he was by the family influence so essential to success in public life in those days, should have gone far; but unfortunately in Peterborough's case there was another side to the picture, and that a not wholly admirable one. Entirely self-centred, he was unable to see any point of view other than his own. An intense irritability and a caustic wit, which he was unable to refrain from exercising in

season and out of season, made him impossible as a colleague at any time, and more especially at the crisis in his career when tolerance, patience, and tact were above all things most essential. It is in these qualities that those great men who, in conjunction with our allies, have successfully commanded British armies in great wars, have been especially distinguished, and it was in these same qualities that Peterborough was so lamentably deficient. His character is perhaps best summed up in the words of his great friend Swift, who described him as "a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious, and a sort of person which may give good advice which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow."

Of Peterborough's boyhood nothing is known. There is a suggestion, though no proof exists, that he was educated at Eton, where, however, the school records of that period have been lost. In 1674, when he was sixteen years of age, he served as a volunteer at sea in Sir John Narborough's expedition against the Algerine pirates and was present at the various affairs which reduced the Dey to submission. Returning in 1677, he married Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser of Durriss, Kincardineshire. His wife was a woman of great charm and very considerable ability. During their thirty years of married life she managed with great skill a man whose many eccentricities and infi-

delities must have been most trying, and to the end she retained his affection to a degree which, cynic as he was, he would hardly have liked to have been generally known to be the case.

In the autumn of 1678 Lord Mordaunt, as he then was, sailed again for service on the Barbary coast. H.M.S. "Bristol" was his ship, and the Chaplain, Henry Teonge, has fortunately left on record an incident which occurred on the voyage. During the first week-end out from home the weather was very rough, and the Chaplain was confined to his bunk, a victim to sea-sickness. To these troubles another was soon to be added, for, writes the Chaplain, "the Lord Mordaunt, taking occasion of my not being very well; would have preached, asked the Captain's leave last night, and to that intent sat up till four in the morning to compose his speech, and intended to have Mr Norwood to sing the Psalms. All this I myself heard in agitation; and, resolving to prevent him, I got up in the morning before I should have done, had I had respect to my own health, and came into the great cabin, where I found the zealous Lord with our Captain, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse, that he went out of the cabin in great wrath." Up to this point the victory lay with the Chaplain, but Mordaunt was by no means done with. His cabin lay next door to that in which the Chaplain was to preach, and the latter's

sermon had to be delivered under circumstances of considerable disadvantage, owing to an incessant din from next door, where Mordaunt was busily engaged in hammering in nails to take his curtains. "And this," continues the Chaplain, "being done on the Sabbath Day, and also when there was no necessity, I hope the work will not be long lived, and from that day he loved neither me nor the Captain." It is sad to think that Mordaunt's little scheme was frustrated, for there is no doubt but that his sermon, to which he had given so much thought, would have been found to be of an original character. A bright touch, too, would no doubt have been provided by the efforts of his friend, Mr Norwood, in singing the Psalms.

After a year at sea Mordaunt returned home, only to leave again in the summer of 1680 as a volunteer with Lord Plymouth's expedition to the relief of Tangier, then besieged by the Sultan of Fez. The British garrison at Tangier at that time was much neglected. The troops were kept for long periods, extending even to sixteen months, without pay. Ill-equipped and ill-fed as they were, the rate of mortality among them was very high. It need cause no astonishment, therefore, that their efficiency suffered considerably. For example, of the "fire master," who was the technical artillery expert in those days, we read, "he is certainly a most ignorant person as to the knowledge of any

ingredient, except brandy." Later we are told: "Of thirty-three gunners there is not ten knows the gun from the carriage, and now that Mr Povey is gone, there is not two men in town knows the art of gunnery." After serving at Tangier for six months, Mordaunt returned home, and was not to see any more active service for twenty-four years.

During the two years immediately succeeding his return from Tangier, Mordaunt appears to have been a good deal at Court. He then fell out with Charles II through opposing the King's wishes in regard to the assembly of Parliament at Oxford. From this time on Mordaunt never wavered in his hostility to the House of Stuart. This hostility he shewed very early in the day after the accession of James II by opposing the latter's demands for a large increase in the standing army and the offer of commissions to Catholics. As early as 1686 he seems to have made up his mind to throw in his lot with William of Orange; to this end he obtained King James's permission to serve in the Dutch fleet which was being fitted out for service in the West Indies. As far as we know, he had no intention of serving with the Dutch fleet, but he now had a reasonable excuse for his continued absence in Holland. He landed at Torbay with William in November, 1688, and was despatched in advance of William's force to enlist the sympathies of Wiltshire and Dorset in

the cause of the invader. As soon as the southern counties had definitely thrown in their lot with William, Mordaunt was sent to the north to establish William's position there and to inspect such corps as were being raised in opposition to King James. He appears to have carried out his work of inspection in a very independent spirit, without fear or favour. Lord Delamere, it seems, had received £9000 from William to raise a cavalry regiment. Mordaunt reported on this unit that "it wanted nothing to be a complete Regiment but clothes, boots, arms, horses and men. There was never anything so scandalous as that the King should have paid him near nine thousand pounds already to that rout."

After the coronation of William and Mary, Mordaunt received every sign of royal approval; he received the Colonelcy of a Regiment of Foot and was made Lord Lieutenant of his own county of Northamptonshire. In the spring of 1689 he was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury and created Earl of Monmouth, by which title we must for the present know him.

There is a story told of him in connection with his absence from England during the latter part of the reign of James II and his subsequent return with William. Before he found it necessary to go to Holland, he had been in the habit of frequenting a well-known coffee-house in the Strand in com-

pany with a young woman to whom, for the moment, he was much attached. The landlady of this coffee-house possessed a wonderful singing canary, of which she was extremely proud. Monmouth's *chère amie* having expressed a desire to own the canary, her admirer made an offer for the bird, which its owner indignantly refused, saying that she had no intention whatever of parting with her pet. Monmouth, by no means deterred, availed himself of an opportunity, afforded by the temporary absence of the landlady from her parlour, to substitute for the singing canary one precisely similar in outward appearance. There the similarity ended, for the new occupant of the cage was totally unable to sing. Some time after his return to England with King William, Monmouth paid a visit to his old coffee-house, and said to the landlady: "I expect you have often regretted not having accepted my offer for the canary." "Not at all," replied the landlady, who was an ardent Jacobite, "and I would not take twice the sum now; for, do you know, since our dear King left the country that loyal bird has never sung a note."

When William went to Ireland in 1691, Monmouth remained behind, having been appointed a member of the Committee of Nine whose duty it was to advise the Queen. In this capacity his defects as a colleague soon made themselves apparent, and his constant quarrels and generally

difficile temperament appear to have much embarrassed the Queen. For some reason or other, he was suspected of being the author, or at any rate the originator, of a number of letters giving the most precise details of the councils convened by the Committee of Nine and addressed to a French agent, M. Coutenay, at Antwerp. These letters, which were written in lemon-juice, were intercepted and rendered decipherable by exposure to heat. Probably suspicion against Monmouth was aroused by the fact that the letters ceased, or at any rate were not intercepted, during his temporary absence from London. Apart from the fact that in his opposition to the Jacobite cause he was absolutely consistent throughout his career, it seems unreasonable to believe that a man of so acute a mind as he would, if he had wished to carry on a clandestine correspondence, have adopted a means at once so hackneyed and so liable to detection as the use of lemon-juice.

In the winter of 1692 Monmouth's relations with the King became somewhat strained, owing to his action in supporting in the House of Lords a proposal to inquire into the whole management of public affairs. This proposal William took as a personal matter. By the spring of 1694 Monmouth had ceased to hold any position about the Court and was no longer summoned to meetings of the Privy Council. At the end of 1696 he

became involved in the notorious Fenwick case, as a result of which he was committed to the Tower. He was released in the spring of 1697, in the summer of which year he became, by the death of his uncle, third Earl of Peterborough and attained the name by which he is chiefly known to history. During the remainder of King William's reign he took little or no part in public affairs.

With the accession of Queen Anne, in March, 1702, Peterborough returned to favour, thanks to his friendship with Marlborough and his wife. During that year began the War of the Spanish Succession, a struggle which was not to cease until 1713. In November, 1700, there had died, childless, the then King of Spain, Charles II. Weak mentally and physically, he had been under the influence of the Francophile party at the Spanish Court, and had made a will leaving his throne to his great-nephew, Philip of Anjou, the second son of the Dauphin. Fearing the concentration of so much power in the hands of the House of Bourbon, Great Britain, Austria, the Netherlands, and later on Portugal, declared war with a view to bringing such pressure to bear on Louis XIV as to cause the abdication of his grandson, King Philip. In the latter's place it was the intention of the Allies that the Archduke Charles of Austria should ascend the throne of Spain.

To one point, and that a very important one,

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the Allies did not give sufficient consideration. Like Napoleon a hundred years later, they failed to take into account the strength of public opinion in Spain, and being opposed, as they proved to be, by the majority of the Spanish people, they failed in their object.

In December, 1702, Peterborough was appointed to the command of an Anglo-Dutch expedition against the Spanish West Indies. The Dutch were to provide 4000 men and a proportion of the fleet, the remainder of the fleet and 3000 men being provided by Great Britain. Peterborough was to sail on January 16th, 1703, and his servants and kit had already gone, when suddenly the Dutch refused to carry out their part of the agreement and withdrew their forces. It was now suggested to Peterborough by Godolphin that he should proceed to the West Indies with the British contingent only. Peterborough replied to the Minister that he could not be responsible for carrying out operations with half the number of troops originally considered necessary, and so the enterprise was abandoned. Peterborough appears to have formed a somewhat pessimistic opinion of the climate in Jamaica, as well indeed he might, and to have expended no less a sum than £300 upon medicines for his own use.

In the spring of 1705 he was appointed General and Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in

Spain, and at the same time Joint-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the fleet. That a man who had never commanded a ship or a regiment in peace or war, and who had seen no active service since he was a boy, should have been selected for the command both of a fleet and an army seems to us nowadays incomprehensible. In those days, however, provided that a man had the necessary social rank, such an appointment does not appear to have been thought very remarkable. It is, none the less, pleasing to find that there was at least one honest, outspoken man in existence, for we read that one Thornton, a Northamptonshire magistrate, "spake reflecting words" on his Lord Lieutenant, and was removed from the Bench for his pains.

The military situation at this moment in the Spanish Peninsula was as follows. An allied army—British, Dutch, and Portuguese—under Lord Galway, Fagel, and Das Minas was facing a Franco-Spanish force under the Duke of Berwick on the Portuguese frontier, where the Allies, after two years' fighting, had succeeded in taking Badajoz and one or two other frontier fortresses. It is not a little remarkable that the Allies should have met with any success at all, seeing that there was no unity of command, properly speaking, the command of the allied forces being exercised for a week at a time by Galway, Fagel, and Das Minas

respectively in turn. Such an arrangement seems to us now as one worthy of comic opera, but at the time it was thought a reasonable arrangement, and we find the Duke of Marlborough at the time of the Schellenburg action in 1704 sharing the command with Prince Louis of Baden, not for alternate weeks, but actually for alternate days. Such a system might be workable in the hands of a genius like the great Duke of Marlborough, but it was not likely to lead to great results in the case of three commonplace commanders, such as those who then led the allied forces in Spain.

Peterborough, with Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, his colleague at sea, sailed from Spithead, and reached Lisbon on June 20th. There were there to meet him the Austrian claimant, the Archduke Charles, Lord Galway, and Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, famous for the part played by him, together with Admiral Rooke, in the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, and still more famous for his subsequent defence of that fortress.

Peterborough and Cloudesley Shovel had left England armed with very indefinite orders. Peterborough's own position, indeed, was anything but clear. He was styled Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in Spain, but he had no command over the forces under Galway, Fagel, and Das Minas. It is certain that Godolphin's real intention was that Peterborough's force should proceed



to Savoy to the support of Victor Amadeus, and that, based on Savoy and supported by the fleet, an advance should be made along the Riviera against Toulon, the object being to destroy that great French naval arsenal and thus to drive the French flag out of the Mediterranean. This we know was the Duke of Marlborough's aim, and there is no doubt but that he had impressed the importance of it on Godolphin. Years afterwards, in the House of Lords, during the inquiry into the direction of the war in Spain, the Duke said: "My Lords, I had the honour of the Queen's command to treat with the Duke of Savoy about an attempt on Toulon, which Her Majesty from the beginning of the war had looked on as one of the most effectual means to finish it. Spain did not enter into the design. The war there was to be managed on its own bottom." In other words, as Sir Julian Corbett has pointed out, the "invasion of Spain was, from the naval and military point of view, a mere diversion, which political exigencies rendered desirable. It is the command of the Mediterranean that was the real object, and Toulon the ultimate objective."

Unfortunately, operations which were originally intended to be carried out by a maximum effort on the part of the pro-Austrian party in Spain and a minimum effort in that country on the part of the Allies developed, as we shall see, into a struggle

in which no less than 26,000 British troops were at one time involved, a number never exceeded by the British army actually serving in the main theatre of war under the Duke of Marlborough himself. In estimating the strain thrown on Great Britain in maintaining an army in those days in the Spanish Peninsula we must take into account the heavy losses incurred owing to the unsatisfactory methods of sea transport then prevailing. The voyage from Portsmouth to Lisbon at that time occupied on occasions a period of as much as three weeks or more, while if the voyage were extended through the Straits and up the eastern coast of Spain, a journey of two months, and frequently much longer, was involved. Mr Fortescue gives us some striking figures. He tells us that "reinforcements despatched to Lisbon in the summer of 1706 with a total strength of eight thousand men, were reduced to little more than half of their numbers when they landed in Valencia in February, 1707. They had suffered from bad weather and long confinement, it is true, but theirs was no exceptional case....In 1711 five weak regiments lost sixty men dead, and two hundred disabled from sickness in a voyage of ten days. A private of the First Guards summed up his experience of a month in a transport as 'continual destruction in the foretop, the pox above board, the plague between decks, hell in the forecastle, and the devil

at the helm.'” Nor were the losses restricted to the troops, for the 8th Hussars lost on the passage to Portugal 27 officers’ chargers out of 70 and 141 troop horses out of 216. Such being the difficulties under which a British force was maintained overseas in those days, it was in the last degree unfortunate that we should have committed ourselves to carrying out operations on so great a scale in the Spanish Peninsula, where, as events proved, they led to nothing; whereas an effort of equal magnitude directed against Toulon would have dealt Louis XIV a direct blow in a most vital quarter and might well have served to bring the war to a speedy conclusion.

Having arrived at Lisbon, Peterborough consulted with the Archduke Charles and Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt as to what course he should pursue. We have seen that his orders were far from precise. Although we know that Godolphin really wished the force to go to Savoy, he did not lay down in so many words that this was his intention. On the contrary, the instructions were so vague that it was open to Peterborough either to go to Savoy or to begin operations in Catalonia, in the north-east corner of Spain. In his instructions, moreover, it was laid down that, before deciding upon any major question, he was to summon a Council of War and be guided by its opinion. In the Council of War in which he

now took part there was a majority in favour of going to Catalonia, where it was said that there was a strong pro-Austrian party. This belief was fostered by Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, who had been a very popular Governor of Catalonia in the days of the late King and, as it turned out, very considerably over-estimated the value of his influence amongst his late subjects. So to Catalonia it was decided to go. Galway in the most generous manner having handed over to Peterborough two cavalry regiments, the Royal Dragoons and the 8th Hussars, Peterborough with the whole force sailed on July 24th, the Archduke Charles and Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt being with him. At Gibraltar Peterborough replaced a certain number of his raw regiments with seasoned ones out of the garrison, including a composite regiment of Guards, and with some 7000 men in all he sailed again for Catalonia. On arrival at Altea Bay, in Valencia, the Archduke Charles was proclaimed King of Spain and the Indies under the title of Charles III.

It had by now been decided to attack Barcelona; but Peterborough at this juncture produced a new scheme. He pointed out that King Philip's forces were occupied either in the garrisoning of Barcelona, or under Berwick, *vis-à-vis* the Allies, on the Portuguese frontier. He therefore proposed to make a dash from Altea straight on Madrid, the

distance to the capital being only one hundred and fifty miles. The proposal was referred to a Council of War, which decided in favour of adhering to the Barcelona scheme. On the face of it Peterborough's suggestion sounds an attractive one, provided always that he had the means of overcoming the difficulties inseparable from improvising the necessary transport from civilian sources and from supplying the troops en route, in which connection it is necessary to bear in mind that the British Commander-in-Chief was very ill supplied with funds. The scheme for landing at Altea and marching straight on Madrid having been negatived, the voyage was resumed to Barcelona, off which place the fleet anchored on August 16th.

The selection of Barcelona as the objective was due to the very optimistic views entertained by Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, as has before been seen. According to him the defences of Barcelona were weak, the garrison was inadequate and ill-commanded, while several thousand armed Catalans were ready to throw in their lot with the invaders. On arrival before Barcelona, however, it was soon discovered that a very different state of affairs existed from that previously depicted. The town had been placed in a good state of defence, its garrison was, in point of numbers, equal to the attackers, while the commander of the fortress, Velasco, was an able, determined soldier, who

could be trusted to make himself obeyed and to defend the town to the utmost of his ability. Finally, the many thousand armed Catalans resolved themselves into some 1500 Miquelets, or Irregulars, whose military value—for they might be more truly called “highly irregulars”—was most uncertain. Under the actual conditions now found to be prevailing, much discussion took place at the Allied Headquarters as to what should be done. Finally it was decided, by no means unanimously, to land and besiege Barcelona for eighteen days. If on the expiration of this period the successful issue of the operations should not be in sight, then the force should be re-embarked.

After diverting the enemy's attention by a feint attack, Peterborough succeeded in throwing his whole army ashore on August 23rd, without opposition, at a point some two miles north-east of the town, and siege operations were begun against the north-eastern side of the defences. On trial the ground was found to be boggy, the trenches became water-logged, and the progress made was trivial. This serious state of affairs was the subject of many Councils of War, held both on board ship and ashore. The debates at these Councils of War tended to become more and more acrimonious. Peterborough himself is credited with behaving in a most eccentric manner, voting on board ship as Naval Commander-in-Chief in one sense and

on shore as the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in quite another. Finally, the eighteenth day arriving without any success having been attained, it was decided to re-embark the heavy guns. At the last moment this order was countermanded, it having been resolved to make a further attempt for yet a few more days. By September 13th, however, it had been definitely decided to abandon the enterprise and a proportion of the heavy artillery had been already re-embarked, when Peterborough came out with a brand new scheme of his own.

The fortress of Mont Juich lies about three-quarters of a mile south of Barcelona, which town it commands by some seven hundred and thirty-five feet. It was supposed to be strongly defended, but Peterborough had found out by personal reconnaissance that its defences were by no means as strong as they were reputed to be and that its garrison was very inefficient. His plan, therefore, was to endeavour, by an attack launched at dawn, to surprise the garrison and to establish a footing on Mont Juich. This project he kept very secret until the last moment. Secrecy was in any case a thing which appealed to him very strongly, for, as he used to say of himself, "when I desire a thing extremely, I rather conceal, than own, my inclination."

On Sunday morning, September 13th, Peter-

borough revealed his plan to Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, with whom he had not been on speaking terms for some days. It was then given out that, while the heavy artillery was to be re-embarked, the remainder of the force was to proceed that night southwards en route for Tarragona. These fictitious orders, as was intended by Peterborough, speedily reached the ears of Velasco who, in honour of the abandonment of the siege, ordered the town to be illuminated. In the meantime Peterborough issued other orders to the effect that 1200 men should be ready to march for Tarragona that night, while 1000 more, under Stanhope, should stand by ready in case of need. Their exact location we do not know. At six o'clock that evening Peterborough, accompanied by Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, marched off in a southerly direction with the 1200 men already mentioned. After marching for four hours, the force turned about and resumed its journey, this time in the direction of Mont Juich. Having arrived within striking distance of the position, Peterborough halted his force, when it was found that in the darkness a party of 200 men had gone astray. It was decided, however, to carry out the attack without them.

Peterborough, having collected his officers, explained to them, now for the first time, what the object of the enterprise was, and he went into the

fullest details as to the part each man was to play. His plan was to attack simultaneously the north-eastern and south-western corners of the fort, devoting 400 men to each attack and holding the balance of 200 in reserve. Peterborough and Prince George accompanied the attack on the south-western corner.

At the first streak of dawn the assailants, advancing with great dash, established themselves in the outer defences, and, in spite of a heavy fire, consolidated their position by throwing up breast-works of loose stones. So far all had gone well; but now, hearing the firing, Velasco sent out from Barcelona 400 Dragoons to reinforce the garrison of Mont Juich. On seeing the arrival of the Dragoons, the Spaniards opposed to Peterborough and Prince George waved their hats and cheered. For some reason or other, Prince George took these manifestations of pleasure on receipt of reinforcements to be a proof of a desire to surrender, and he advanced with part of his force over his newly-created breast-works, only to be severely counter-attacked and thrown into confusion. Prince George was himself mortally wounded and some 200 of his men were taken prisoners. Peterborough, having reorganised the survivors of this detachment, placed them under the command of Lord Charlemont, the senior officer present, and then he himself left the position to inquire into the

truth of a report which had reached him to the effect that large Spanish reinforcements were marching out from Valencia.

The moment Peterborough's back was turned Lord Charlemont's party was seized with a panic and, bearing their Commanding Officer with them, came running out of the work. Peterborough, seeing what had happened and realising that not a moment was to be lost if the situation was to be saved, rushed back and met the fugitives. He was, as we are told, "in the horriblest rage that man was ever seen in." Seizing the half pike out of Lord Charlemont's hand, and striking some, kicking others, damning all, he stopped the retirement, collected the men, and led them back to the position which they had just abandoned. Meanwhile the Spanish Dragoons, taking back to Barcelona the led horses together with the prisoners captured at the time of Prince George's reverse, met the reinforcements despatched from Barcelona by Velasco. The commander of the reinforcements, learning from the British prisoners that both Lord Peterborough and Prince George were with the attackers at Mont Juich, formed the erroneous opinion that the whole of the allied force must be taking part in the operations and that it would be futile for him to go any further, so he turned about and retired to Barcelona. Shortly after this, Peterborough was reinforced by Stanhope and his

thousand men, and the footing of the British force at Mont Juich was rendered secure.

The effect of this brilliant success on the spirits of the Allies was most remarkable. In place of despondency the utmost enthusiasm was now displayed. The navy, which had so far taken but a lukewarm interest in the proceedings, now took a most prominent part. Captains of ships vied with one another, we are told, in their eagerness to serve with their ships' companies on shore, while Captain Littleton, R.N., by the aid of skilfully designed tackles, caused guns to be hauled up rocks where no gun had ever been seen before. Finally, on September 17th, a lucky shot blew up the enemy's main magazine at Mont Juich and killed the Spanish commander. This disaster caused the enemy to surrender. From now the siege of Barcelona was carried on with the utmost intensity, and on October 9th Velasco offered to capitulate. Peterborough entered the town with the first troops and maintained discipline with a firm hand, which was all the more necessary in that the Miquelets had formed the amiable intention of making up for their backwardness in the fighting before the capitulation by their forwardness in looting after it. Peterborough himself was instrumental in rescuing from these ruffians a very charming person indeed, namely the Duchess of Popoli, reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Spain. To come

to the rescue of beauty in distress was to Peterborough a very congenial task, and we need not be surprised to hear, from what we know of him, that he offered to escort the Duchess to a place of safety, and still less surprised that, though he told his Staff he would be "back in a minute," fully two hours had elapsed before he returned.

King Charles entered the city amid scenes of great enthusiasm. Peterborough, by the rigid order he maintained, as well as by his very judicious handling of the Catholic Church and of those who previously had sided with King Philip, added largely to the number of the supporters of the Austrian claimant. Thanks to the tact with which he handled the Church, and thanks to the enthusiasm which he created amongst the ladies, Peterborough soon established a very perfect Intelligence Service, having, as he said in a letter, agents in every town where the enemy maintained troops. He made sure of the loyalty of his agents by seizing their parents, whose lives thus depended on the fidelity of their own children, a method practised in modern times by the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905.

Tactful as he was in dealing with the religious question and generally with the inhabitants of Barcelona, Peterborough soon began to suffer from the failure to apply this same excellent quality of tact to his dealings with King Charles and with

his own colleagues. Peterborough was in favour, and very rightly so, of exploiting the great success just achieved, by carrying on a vigorous offensive in Catalonia and Valencia. To this course King Charles and Peterborough's colleagues were opposed. Peterborough disagreed with them violently, and wrote home interminable letters full of abuse of those who differed with him. In these letters he referred to his foreign colleagues in no measured terms. Count Lichtenstein, the head of the Austrian Mission, was "a compound of falsehood, pride and greediness." Count Cifuentes, the Spanish representative, was a "Spanish pimp," while General Schratenbach was referred to in terms that could not have failed to have been most displeasing to that stout Dutchman, could he have heard them. Nor was Peterborough less severe on his British colleagues, for he denounced General George Cunyngham, his Second-in-Command, as an "eternal screech-owl."

While these controversies were raging at the Allied Headquarters, the unfortunate troops in Barcelona were housed in open cloisters, exposed to the full force of the wind and rain, with practically no protection against the weather. The force had been sent out exceedingly ill-equipped, devoid of proper clothing and medical comforts, and the rate of mortality was very high. A vivid account of the sufferings endured by the troops is to be

found in the unpublished diary of Colonel de St Pierre of the Royal Dragoons, from which journal many extracts are given by Colonel Frank Russell.

Nor was the failure to equip properly the troops sent to Spain an isolated case. To the student of the overseas expeditions carried out by this country in days gone by—the expedition to France in 1513 under the direction of Cardinal Wolsey being a notable exception—nothing is more remarkable than the callous indifference displayed by those responsible for the organisation of the forces to those administrative measures without which the comfort and health of troops in the field cannot be assured. Innumerable cases might be quoted of losses incurred by sheer negligence that might, under a more humane administration, have been entirely, or almost entirely, avoided. Passing over the criminal neglect of the fighting man, ashore and afloat, which disgraced the Elizabethan era, we come to that period in our history when, under the direction of Cromwell, this country attained a height of prestige never reached before. One might have supposed that in the master hands of the great Protector both the initial organisation and the subsequent maintenance of overseas expeditions would have been as perfect as contemporary knowledge and resources would permit; but this was very far from being the case, for the

force despatched to the West Indies in 1655 was composed of units improvised for the occasion, being built up of drafts drawn from a large number of permanent formations. Thus discipline and cohesion were prejudiced from the first. Further, no water-bottles were issued with the equipment, the result of this omission being that the troops, deprived of the means of carrying good water with them, drank greedily of such water, good, bad or indifferent, as they happened to meet with on the march. The results may be imagined. In addition, although the most severe pains and penalties existed, on paper, to deter fraudulent contractors from supplying what were quaintly styled "naughty victuals," the provisions despatched to the West Indies consisted for the most part of condemned naval stores, the consumption of which was responsible in a very large degree for the appalling mortality that speedily reduced the force to a shadow. Inexperience may be put forward as an excuse for much that went amiss during this, our first great campaign under a tropical sun; but no such excuse can be urged for the lamentable and avoidable loss of life which occurred during the campaigns of 1657 to 1659 in the Low Countries, to which, in May, 1657, Cromwell sent six thousand infantry under Sir John Reynolds. The British casualties during the summer and early autumn were slight, and after somewhat uneventful

operations the British troops went into winter quarters at Mardyck and Bourbourg. No forethought whatever had been shewn in regard to ensuring the comfort of the force during the winter, which was spent under conditions of the greatest hardship, as a result of which the unfortunate troops died so fast that by the time that spring came some five thousand men together with their commander had perished. Nor was the lesson taken to heart, for the following winter, spent at Dunkirk, was remarkable for a state of administrative chaos only equalled by that which disgraced the preceding year. Gibraltar came into our hands in 1704, but no immediate steps were taken to provide the unfortunate garrison with any accommodation other than that which might be found in a small town already shattered by two sieges. In 1706 more than half the garrison was on the sick list. In 1710 huts were tardily provided, but these very huts were actually burnt by the troops themselves in the following winter, no other fuel having been supplied. In 1740 there was despatched under Admiral Vernon and General Lord Cathcart a conjoint naval and military expedition to the Spanish Main, the objective being Carthage. In order to avoid the operations extending over the rainy season, it was essential that the expedition should have left these shores by the end of July at the latest, but such was the delay in

completing the necessary preparations that it was not until the first week in November that the fleet and transports sailed. For the past three months the unhappy troops had been cooped up on board ship in the Solent, where large numbers died of scurvy, owing to the refusal of the authorities to supply the men with fresh meat. On arrival at Carthagená the supplies were found to be of execrable quality, and there ensued an epidemic of sickness the tragic consequences of which have been so vividly described by Smollett in the pages of *Roderick Random*. The medical arrangements were of the most rudimentary description, and, while hospital ships did exist, the provision of surgeons, nurses, and medical comforts had been entirely overlooked. Of the six thousand men who sailed from the Solent with Lord Cathcart not one in ten ever saw this country again. To complete a brief sketch of a very big subject, it only remains to be said that the heavy losses incurred by our troops garrisoning Nova Scotia in the winter of 1758-1759 were entirely due to the failure to provide proper clothing, an oversight which was repeated with similar results, but with less excuse, at Québec in the following winter. It is strange how successive Governments failed to realise that to place an army in the field is one thing, while to maintain it there is quite another. The latter, indeed, requires long views in regard to the replacement of

expended personnel and material and the provision of seasonable clothing; for unless these long views are taken, not only may the personnel, material, and seasonable clothing not be available when needed, but the shipping required to convey them overseas may not be available either.

This indifference to the value of sound military administration is the more remarkable when we consider how difficult it was, especially during the 17th and 18th centuries, to procure recruits, and how great was the expense involved in paying the necessary bounties. Having gone to so much trouble and to so great an outlay of public money to secure a recruit, one would have supposed that Ministers would have been at some pains to preserve the life of so costly an article; but this point of view seems seldom to have occurred to them. Indeed, if there is any nation which in the past has treated its men-at-arms worse than ours has done, then the conduct of that nation must have been callous and neglectful in the highest degree. The study of the past with its tale of unnecessary suffering and loss of life helps us to appreciate the more the immensity of the debt which the nation owes to the late General Sir John Cowans, the greatest military administrator the country has ever possessed, by whose foresight were anticipated, and by whose organising genius were provided, the divers requirements of those great British

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armies which fought in every climate, all over the world, in the Great War.

After much wrangling it was decided to move the main body of the allied force out of Barcelona and to distribute it amongst the neighbouring towns, where better accommodation and more sanitary conditions might be obtained.

At the close of December, 1705, it became apparent that King Philip was about to make a great effort to recover the ground lost by him in Catalonia. On December 31st King Charles wrote to Peterborough to say that General Las Torres with some 2000 men had laid siege to San Mateo, a small town which owed its importance to the fact that it covered the communications leading from Catalonia into Valencia. The garrison of San Mateo consisted of 30 Royal Dragoons and about 1000 Miquelets, and was commanded by Colonel Jones. King Charles ended his letter by urging Peterborough to take immediate steps for the relief of San Mateo, and he added that not only was Las Torres' force a weak one, as he had already stated, but also that a body of several thousand Miquelets had gathered in the hills to the west of San Mateo and were prepared to co-operate in an attack on Las Torres.

Such was the information provided by King Charles; but the situation, as Peterborough, through

his excellent Intelligence Service, knew quite well, was something quite different. Actually Las Torres had with him 4000 foot and 3000 horse, while the many thousand Miquelets lurking in the hills were absolutely non-existent. The only troops that Peterborough could collect consisted of three weak battalions, the 13th, 35th, and Mountjoy's Foot, numbering some 1200 men in all. Added to this number of infantry there were also 170 of the Royal Dragoons. This small force was at Tortosa, and with it Peterborough ordered General Killigrew to move on San Mateo, the Commander-in-Chief overtaking him at the end of the first day's march.

It is clear that, with such meagre resources, the chances of success under ordinary circumstances must be slight, so Peterborough set to work to make up by guile what was lacking in numbers. He split up his small force into a number of tiny columns, the whole moving on as broad a front as possible. With his front covered with Miquelets, he prevented the enemy's agents from getting information through to Las Torres, while his own agents spread reports everywhere of the large and well-found army accompanying him.

Having arrived at Traguera, Peterborough wrote a letter in duplicate, addressed to Colonel Jones. The letter is too long to quote in full, but it ran something like this. Beginning in most cordial terms, "My dear Jones," it continued: "You will

be very much surprised when you read this letter. Here I am at Traguera with six thousand men and a strong contingent of cavalry and artillery. You will wonder how I have collected so powerful a force, but for secrecy in despatch and rapidity of transport there is nothing like the sea. Tomorrow morning you will see the heads of my columns passing over the high ground to the north of San Mateo. When you see us, be prepared to sally out and do your duty as a true Dragoon, and preach this welcome doctrine to your Miquelets, 'plenty of plunder and no danger.' While I am advancing I have arranged for a force of several thousand Miquelets to block all the avenues of escape to the west, so that Las Torres cannot escape that way." The letter ended in as cordial a manner as it had begun. The two copies were given to two of Peterborough's intelligence agents and to one of these orders were given to allow himself to be taken prisoner. He was duly captured and interrogated. He said that he was unable to say whether Peterborough's estimate of his force was true or false, but that he knew the whereabouts of another messenger with another letter and was prepared to disclose where this other messenger was. The latter was seized, and on him was found the duplicate copy of the letter. This man, on being questioned, said that Peterborough's force was of the strength stated in the letter. Las Torres

was much alarmed, and his uneasiness was increased on the following morning, January 9th, by the fact that of his three mines one blew up accidentally, while the artful Colonel Jones diverted a small stream, thereby inundating the remaining two. Hardly had these events occurred when on the hill-tops to the north appeared the heads of innumerable British columns advancing on the town. Fearful lest his retirement to the south should be cut off, Las Torres without more ado raised the siege and retreated on Valencia, while Peterborough, with 170 Dragoons and 1200 weary infantry, marched into San Mateo and took over the camp, with its multitude of stores, vacated by Las Torres and his 7000 men.

So far, so good. But Las Torres, having executed one rapid march, came to a halt and began to pull himself together. Was he not being frightened by a shadow, and was not it possible that Peterborough's force was not after all of the strength reported? This attitude of mind on the part of Las Torres was reported to Peterborough, who saw at once that the Spanish leader could not be allowed to remain in such close proximity. So the resourceful Englishman determined to try the effect of another ruse upon his enemy.

There came into Las Torres' camp a Spaniard, with the grave news that the whole British force was marching by the western flank with a view to

seizing the passes into Valencia. Las Torres refused to believe this; but the Spaniard replied that he was quite prepared to lead any officers whom Las Torres cared to send with him to a place from whence the British force could be seen. Accordingly two officers were detailed to accompany the Spaniard, who led them to a point where they were suddenly captured by a piquet of the Royal Dragoons, who locked them up in a barn. The Spaniard shewed the piquet where some wine had been hidden. The Dragoons got very drunk, and in the confusion that ensued the Spaniard and the two officers escaped from the barn, mounted three of the Dragoons' horses, and galloped away to Las Torres. Here was evidence enough and to spare, for were not the Spaniard and the two officers mounted on horses carrying the saddlery of the Royal Dragoons. Las Torres, convinced of his imminent danger, without any further delay struck his camp and for the second time marched away to the south. But the Spaniard was one of Peterborough's intelligence agents, the Dragoons, who seemed drunk, were not drunk, and, apart from the piquet of the ten Royal Dragoons, there was not one single British soldier within twenty miles of Las Torres' camp.

His opponent having been removed to a safe distance, Peterborough began to think out his next step. In the midst of his reflections, however,

there came a most disturbing order from King Charles. The latter wrote to say that the enemy were collecting their forces for an effort to retake Barcelona, and that it was necessary for Peterborough to return forthwith to that town with all the troops now under his command. This order was most unwelcome to Peterborough, and he wrote back to King Charles to say that he was sending all his infantry to Vinaroz, from which town they could, if need be, easily embark for Barcelona. He himself, however, proposed to continue his present operations in Valencia. So the 1200 infantry started on their march to Vinaroz, while Lord Peterborough, on January 12th, with 170 Royal Dragoons resumed the pursuit of General Las Torres with his 7000 men.

Proceeding south very cautiously, everywhere spreading reports of the large forces following him, Peterborough arrived at Villa Real to find that that town had been sacked by Las Torres under circumstances of the greatest atrocity. Pressing on, Peterborough arrived at Nules, where Las Torres had left arms for 1000 men. Riding up to the gates of Nules with his 170 tattered Dragoons, Peterborough was received with musketry fire from the walls, a ball passing through his wig. Nothing daunted, he demanded that some responsible persons should immediately come out of the town to hear what he had to say. Addressing

the emissaries sent out, he said that unless the place were at once surrendered he would order up the large number of guns that were following him, storm the town, and in revenge for Las Torres' action at Villa Real put every male to the sword. Nules at once capitulated, and Peterborough, marching in with his Dragoons, seized two hundred horses, and having ordered supplies to be immediately provided for 6000 men, whom he said were just behind him, he retired for the time being to Castallon de la Plana. Meanwhile Las Torres, having heard of the enormous number of troops for whom supplies had been ordered in Nules, broke up his camp and retired with all despatch on Valencia. Thus for the third time was he to take to flight, terrified by the astute Englishman and his phantom army.

Arrived at Castallon de la Plana, Peterborough set to work to collect more horses, until he had obtained six hundred altogether. For these he demanded and secured saddlery by sea from Barcelona. He then summoned Lord Barrymore's Foot (H.M. 13th) from Vinaroz to Oropesa, where he met them. The regiment marched in in their war-worn clothes, weary and footsore. Peterborough rode out to greet them, and asked them whether they would not much prefer to be riding. Not in the least understanding what he meant, the regiment followed him over the brow of a hill, and there

stood six hundred horses, fully equipped, waiting for them, while Lord Peterborough's secretary stood ready with cavalry commissions for all the officers. Thus, at a stroke of the pen, Lord Barrymore's Foot became Pearce's Dragoons. This transformation, however, was not so simple a matter as it might at first sight appear, since the Colonelcy of a regiment in those times, as opposed to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, was, as Mr Fortescue has pointed out, as much of a property as a command; for the full Colonel of a regiment, whose name the latter bore, was responsible for the administration of his corps, and made considerable profit thereby. We shall find, therefore, on Lord Peterborough's return to England, that Lord Barrymore could not be counted among those who admired the services of the late Commander-in-Chief in north-eastern Spain.

Having thus added appreciably to his mounted corps, Peterborough, by calling in troops from various outlying stations, collected a force of one English and three Spanish battalions of infantry, in all some 3000 men, including ten squadrons of cavalry. Of guns, however, he had none, with the exception of two or three out-of-date brass ones of Spanish manufacture.

He now resumed his advance southwards on Valencia. The small town of Murviedro stands on a small and rapid stream. In those days it

possessed a fort of considerable strength, which was garrisoned by 600 Irish Dragoons in the Spanish service. There was in command at Murviedro Brigadier Mahoni, an Irishman whose real name was Mahoney and who was related to Peterborough, the two men having a mutual aunt, Lady Penelope O'Brien. South of Murviedro, across a dead level plain six miles broad, lay Valencia. The latter town was being besieged by General Los Arcos, who had been sent from Madrid to supersede Las Torres. Los Arcos had with him 6000 infantry and 4000 cavalry. Peterborough arrived before Murviedro on February 3rd, and he found awaiting him a problem of considerable difficulty, to which it was necessary to find an early solution. Mahoni's position was a strong one, and to attack him with the inadequate force at the British General's disposal, handicapped as he was with an almost total lack of artillery, was to invite disaster; for his weakness would assuredly be disclosed and he would lay himself open to an immediate attack by Los Arcos. The first thing to do, then, was to induce Mahoni to vacate Murviedro without resistance. This difficulty having been smoothed away, there would be yet another to be surmounted. It was clear that in the pursuit of the retreating Mahoni across the open plain which lay between Murviedro and Valencia a most excellent opportunity would offer itself to Los Arcos, strong as

he was in cavalry, to overwhelm the British force. Some means had therefore to be found whereby Los Arcos might be tied down to an attitude of inactivity at Valencia.

Peterborough began operations by distributing his force in wide formation along a hill-side, well removed from Murviedro. He then sent in an officer with a white flag to summon Mahoni to a conference at a spot half-way between Murviedro and the hill-side on which the British force was drawn up. Mahoni duly came out with two or three members of his Staff, and he was most courteously received by Peterborough. The latter, after, we may be sure, making some tactful allusions to Aunt Penelope, endeavoured to persuade Mahoni to throw in his lot with King Charles. This Mahoni indignantly refused to do; whereupon Peterborough changed his ground, and a conversation ensued something after the manner of the following. Peterborough, pointing to his force skilfully disposed along the distant hill-side said: "You can see over there the large force that I've got. I am particularly strong in guns. You don't see them? You hardly would, for, to avoid the heat, the guns and their teams are drawn up in the shade behind those trees. You know that General Las Torres has treated Villa Real in a most barbarous manner. Well, the Spaniards with me are crying out for vengeance, and nothing that I could

do would prevent them from behaving to Murviedro as Las Torres did to Villa Real, if you oblige me to attack and storm the town. With the troops at my disposal, backed by my heavy artillery, I could take the place in a very short time. I am, however, most anxious to avoid all unnecessary bloodshed, and I suggest to you that you should retire without fighting on Valencia, in which case I would undertake not to attack you until you have rejoined General Los Arcos."

Peterborough gave Mahoni half-an-hour in which to think things over, and the credulous Irishman retired to Murviedro to discuss matters with his officers before giving an answer. However, he left one of his Staff with Peterborough, and this, as it turned out, was particularly unfortunate for him. Peterborough, in talking to this Staff Officer, gave him to understand that Mahoni was a traitor and had agreed at a price to surrender Murviedro. In half-an-hour Mahoni sent his reply, and it was to the effect that he would surrender Murviedro at 1 a.m. that night, at which hour no part of Peterborough's force was to be across the stream. In the meantime, however, the Spanish Staff Officer, in whose mind Peterborough had so carefully sown doubts as to Mahoni's fidelity, returned to the town, and very soon the story that Mahoni had sold the place became public property. Great confusion arose, and an attempt was made

by the towns-people on Mahoni's life. At one o'clock the evacuation of Murviedro began. Mahoni's command was by this time in a thoroughly unsettled state, owing to the conviction which they entertained of their leader's treachery. At this moment heavy musketry fire opened along the edge of the stream above the town, Peterborough having detailed a body of troops for the purpose. At the sound of this firing the uneasiness of Mahoni's troops was much increased. Mahoni sent an urgent message to Peterborough, reminding him of his promise that the retirement of the Murviedro garrison should not be interfered with. Peterborough replied that he was carrying out his part of the bargain, but that it would be necessary for him to send a cavalry regiment to enter Murviedro at once, to prevent the Miquelets serving with his force from plundering the town. The arrival of this cavalry regiment increased the alarm already felt by Mahoni's regiment, and what had begun as an orderly retreat developed now into a disorderly gallop, culminating in a *sauve qui peut* towards Valencia.

We will now see what steps Peterborough had taken to prevent Los Arcos from crushing the British force in its passage over the Murviedro plain. There were now being interrogated at Los Arcos' Headquarters two Irish Dragoons of Zitzendorf's Regiment. These men had been carefully

prepared by Peterborough to play a pre-arranged part. They said to Los Arcos that they were deserters from the British force, and that, while behind a rock waiting for an opportunity to get away, they had overheard a conversation between the British Commander-in-Chief and Brigadier Mahoni. During this conversation Peterborough, they alleged, had offered Mahoni rapid promotion and a large sum in cash if he would desert the service of King Philip and join that of King Charles. To this proposal, these Dragoons stated, Mahoni had agreed; and he had further agreed that he would invite General Los Arcos to move his troops out to the Carthusian Monastery in the middle of the Murviedro plain, on the pretext of combining with Mahoni's regiment in an attack on Peterborough—Mahoni's real intention, as the Dragoons affirmed, being to unite with Peterborough in an attack on Los Arcos.

Hardly had the two Dragoons finished their story when in burst Mahoni, breathless and without his hat.

"Now is the time!" he said to Los Arcos. "The enemy is about to cross the plain. Move your command out with me to the Carthusian Monastery and our two forces united shall destroy the British."

"Not much, you infernal scoundrel!" said Los Arcos. "I have just been hearing a great deal about you, and that not to your credit"; and he

immediately had Mahoni arrested and thrown into prison. Then, convinced of the hopelessness of the task of opposing Peterborough and the immense army which he was said to have with him, Los Arcos hurriedly struck his camp, raised the siege, and hurried southwards; and on the following morning Lord Peterborough and his motley array marched into Valencia amid scenes of great enthusiasm, without having fired a shot.

The British force was given a great reception. We are told that one of the most remarkable sights was "a Battalion of all sorts of Monks, except Jesuits, drawn up in one body according to the seniority of their order, some white, some black, and some grey, with old rusty muskets firing while my lord went by, not without great danger of setting fire to the Capuchins' beards, if they had not taken great care of themselves and their neighbours." The three following days were devoted to bonfires and illuminations, and no effort was spared to make the welcome given to Peterborough and his men a very warm one. The reputation of Valencia at that time as a pleasure resort stood very high. The charms of Valencia, in fact, were such as "would make a Jew forget Jerusalem," as the Spaniards said. Peterborough, on his side, by way of making some return to the citizens for their hospitality to him, organised bull-fights. But these, we are told, were not a great success, for

"the bulls either not being of the right breed, or else not sufficiently initiated into the mysteries, did not behave themselves at all masterly." However, in spite of the attractions of the town, Peterborough found time to send a growl or two to the Duchess of Marlborough, for we find him writing: "The most disagreeable country in the world is Spain. Their officers the greatest robbers, their men the greatest cowards, the only tolerable thing Your Grace's sex and that attended with the greatest dangers."

Peterborough by no means devoted all his time to amusement. He set to work with characteristic energy to organise an efficient Intelligence Department. Thanks to his friendship with the monks and also, it must be said, with the ladies, he very soon was in a position to get the earliest possible information of the enemy's movements. In the meantime Las Torres had resumed the command again, Los Arcos having been disgraced for his share in the recent events. Peterborough found out that his old enemy was expecting a reinforcement of some 4000 Castilians, whilst sixteen 24-pounder guns were due to be disembarked at Alicante to strengthen Las Torres' artillery. The British Commander-in-Chief determined to intercept and crush the reinforcements and also to seize the heavy artillery as soon as it had been landed. In each of these enterprises, he achieved a brilliant

success, returning to Valencia in triumph in the one case with 600 prisoners, and in the other with the sixteen 24-pounders. The remarkable skill with which Peterborough built up an efficient Intelligence Service is in marked contrast with the failure of his successors to follow his example, for it was faulty intelligence that lured Galway to his doom at Almanza in 1707, and it was a total lack of information which caused the capitulation of Stanhope at Brihuega and brought about the defeat of Staremberg at Villa Viciosa in 1710.

Things were now going exceedingly well for King Charles in Valencia, where Peterborough, by great tact and a constant consideration for the feelings of the Spaniards, rapidly made the cause of the Austrian claimant a most popular one. Peterborough's stay in Valencia was now to be interrupted, for there came an urgent call for help from the North, where Marshal Tessé and a powerful French army was marching on Barcelona. The troops placed at Marshal Tessé's disposal had been procured partly by withdrawing regiments from Flanders, and partly by reducing the force serving under Marshal Berwick on the Portuguese frontier to so low a level as 5000 men. This was, in itself, a curious commentary on the estimate formed by Louis XIV of the military capacity of Galway, de Noyelles, and Das Minas.

The French army appeared before Barcelona on

April 3rd, and consisted of thirty-six battalions of French infantry, four battalions of Spanish infantry, thirty squadrons of French cavalry, and six squadrons of Spanish cavalry, with artillery in proportion. There also came from Toulon a French fleet of forty sail under the Count of Toulouse, and it was from this fleet that Tessé's army was supplied. The question at once arises as to where the British fleet was at this juncture. We had, however, at this period no naval base in the Mediterranean capable of harbouring a fleet during the winter. Consequently the British fleet was obliged to quit the Mediterranean in the autumn and return home, or else to spend the winter at Lisbon. There had been many to advocate the capture by us of Minorca and the utilisation of its magnificent harbour of Port Mahon, in which the fleet could winter. This proposal, however, had come to nothing, for in the Duke of Marlborough's eyes the capture of Toulon was the major operation and the capture of Minorca a minor one. But after the failure of Prince Eugène, unsupported as he was by British troops, to take Toulon in 1707, the capture of Minorca became of vital importance, since, if we could not take Toulon, it was essential that at all times of the year we should be in a position to mask that great French naval base. Hence it came about that General Stanhope was ordered to attack Minorca, a project which he and Admiral Leake

carried out with complete success in 1708. In the early spring of 1706, however, for the reasons just given, the British fleet destined for operating in the Mediterranean during the coming summer was stationed partly at Lisbon under Admiral Leake, and partly at home under Admiral Byng.

The siege of Barcelona in 1706 is remarkable for the fact that then, for the only time, the two claimants to the Spanish throne were face to face, King Philip accompanying Marshal Tessé and King Charles being shut up in Barcelona.

The garrison at Barcelona, exclusive of Miquelets, was very weak, numbering indeed only some 4000 regular troops, amongst whom, fortunately, was included a composite battalion of Guards and the 34th Foot, which rendered most signal service. In addition to the weakness of the garrison, no attempt whatever had been made since the fall of the town in the preceding year to mend the breach caused by Peterborough's artillery, and indeed the defences as a whole were in a deplorable condition. On the receipt of the urgent appeal for help, Peterborough hurried north with 2000 infantry and 600 cavalry. With so few troops it was clear that nothing could be hoped for from a direct attack on the besiegers. Peterborough therefore attached himself to Count Cifuentes, who with some 5000 Miquelets was operating in the hills to the west of Barcelona. From this point of vantage Peter-

borough and Cifuentes carried out ceaseless raids on the foraging parties sent out by Tessé, while they blew up and rendered impassable all the roads leading from Barcelona over the hills to the west of the town. In addition to these services, Peterborough also succeeded in throwing reinforcements into the town on two occasions, and also in sending in a supply of food and ammunition, both of which were even more acceptable to the garrison than reinforcements.

As time went on, however, the vastly superior weight of metal brought to bear on the town by Tessé began to produce its inevitable effect. On April 23rd Mont Juich was stormed after a most memorable and gallant defence by Lord Donegal, who was himself killed. It was clear to all that nothing but the arrival of the British fleet could save the situation, and this fleet seemed to Peterborough, and to those in the town who were watching for its arrival, sadly over-long in coming. Admiral Leake had left Lisbon early in March, and a little later there had sailed from home his colleague, Admiral Byng. Leake, however, appears to have been very dilatory and did not arrive till April 30th in Altea Bay, where he waited for the arrival of Byng. With Leake was General Stanhope, who had gone home with despatches after the capture of Barcelona in 1705. This officer had been in constant communication with Peterborough

since the departure of Leake from Lisbon, and he had promised that on the day on which the reinforcements under Byng arrived, he would send to Peterborough a blank half-sheet of note-paper with no writing on it.

On May 1st Byng arrived in Altea Bay, and Stanhope sent off the promised half-sheet of note-paper to Peterborough. On receipt of the welcome news, the latter hurried with his small force to the little seaport village of Sitges, where he began to collect enough small craft to convey his command to Barcelona. He himself, putting out in an open boat, spent the night many miles from shore on the look-out for the fleet; he was consumed with anxiety lest the whole fleet should appear before Barcelona and by its display of superior strength cause Toulouse to retire without a fight. Peterborough's intention, therefore, was to join the fleet and himself to assume the command, a position which he claimed on the strength of the original orders under which he arrived in Spain.

After spending the night in fruitless search, he returned on shore, and the day was occupied in watching for the fleet with a powerful glass from a hill. The next night, after giving orders that his troops in the event of his not returning should, after the passage of the fleet, embark and make their way with all possible speed to Barcelona, Peterborough again took the open boat and went

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in search of the fleet. Shortly before dawn he ran into H.M.S. "Leopard," commanded by Captain Price, "a gentleman," we are told, "of Wales." On the "Leopard" Peterborough hoisted his flag, and he sent a message to Admiral Leake acquainting him with the change in the command. Unfortunately the Count of Toulouse had received early warning of the approach of the British fleet, and he retired on Toulon without a shot being fired. Thus Peterborough's hopes of commanding a great fleet in a successful naval action came to nothing.

The British fleet arrived before Barcelona on May 8th, and from this day the abandonment of the siege by Marshal Tessé could only be a matter of days; for he had depended for his supplies on the French fleet, and this had now gone, while all the country around Valencia had been swept bare by Peterborough and Cifuentes. The only road now left open to Tessé, the roads to the west and south having been completely broken up, was the coast road running north to France, and a glance at the map shows at once how susceptible this road must be to an attack from the sea. If Tessé hoped to get away it was necessary for him to go north, and to go quickly. On May 11th, therefore, the French Commander broke up his camp, and leaving the whole of his heavy artillery and a vast quantity of stores, including ten

thousand sacks of flour, together with all his wounded, retired on the French frontier.

The military situation in the Spanish Peninsula was never so favourable, from the allied point of view, as at that moment. Marshal Tessé and the bulk of the French army was in full retreat, the one idea of the French leader being to reach France with as little delay as possible; while on the Portuguese frontier, facing Galway, de Noyelles, and Das Minas, and some 22,000 men, was Marshal Berwick, whose force at this time had been reduced to some 5000 men. It was clear that the situation demanded an immediate advance on Madrid of the allied forces, both from the direction of Portugal and from Catalonia. The seat of Government having been seized, no pains should have been spared to crush Berwick. These active measures were urgently advocated by Peterborough, but to no purpose; for, while Barcelona had been relieved on May 8th, it was not until June 25th that the Allies, advancing from Portugal, reached Madrid, by which date Philip had removed the seat of Government, together with the contents of the Treasury, under the protection of Berwick to Burgos. On the side of Catalonia no advance whatever had been made. Having arrived at Madrid, the Allies remained in the city and gave no further thought to the outstanding question of the moment, namely, the destruction of Berwick.

In the meantime the conduct of the Portuguese in Madrid was so atrocious that, so far from gaining adherents to the cause of King Charles, the Allies succeeded in completely alienating the inhabitants of the capital and of all the surrounding country. To such an extent was the animosity of the Spanish people roused that no soldier of the allied forces could wander for even a few hundred yards from his fellows without imminent risk of being stabbed. Further, all communications with Portugal were severed, and in the end the Allies were forced to quit Madrid and move to Guadalaxara, where they arrived towards the middle of July.

In the meantime Peterborough had returned to Valencia, where he moved heaven and earth to provide transport and to arrange for a supply system such as might enable King Charles to march with the utmost despatch from Valencia on Madrid. He despatched General Wyndham to seize the fortresses of Requena and Cuenca, both of which lay on the direct road to Madrid, and in both of which he proposed forming advanced supply depots. The capture of the former place was delayed owing to an absurd occurrence. Forty-five barrels of gunpowder, under a British escort, were being sent to General Wyndham from Valencia. During a halt at the village of St Jago some soldiers of the escort, anxious to secure pork for dinner, pursued a pig. The animal, having successfully evaded

capture for some considerable time, at length sought refuge amongst the powder barrels. Thereupon one of his pursuers, being by this time very hot and angry and being bent on slaying the pig, without more ado loaded his musket, took careful aim, and fired. He failed to hit the pig, it is true, but none the less he succeeded in his purpose; for the discharge of the musket ignited some loose powder which had trickled out of a cracked barrel, and the whole consignment of forty-five barrels blew up, thus involving in a common ruin the pig, the inexperienced marksman, and a number of his comrades. The delay caused by this incident provides a striking example of the ill effect on military operations of what Clausewitz calls "friction"—that friction which is composed of innumerable unforeseen and unforeseeable events, which is ever present, and which tends to mar and hamper the execution of any plan, no matter how well conceived, reasonable, and apparently practicable that plan may be.

Peterborough wrote repeatedly to King Charles urging his immediate arrival in Valencia, with a view to moving on Madrid with the utmost despatch as soon as the road was opened. Charles, however, was most dilatory, and so far from shewing any desire to join Peterborough at Valencia, he began to exhibit a preference for moving on Madrid *viâ* Saragossa. We can conceive how intensely

annoying this attitude of mind must have been to Peterborough, who had taken such immense pains to prepare for an advance from Valencia. Growing more and more irritated with Charles, his letters tended to become increasingly acrimonious. Finally, towards the end of June, he wrote a despatch composed in his most caustic vein. Nor was the name of the officer who bore the letter out of keeping with the acerbity of its contents, for his name was Colonel Pepper. This letter produced a dignified reply from King Charles, in which he adhered to his decision to move on Madrid viâ Saragossa; and he intimated to Peterborough that the latter would be more suitably employed by remaining at Valencia than in joining the King on his journey viâ Saragossa. However, towards the end of July more friendly relations seemed to have been established, for we find Peterborough joining Charles on August 2nd, and two days later marching into Guadalaxara with him. Thus after two months—and two most precious months—had been wasted, a junction between the allied forces operating from Portugal and from Valencia was at last effected. During all this time Berwick had been left in peace, and, able man as he was, he had made the most of his opportunity to re-establish his position and now stood at the head of a force superior in every respect to that of the Allies.

Peterborough's arrival at the Allied Headquar-

ters was productive of considerable discussion, for he at once claimed the supreme command. Galway, a tired man, who had not yet recovered from the loss of his arm at Badajoz, would willingly have conceded this to him, but Das Minas and the Dutchman, de Noyelles, absolutely refused to serve under Peterborough. In the end the only solution appeared to be to persuade the latter to go elsewhere on some mission, which might be represented to him as being of the utmost importance. Charles therefore asked Peterborough to go to Genoa and endeavour to raise a loan, which was urgently needed. To this suggestion Peterborough acceded and, much to the relief of his colleagues, left the Allied Headquarters towards the middle of August, with an escort of eighty of the Royal Dragoons, en route for Valencia.

On arrival at Huette he heard some very disagreeable news. His baggage, which was following him from Valencia to the Allied Headquarters, had been intercepted the day before by a detached party of Berwick's cavalry, who had taken all Peterborough's papers, together with his baggage, consisting of sixteen wagons and fifty mules, and all his chargers, valued in all at £8000. Peterborough demanded compensation from the town of Huette, and with great generosity, instead of taking the money himself, caused the value of it in supplies to be sent to Galway's army. In view

of the fact that he was by no means a rich man, such action does him very great credit.

He returned from Genoa in December of that year, 1706, and proceeded to the Allied Headquarters, which were now fixed at Valencia, where King Charles, Galway, Das Minas, and de Noyelles were located. Peterborough had by now received definite orders to return to England, where the Government had become weary of his interminable letters, abusing everybody and complaining of everything. They had also received a fairly steady stream of complaints from King Charles. Before leaving Spain for good, however, Peterborough attended a Council of War at Valencia, at which were discussed the plans for the campaign in the coming year. Peterborough advised, and he put down his advice in writing, that the Allies in Spain should remain on the defensive, while every man that could be spared should be sent to Savoy with a view to making another attempt on Toulon. He pointed out that the Allies were not in a position to defeat the enemy's main body in the field and he laid stress on the fact that this was the Allies' true objective, and not the mere occupation of Madrid, which, while the enemy's main army stood undefeated, could lead to nothing. As we know now, his advice was disregarded, and on April 14th, 1707, the Allies, moving viâ Murcia on Madrid, blundered upon Berwick, in greatly

superior force, and suffered at Almanza one of the most bloody reverses in which British arms have ever participated.

Now the rest of the acts of Lord Peterborough and all that he did in Spain, how he secured an interview with the lovely recluse of Huette, how he detected the murderous priest of Campinello and hanged him to the knocker of his own church, and how he rescued the two frail nuns of Valencia, condemned to be entombed alive as a penalty for their lapse from the path of virtue, are they not recorded in the *Memoirs* of Captain George Carleton for all who care to read?

A brief digression will suffice to sketch the principal events which marked the concluding years of the war in the Spanish Peninsula. In 1708 the only event of importance was the despatch from Catalonia of a conjoint naval and military expedition under Admiral Leake and General Stanhope to capture Minorca, in which they were, as we have already noted, completely successful. In April, 1709, a Portuguese army, together with six battalions of British infantry, operating on the Portuguese frontier under the command of the Marquis de Fronteria, suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the Spanish General, the Marquis de Bay, on the River Caya. In July of the next year, 1710, the Allies, now raised to a strength of 20,000 foot and 5000 horse, under the command

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of Field-Marshal von Staremborg, met with two conspicuous successes. On July 27th, at Almenara, the allied cavalry, consisting of twenty-six squadrons, completely defeated the forty-two squadrons opposed to them. Following up this success, Staremborg totally defeated the Marquis de Bay at Saragossa on August 18th. On September 28th the Allies for the second time marched into Madrid with the Austrian claimant, King Charles.

In the meantime Louis XIV had despatched to Spain very powerful reinforcements commanded by the Duc de Vendôme. The occupation of Madrid by itself could lead to nothing so long as the enemy's main forces in the field remained undefeated. So far, however, from being able to effect this, the Allies were themselves surprised and crushed by Vendôme. For the famous French Marshal, moving with incredible speed, caught Staremborg's army divided into two columns, fourteen miles intervening between the two. There resulted the capitulation of General Stanhope at Brihuega with 2500 men on December 9th, and the defeat of Staremborg with the remainder of his force at Villa Viciosa on December 10th. These momentous events practically brought the operations in Spain and Portugal to a conclusion, nothing of any moment transpiring until the Peace of Utrecht, confirming the French claimant, Philip

of Anjou, in his occupation of the Spanish throne, brought the war to a conclusion.

The personality of the Duc de Vendôme, who administered the *coup de grâce* to the aspirations of the Austrian claimant, demands some slight reference. With very real talents as a soldier he combined the most repellent qualities as a man. Drunkard, glutton, addicted to the most gross of all vices, too lazy to leave his bed on most days till four o'clock in the afternoon, he none the less could shew in an emergency a prodigious energy and driving power; and these great military virtues, backed as they were in his case by an inborn gift for war, made him at all times a most formidable antagonist. His end was in keeping with his life, for, going down to Vinaroz on the coast during the summer of 1712 to dine on fish, of which he was inordinately fond, he gorged himself to such an extent that he died in his chair as he sat at table, his head pitching forward into his plate.

Peterborough embarked towards the middle of March, 1707, with an envoy whom King Charles was sending to Piedmont, on board H.M.S. "Resolution," commanded by his son, Henry Mordaunt, who at the age of twenty-six was now a Commodore with five frigates under his command. During the voyage they met with six

French men-of-war. Henry Mordaunt insisted on his father and King Charles's envoy moving to a faster frigate in order to save their papers from capture, while he himself remained to fight it out with the French. Then followed one of the most gallant minor naval actions of the war. Henry Mordaunt fought his ship for nine hours, and then, as the only means of saving her, ran her ashore, where the draught of the French battleships would not permit of their following her. In this position he beat off several boat attacks, and finally on the next day, although very severely wounded himself, he evacuated his ship and conveyed his crew in boats to land.

Meanwhile Peterborough went on his journey to Leghorn. Having arrived there, he proceeded to the Court of Victor Amadeus. After a stay of some length at Turin, Peterborough passed on to the Headquarters of Prince Eugène. The latter was a first-class judge of the merits of a soldier, and in consequence his opinion of Lord Peterborough is of much value. Writing to Count Wratislaw, Eugène said: "Lord Peterborough thinks like a General, but he does not always express himself with propriety," and for at least the latter part of this criticism we shall not be altogether unprepared. Peterborough then went on to Vienna, and thence to Leipzig, where he was most anxious to obtain an interview with Charles XII of Sweden.

On arrival at the Swedish King's Headquarters, Peterborough was told that the King was busy with Count Piper. Peterborough waited in an ante-room, and the next thing he heard was that Charles had given him the slip and gone off on horse-back. By no means deterred by the King's evident desire to avoid an interview, Peterborough ran downstairs, seized an orderly's horse, and, in spite of the owner's indignant protest, mounted it and galloped after Charles. Overtaking the latter, Peterborough plunged into a long conversation on affairs in Europe in general. The interview ended at any rate to his own satisfaction, though what Charles thought of it we do not know.

Peterborough then moved on to the Duke of Marlborough's Headquarters at Soignies, where he arrived early in August. His object was to enlist the Duke's sympathy on his behalf, as he was well aware that no warm welcome was awaiting him at home. The Duke, however, was not inclined to be very helpful; moreover, he suffered much under his guest's garrulity. We find Marlborough writing to his wife on August 15th to say that it rained all day and every day, and that there was no getting away from his interminable conversations with Peterborough, in which "everything said one day the next day destroyed." On August 18th he wrote to Godolphin to say that his visitor had discussed every subject under the sun,

excepting only the most important of all, namely, the date of his own departure.

Peterborough arrived in England at the end of August, and his welcome was as lacking in enthusiasm as he had been led to expect. In addition to the hostility of the Government, there was also the animosity felt towards him by Lord Barrymore, whose regiment he had treated in so high-handed a manner; and there was Lord Charlemont, too, to whom Peterborough had addressed himself in language far from complimentary during the affair at Mont Juich. Though the Government were much displeased with Peterborough's conduct in Spain, they nevertheless felt that they were standing on somewhat dangerous ground. They were well aware how much truth there was in his charges of lack of support both in cash and in material. They knew, too, that Peterborough possessed a very powerful weapon, if he cared to use it, in the cry that he, an Englishman, had been superseded by Galway, who happened to be a Frenchman, being in fact a Huguenot refugee, the Marquis de Ruvigny. Finally, Peterborough had given most excellent advice on leaving Spain, his advice had been neglected, and the result had been Almanza. Consequently it is not surprising that, although Peterborough's direction of the campaign in Spain became the subject of an inquiry in the House of Lords, the matter was not pressed very closely.

In fact, the proceedings began to be treated rather as a joke, for Peterborough's long speeches, punctuated as they were with many witty passages and many violent tirades against his opponents, attracted as many visitors as could obtain tickets of admission, the entertainment provided being considered to be at least as good as that to be expected at a play.

In 1710 the Whig Government fell and the Tories came into power. Peterborough was a Whig of Whigs, but, having fallen out with his own party, he was warmly received by the Tories, who proceeded to utilise him as a stick wherewith to beat his brother Whigs. It is not a matter for wonder, therefore, that a fresh inquiry into the conduct of the war in Spain was begun in the House of Lords, the object of the Tories being to prove that Peterborough was right and the previous Whig Government wrong. As a result of this point of view, Peterborough was exculpated from all blame and received the thanks of the House of Lords.

None the less, in spite of the support which he had received from the Tory Government, the latter shewed themselves by no means anxious to keep so troublesome an individual at home. Therefore between 1711 and 1714 we find Peterborough constantly employed abroad on diplomatic missions. The value of these missions was one thing

in the eyes of the Government; their value in the eyes of Peterborough was quite another. In truth, their real value was very slight, but Peterborough, when employed on them, acted as if he carried on his shoulders the fate of Europe. Dean Swift, in a letter dated January 3rd, 1711, wrote as follows: "Lord Peterborough yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics. He desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe, in the Strand. He said he would show me very clearly how to get Spain; that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hangdogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey, for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain, only I find by what he told me that he fears he shall do no good by his present journey. We are to be mighty correspondents, so I took my leave of him."

Peterborough's exploits as a traveller soon became famous. It was said, or he said it of himself, that he had seen more Kings and worn out more postilions than any man in Europe. He would send off couriers in advance and, starting after them, would pass them on the road and arrive at his destination before them. To realise the nature of his exploits, one must take into consideration

the state of the roads in Great Britain and in Europe generally at that time. When the Austrian claimant, Prince Charles, arrived at Spithead on December 26th, 1704, he was directed to Petworth, in Sussex, where the Prince Consort was to fetch him and conduct him to the Queen at Windsor. The distance from Windsor to Petworth is only forty miles, yet the Prince Consort took fourteen hours to accomplish the journey, "so atrocious were the roads in that wild country." One of the Prince Consort's suite has left on record that "this length of time consumed was the more singular since the Prince made not any stop on the road, excepting when his coach was overthrown or stuck in the mud." "During the journey of the two Princes from Petworth to Windsor, no serious mishap," we are told, "occurred, they having only been upset three times." Such being the state of the roads, and such the dangers incurred by travellers employing ordinary caution, we can well imagine how great were the risks run by such a Juhu as Peterborough. It is not surprising, therefore, that on two or three occasions he met with accidents which seriously affected his health. His feats as a travelling diplomatist have been immortalised by Swift in verse:

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

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In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette *à la main*
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain!

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn!

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be matched in modern reading
But by his namesake Charles, of Sweden.

Although the Government no doubt felt easier when Peterborough was abroad, and although they took care to entrust him with missions of no real importance, yet he managed to give them some anxious moments; for nothing would induce him to confine himself to the subject in hand, but on the contrary he would open up questions, often of prime importance, absolutely divorced from the object of his mission. His despatches too were innumerable in number and most voluminous. We have a vivid picture of him at Palermo in 1714, walking up and down a room, dictating to nine different secretaries on nine different subjects all at the same time, and all about nothing.

With the accession of King George I in 1714 Peterborough's public career came to an end and he was employed no more. Nevertheless so singular an individual as he was continued to loom large in the public eye to the day of his death. "The well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look" was to be seen everywhere, and wherever seen was sure to attract attention.

He was now a widower, his wife having died

in 1709. In the same year he had lost from small-pox both his sons. The elder, John, was already at the age of thirty a Major-General, a position which he had won by hard fighting. He had lost an arm when commanding the Scots Guards at Blenheim, and later had been promoted to the command of an Infantry Brigade. The younger son, Henry, we have already met. Both were officers of great promise, and their early death was much deplored. In 1722 Peterborough cut out several youthful rivals and at the age of sixty-four married Anastasia Robinson, the famous prima donna. This marriage was kept secret till the year of his death in 1735. Apparently he feared the ridicule with which his world in those days viewed the marriage of one holding his rank with a lady of the stage. As a result the second Lady Peterborough suffered for thirteen years from the inferences which those who knew her could hardly fail to draw, in view of the relations which they saw existing between a man of Peterborough's reputation and herself. That a woman of so blameless a character should have been exposed to the risk of calumny is unpardonable, and nothing can excuse Peterborough for his conduct in the matter.

The second Lady Peterborough outlived her husband by very many years and died at an advanced age, beloved by all who knew her. Wholly admirable as she was, we have none the less a bone

to pick with her, for she burnt the Journal which her husband had kept from the age of sixteen till the year of his death. This Journal was of a most intimate nature, and in it Lord Peterborough is credited with having confessed to the commission of three capital crimes before he had reached the age of twenty. Such a Journal, written by such a singular man, would have been of the greatest interest to us, as much on human as on political grounds, and the student of history will not altogether absolve from blame the hand which committed so priceless a manuscript to the flames.

Although unemployed in any more diplomatic missions, Peterborough held the positions of Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards and Captain-General of the Marines, and in both capacities he discharged his duties in the most punctilious manner. From time to time, his appearances becoming more and more rare, he spoke in the House of Lords; but his time was mainly spent in gardening and in the society of his literary friends. As a gardener he is referred to by Pope in the following lines:

He whose light'ning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

For the most part he lived either at his house on Parson's Green or in a small country cottage at Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he

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entertained freely all such of his neighbours as cared to call, whom he amused with stories of his Spanish experiences. In recounting these he appears to have drawn the long bow fairly freely, for Swift in a letter calls him "the ramblingest lying rogue on earth," and then he adds, "the old hangdog, I love him dearly." And indeed old soldiers all the world over have been addicted to embroidering their stories, from which very pardonable failing even the Roundhead veteran was not exempt, as instance the contemporary skit quoted by Sir Charles Firth in his fascinating study of Cromwell's army:

Twice through the bulke have I been shot;
My braynes have boiled like a pot;
I have at least these dozen times
Been blowne up by those roguish mines.

As Peterborough grew older, he grew more and more eccentric. He would be seen doing his own marketing, wearing top-boots, when the fashion was to wear knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes. His marketing finished, he would walk home with his Star of the Garter on his breast, a cauliflower under one arm, and a chicken under the other. Arrived at home, he would put on chef's clothes, cook his own dinner, then, changing into ordinary attire, sit down at table with his guests.

In 1735 he was operated on for stone. The courage and recuperative power of an old man of

seventy-seven who could undergo, without anæsthetics, so severe an operation needs no comment. Before the wound had healed, he insisted on embarking for Lisbon, where he arrived on October 19th, only to pass away six days later.

Thus died this most extraordinary man. If his enemies have seen no good in him, his friends, though fully conscious of his failings, have found much to commend. We shall, I think, be wise if we reject the view entertained concerning him by his detractors and adopt that held by his admirers, for the evidence which the latter adduce is ample and it is convincing. Incidentally, it is a happy thing that we should find ourselves justified in taking this course, for were we to align ourselves with those who decry him, we should be assisting in depriving British military history of its most romantic figure. For where else should we find a man so charged with vitality, so fertile in resource, so vivid in imagination as the tactless yet tactful, bold yet wary, wholly unaccountable Lord Peterborough?

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WOLFE

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MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WOLFE

JAMES WOLFE was born at Westerham in Kent on January 2nd, 1727. He was the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, a distinguished soldier who fought in the principal battles of the great Duke of Marlborough and later at Carthagera and at Falkirk. Wolfe's grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather had all followed the profession of arms. His mother was Henrietta, daughter of Edward Thompson, of Marsden in Yorkshire.

From a child Wolfe's health was indifferent, and he suffered a good deal from the ministrations of his mother, who, unfortunately for her children, enjoyed a great local reputation as a compounder of medical potions. For one of them she was, indeed, rightly judged famous. The recipe for this particular potion ran as follows: "Take a peck of green garden snails, wash them in Bear (beer) put them in an oven and let them stay till they've done crying; then with a knife and fork prick the green from them, and beat the snail shells and all in a stone mortar. Then take a quart of green earthworms, slice them through the middle and strow them with salt: then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelico, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the

snails and worms, the egrimony, bears feet, red dock roots, barbery brake, bilbony, wormwood, of each two handfuls: one handful of rue tumerick and one ounce of saffron, well dried and beaten. Then power (pour) in three gallons of milk. Wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves (well beaten), hartshorn, grated. Keep the still covered all night. This done, stir it not. Distil with a moderate fire." The prescription ended with the advice that two tablespoonfuls should be taken as often as might be necessary. If the patient's feelings had alone to be consulted, we may suppose that the necessity did not often arise.

When Wolfe was thirteen his father was appointed Adjutant-General to the ill-fated expedition to Carthage under Admiral Vernon and Lord Cathcart. Fortunately for the boy, the troops were kept on board ship in the Solent for three months, in the course of which time Wolfe became so ill that his father sent him home and he returned to school. Had he actually gone to Carthage, there can be no question but that he would have died. A year later Wolfe was given a commission in the Marines, and from them was transferred to Durore's Regiment, the 12th Foot. With this regiment at the age of sixteen he served in the campaign of 1743 and was present on June 16th of that year at the battle of Dettingen as Acting Adjutant.

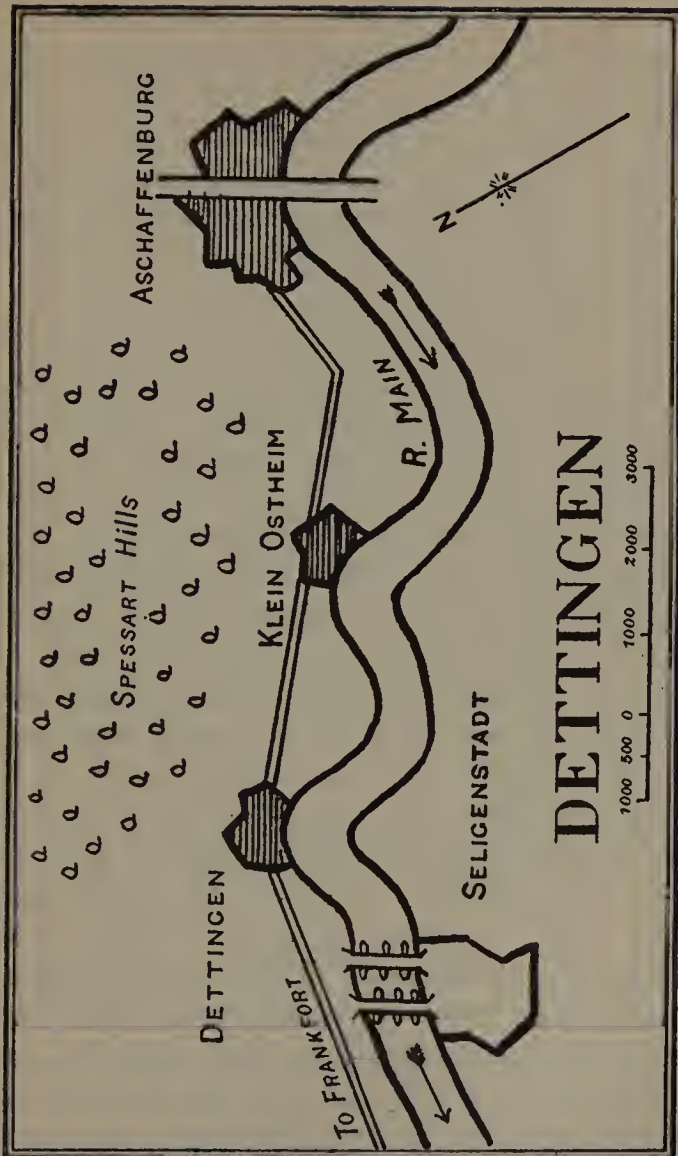
To put it quite briefly, the story of Dettingen is as follows. Since June 7th an allied army consisting of 16,000 British, 12,000 Austrians, and 16,000 Hanoverians had been at Aschaffenburg facing a French army superior in numbers by 12,000 men under the Duc de Noailles. The British occupied the north bank of the river Main and the French the south.

Considerable friction had existed between Field-Marshal Lord Stair and his Austrian colleague. On Stair inviting the Duke d'Arenberg to move the Austrian contingent to Aschaffenburg, the Austrian General had replied that "as His Lordship had brought himself into the scrape, it was his business to get out of it as well as he could." This was not exactly helpful. Fortunately the arrival on the 9th of King George as supreme Commander secured the co-operation of the different allied commanders, which it had not been possible to attain before.

The Allies were based on Frankfort, twenty miles down the stream. It was the first campaign that the British had fought on the continent of Europe for thirty years; the bulk of the troops were newly raised and were but half trained, a criticism which applied most particularly to the cavalry. So indifferent were the latter that the cavalry escort of three hundred sabres which accompanied Field-Marshal Lord Stair on a recon-

naissance on June 8th, and which was attacked by a French cavalry patrol galloping out suddenly from a wood, actually bolted and left Lord Stair defenceless. Fortunately for the Field-Marshal he was well-mounted, and he got away with no worse injury than a bullet through his hat. So inefficient were the allied cavalry that the French cavalry raided with impunity our lines of communication with Frankfort. The result of this was that the allied army was in danger of starvation. It was decided, therefore, to leave Aschaffenburg on June 16th and retire on Frankfort. The Allies held both sides of the bridge at Aschaffenburg, but on their retirement no orders were given to blow the bridge up. The Duc de Noailles had an excellent Intelligence Service. Knowing of the impending retirement of the allied army, he despatched his nephew, the Duc de Gramont, with 30,000 men along the south bank of the Main with orders to cross the river by two pontoon bridges at Seligenstadt, opposite to the village of Dettingen, and to take up a position across the Allies' line of retreat.

So badly was the reconnaissance work of the Allies carried out that the pontoon bridges were actually completed before it was known at the Allied Headquarters that they had been begun. De Gramont began his passage of the river on the night of June 15-16th. The fact that the French troops were crossing was discovered by a British



patrol and duly reported to Colonel Gee, who commanded a post not far from Dettingen. This officer, instead of passing on the information at once and remaining in observation, hastily withdrew himself and his command to a place of greater safety. Having thus done all that, as it seemed to him, prudence demanded, Colonel Gee took no further action in the matter.

De Gramont's position was a very strong one, on high ground with marshy land in front of it. The orders given to him were most explicit. He was to hold on to his position at all costs and detain the enemy, while the Duc de Noailles threw a bridge over the river at Aschaffenburg and came in on the Allies' rear. When the head of the Allies' column had reached the village of Klein Ostheim, which is half-way between Aschaffenburg and Dettingen—being three miles from the latter place—the French opened fire from some concealed heavy batteries south of the Main at a range of two hundred and fifty yards. At the same time the Allies' cavalry became engaged for the first time with de Gramont's cavalry screen. Had de Gramont carried out his orders, the situation of the Allies would have been desperate. Their route lay through an open space some seven hundred yards broad between the Spessart Hills on their right flank and the Main on their left, and only one available outlet existed, and that through Dettingen, now barred

by de Gramont's force. De Gramont, however, disobeyed his orders, left his strong position, and attempted to form up again with the marshy ground behind him. Too incompetent to readjust his formation quickly, he was attacked by the Allies while still in disorder and obliged to retreat across the Main with heavy loss. The Duc de Noailles on hearing of de Gramont's action appears to have lost his head. In spite of the fact that the Allies had been obliging enough to leave the Aschaffenburg bridge unharmed, de Noailles failed to press in on their rear, and so, by good luck much more than by good management, King George and his army got away in safety.

The failure of de Noailles to retrieve the situation by a vigorous attack on the rear of the Allies is a striking exemplification of the truth of the maxim laid down in our training manuals, that skill in drawing up a scheme of operations can never make up for the absence of the resolute character which is essential if difficulties are to be overcome and the operations brought to a successful conclusion.

The battle is remarkable for one or two matters of interest. The first was the fact that the cavalry were so extraordinarily inefficient. This was due to the fact that the men were largely recruits and that their horses were very ill-trained. Failure to train the horses was not confined to the cavalry. As soon

as the French guns opened from across the river, the King's horse bolted to the rear and the Duke of Cumberland's to the front. The King, being unable to get his horse back to the front, fought the rest of the day on foot, and in his world-famous scarlet coat he was a conspicuous object, walking about wherever he could see that the firing was heaviest. The Duke of Cumberland's horse took his rider through a French cavalry patrol and back again into the Allies' lines, the Duke receiving a bullet in the calf of the leg from a French cavalry soldier on the way. Colonel Durore, Wolfe's Commanding Officer, was thrown heavily from his horse, which was startled by the accidental discharge of a Hanoverian trooper's pistol. Colonel Durore took no further part in the action, and this threw all the responsibility on the Major of the battalion and his Acting Adjutant, aged sixteen. The next point of interest was the bad fire discipline of the British infantry. Wolfe in writing home to his father says that his Major and he spent their whole time running up and down the line trying to stop the men firing at all sorts of impossible ranges. He says in his letter that, thanks to this wild firing, the French infantry nearly broke through his battalion owing to so few of the men having had time to re-load. From this we may gather that the efficiency of the Company Officers left much to be desired.

A curious side-light is thrown on the very restricted ideas prevailing at that time on the intensity with which war should be waged, of which we shall see another example later on. Extracts from Lord Stair's order book shew us that all French deserters were examined to see if they were officers' servants or not; if they were, and if it was found that they had brought with them any of their master's kit, they and the stolen property were to be sent back to French Headquarters. Similar orders were given in the case of French cavalry deserters who brought chargers, the private property of officers, with them. The space devoted to these subjects was ample, which is more than can be said for that given to the battle of Dettingen—"N.B. On the 16th of June was fought the Battle of Dettingen."

Six standards were captured by the Allies; there is a list of them still existing amongst the papers of Field-Marshal Lord Townshend, whom we shall meet later as one of Wolfe's Brigadiers at Quebec. One of the captured standards merits special attention, as it was taken from the most distinguished cavalry regiment in the French service. The reference to it in Townshend's list is as follows: "A White Standard, embroidered with Gold and Silver. In the Middle a Bunch of Nine Arrows tyed with a Wreath; All stained with Blood; The Launce broke; The Cornet killed without falling, being buckled behind to his Horse,

and his Standard buckled to Him. Motto *Alterius Jovis altera Tela*. N.B. This Standard belonged to the *Musquetaires Noirs*, and was taken by a Serjeant of Lieutenant-General Hawley's, of the Right Squadron of the whole Line." A homeric combat took place for the possession of a standard of the 7th Dragoon Guards, in which the bearer of the standard, Ensign Richardson, an Irishman from Fermanagh, played a most gallant part. Beset on all sides, he finally extricated himself and saved his standard, receiving no less than thirty wounds in the course of the fight. After the battle, while lying in his tent, he was heard to declare: "Sure, if the wood of the pole had not been of iron, they'd have cut it to pieces."

The battle of Dettingen produced a flood of poetry, good, bad, and indifferent. For the discovery of one gem of the versifier's art we are indebted to the researches of Mr Fortescue. This particular effusion runs as follows:

Our noble generals played their parts,
 Our soldiers fought like thunder,
 Prince William too, that valiant heart
 In fight performed wonders.
 Though through the leg with bullet shot
 The Prince his wound regarded not
 But still maintained his post and fought
 For glorious George of England.

Wolfe remained with the army in Flanders

throughout the campaigns of 1744 and 1745. We have a glimpse of him in his billet in Flanders. He writes home to say that he has bought a flute, and that he spends a great part of each day in learning to play this instrument of torture. He adds that he is alone in his billet, having no brother officer to share it with him; and for this state of isolation we think we can suggest an explanation.

The campaign of 1744 was remarkable for the ability of Marshal Saxe, commanding the French army, on the one hand and the incapacity of General Wade, the commander of the Allies, on the other. Saxe had an inferior force, and his object was to keep the Allies fully occupied in Flanders while the main French effort was made under the Duc de Noailles in Alsace. So well did the French Marshal carry out his orders that General Wade and the Allies were kept fruitlessly marching about Flanders all the year without any definite results being obtained. An officer of the Coldstream Guards, writing home, said: "The ability of M. de Saxe is such that he manœuvres our army as well as his own." Another young officer of the same regiment in a letter home says with considerable sarcasm: "I don't like all this moving about. I should not wonder if some day we were to fall in with the enemy."

During 1745 the army benefited enormously from the very strict discipline introduced by the

Duke of Cumberland, who had succeeded Wade. Starting with the officers, Cumberland cut down the absurd amount of private transport which the former took into the field. Cumberland ordered that two private carts only per battalion should be permitted. He also ordered that officers should appear in uniform at all times, which order did away at a stroke with the immense amount of civilian clothing which officers had formerly carried about. Officers, too, had been in the habit of going home on leave during the winter months apparently just as they liked. All this Cumberland put a stop to, and indeed tightened things up all round very much—so much so, in fact, that we find a young officer writing home to complain that “the Duke has become most damnably military.” The Duke also put a stop to the immense amount of marauding which had gone on, to a large measure unrestricted. Keen fishermen will note with interest one extract from the Duke’s order book: “Whoever is caught cutting the Damms that form the fish ponds will be hanged.”

Wolfe was absent from the battle of Fontenoy, fought on May 11th, 1745, as he had been transferred as a Captain to Barrel’s Regiment, then forming part of the Ghent garrison. He had, however, come prominently under the personal notice of Cumberland at Dettingen, and the Commander-in-Chief had never lost sight of him. Just as the

Rebellion in Scotland broke out in the autumn of 1745, Wolfe was appointed by Cumberland Brigade Major of an Infantry Brigade.

The Rebellion in Scotland of 1745 is remarkable in two ways. In the first place the campaign provides, from the French point of view, the finest possible example of a thoroughly successful detachment in war. Detachments in war seldom deserve the title successful; they can be justified only if the enemy is compelled in meeting them to make a greater effort, relatively to his own resources, than the side makes which sends the detachment. The effort made by the French in supporting the 1745 Rebellion was confined to the despatch of a few stands of arms, of a very limited amount of money, and some twelve capable officers. The result to the French was that the bulk of the British army was removed from Flanders to Scotland and that Marshal Saxe was allowed to overrun the Netherlands unmolested, or practically so.

The second outstanding point of interest was the re-establishment of the morale of the British army by Cumberland. Beaten at Coltbrigg, Falkirk, and Preston Pans, the morale of the British troops had been reduced to an extraordinarily low ebb. The reason for this is rather curious and, oddly enough, it had a counterpart in the Zulu War of 1879. The troops opposed to the Highlanders prior to Culloden were largely recruits,

except at Falkirk, where two Flanders battalions, in one of which (Barrel's) Wolfe served as a Major, did very well. The terrific wounds caused by the cuts of the Highland broadswords had a very curious effect on the young soldiers who witnessed them, and we may be sure that the tale of what they had seen did not lose in the telling when fresh troops were met. Similar results were produced by the horrible sight of the battlefield of Isandhlwana, where the Zulus overwhelmed a weak British force. The Zulu believes that the ghost of a man whom he has killed will haunt him unless he rips open the body of his defeated assailant. The appearance, therefore, of a battlefield on which the Zulus had been victorious was one likely to shake the nerve of young troops. Cumberland tackled this question of morale in a most determined manner. Partly by ridicule, partly by much steady drill and general tightening up of discipline, partly by reminding his Flanders veterans of what was expected of them, he entirely changed the spirit of the troops, and for this he is deserving of the utmost credit.

Wolfe, as we have seen, served with his regiment at Falkirk. General Hawley has often been blamed for his defeat at Falkirk. There is no doubt that he was surprised; but he was an able man, and with properly trained troops would have extricated himself from his difficulties. His artillery, however, to name one arm only, was extraordinarily

inefficient. He had been told to collect his artillery from garrisons lying on his route to the North. At two places he found that the gunners he expected to find were not there; they were represented by some civilians, who were shewn on the books as artillerymen in order to secure their votes for the local M.P. This may sound incredible, but we must remember that only two years before, in 1743, an equally extraordinary state of affairs existed in the armament stored at Pendennis Castle. At an investigation made at this stronghold it had been pleasing to find forty-six guns, though the strength of the personnel was disappointing, consisting as it did of an aged pensioner, ninety-one years old, with one boy assistant.

One incident in connection with the battle of Falkirk deserves our attention. After the action, Ensign Eyre Coote, of the 27th Foot, was tried by court-martial for misbehaviour in face of the enemy. He was convicted and sentenced to be cashiered. Subsequently his case was investigated anew, the sentence of the court-martial was quashed, and Ensign Eyre Coote was reinstated. This young officer, in spite of the inauspicious beginning to his career, lived to be General Sir Eyre Coote, of Wandewash and other hard-fought fields, about whose personal behaviour when under fire only one thing could be said, and that was that on each and every occasion he exposed himself with a total

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indifference to danger which bordered on the fool-hardy.

Wolfe served as aide-de-camp to General Hawley at Culloden, where the hopes of Prince Charles Edward received their deathblow. The story of the Highlanders at Culloden is one of the most tragic in our military history. Starved, ill-clad, mishandled, wearied by a night march grotesque in its fatuity, these undaunted men nevertheless attacked with a dash and determination beyond all praise. It is pathetic to think that such devotion should have been displayed in a lost cause and under circumstances so adverse as to preclude all possibility of success.

It may not be out of place here, before leaving the subject of the '45 Rebellion, to refer to a Journal, since privately printed, kept by a native of Edinburgh who was in that city when the Pretender's army entered. The writer was no admirer of the Highlanders, whom he rudely calls "the Bare Buttocks." The latter appear to have been firm believers in the old adage "Heaven helps them who help themselves," on which principle they acted with remarkable freedom, much to the annoyance of the Edinburgh tradesmen. The writer of the Journal gives an account of the quandary in which ministers of churches found themselves which is not lacking in humour. On the first Sunday of the Prince's occupation of Edinburgh,

the ministers were much perturbed as to what course they should pursue. If they prayed for Prince Charles, they would annoy the British Government; if they failed to pray for the Jacobite leader, the wrath of the latter would be incurred. So, in order to avoid the difficulty, the churches in Edinburgh, with one notable exception, remained closed. In the case of the single exception the minister concerned proved himself a man of resource, for he prayed earnestly in the following words: "O Lord, take him to Thyself as soon as possible. Give him a kingdom in Heaven, O Lord"—sentiments to which more than one interpretation might be attached.

After Culloden, Wolfe accompanied Cumberland back to Flanders and served till the end of the war in 1748, having fought with much distinction as Brigade Major at Laufeldt, where he was severely wounded. On conclusion of peace he entered upon a period of home soldiering which lasted for nine years. At the age of twenty-two he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and given command of the 20th Regiment, now the Lancashire Fusiliers. He commanded the regiment for some years in Scotland and for the remainder of the time in the south of England.

His main occupation in Scotland was the carrying out of the orders given for the pacification of the Highlands, which involved among other things the

suppression of the national dress. Many curious conundrums occurred, to which the young Lieutenant-Colonel—and he was very young—had to find a solution. A Highlander had been arrested carrying a blanket instead of a plaid. Was this to be taken as an act contravening the order forbidding the carrying of a plaid? Another Highlander had been detected wearing his wife's petticoat in place of a kilt. What was to be done with him? Other Highlanders had, by putting a few stitches into their kilts, made them into a sort of rough knickerbocker. Was this to be allowed?—and so on. Wolfe no doubt proved equal to the occasion, for he was by no means lacking in a sense of humour, as is proved by the collection which he made of letters received by him from soldiers' wives. These, he writes to his mother, will make her laugh, and he will bring them down from Scotland with him. We fear that the old lady forgot to return this priceless collection to her son, for, sad to say, they are lost.

Wolfe proved himself to be a Regimental Officer of the first class. A very strong disciplinarian, as all those who had served in the field with the Duke of Cumberland were, he knew how to temper justice with mercy, which many of his contemporaries did not. His voluminous correspondence shews the keen personal interest which he took in the officers and men serving under him. At all

times his advice, and often his purse—for he was the most generous of men—was at the disposal of those who were in difficulties. His battalion became recognised as the finest available school for young officers, and we find parents shewing the greatest eagerness to get their sons posted to the 20th Foot.

As soon as he settled down to peace soldiering, Wolfe set to work to remedy the many gaps in his education which not unnaturally resulted from the fact that he had left school at fourteen and had been fighting ever since. He placed himself in the hands of a good tutor and worked away steadily at mathematics, Latin, and French. He read every available book on his own profession, and we find many letters sending lists of useful books to other officers who were anxious to learn their work.

It is a curious commentary on the scarcity at that time of British military works that in all the lists prepared by Wolfe, as far as we know, not one single English military writer is referred to. His list of foreign authorities is very complete. Amongst others he advocates the study of the career of Marshal de Rantzau. This much battered warrior started his career in the Swedish service, but in 1635 he joined the French army. At the siege of Dole he lost an eye, and at Arras in 1640 he was deprived of a leg, an arm, and an ear. Wolfe says of him that “he had but one left of what everybody

else has commonly two; and yet, with one leg, one arm, one eye, and one ear he was, for a drunken man, the best Officer of his day." Wolfe very early in the day took a keen interest in the geography, nationalities, and affairs generally of the North American continent. There can have been little that he did not know about the country when Fate took him there in 1758.

Apart from his professional work, he was a very keen shot, though, as he himself confesses, a somewhat indifferent one. Devoted as he was to horses and dogs, we find from his letters written before proceeding on active service how careful he was to arrange for the safeguarding of his dogs. "Romp" and "Flurry," obviously his two spaniels, must not have too much meat, or it will make them scratch—and so on. We have a letter of his describing his pleasure at the receipt of a new salmon rod and what he calls a "wheel," which seems to have been something of a novelty in those days. We see him constantly fighting with ill-health, and indeed his health was wretched. He was a martyr to chronic rheumatism and stone. From time to time he suffered from scurvy, and latterly had contracted consumption. For all these ailments Mrs Wolfe was never backward in recommending cures. For stone she recommends the eating of large quantities of soap. We expect to find Wolfe writing to his mother to tell her that he has adopted this remedy

and has noticed a certain tendency to nausea, and we should not be surprised to hear it. For consumption the reputation of Mrs Wolfe's snails and earth-worm mixture stood very high. Let us hope that treatment for stone and consumption did not go on concurrently. Wolfe was indeed a model patient. He assures his mother that he never fails to try all her remedies, not only those that have been found efficacious, but also, gallant fellow, those that may possibly prove to be so. What could any compounder of potions ask more than to collaborate with a stout-hearted valetudinarian prepared to experiment on his own person with each new nostrum, and, if still alive, to report the results?

Mrs Wolfe did not confine her energies to recommending cures for her son's many complaints; she also tried her hand at match-making. With her, money was evidently of the first importance. Miss Elizabeth Lawson, with £12,000, was not sufficiently well endowed. Miss Hoskyns, of Croydon, with £30,000, was much to be preferred. To the stream of maternal advice on this important subject Wolfe replied tactfully to the effect that, though he fully realised that matrimony without any money was likely to be a failure, still money was not everything; character and looks should also be taken into consideration. His arguments do not seem to have had much effect on Mrs Wolfe,

with whom the financial side of the case came before everything.

Wolfe was most anxious to improve his knowledge of French and also to visit various continental battlefields. He was afraid, too, that his outlook on life might be somewhat narrowed if he remained with his battalion for too long a period without rubbing shoulders with the outside world. He writes to say that the motive which inspires him to apply for leave of absence is the desire to obtain a "change of conversation, the fear of becoming a mere ruffian, and of imbibing the tyrannical principles of an absolute commander, or giving way insensible to the temptations of power, till I become proud, insolent, and intolerable:—these considerations will make me wish to leave the regiment before the next winter, and always (if it could be so) after eight months' duty; that by frequenting men above myself I may know my true condition, and by discoursing with the other sex may learn some civility and mildness of carriage, but never pay the price of the last improvement with the loss of reason. Better be a savage of some use than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world. One of the wildest of wild clans is a worthier being than a perfect Philander."

To these ends he made frequent applications to the Commander-in-Chief for the necessary leave. The Duke of Cumberland, however, very able

military administrator though he was, was unable to understand why any officer should wish to learn any language but his own. Still less could he understand why an officer should take an interest in any battlefield other than such a one as he might be present on at the moment in actual war. Still less, again, was he able to comprehend how any officer could wish to enlarge his mind, to get a knowledge of matters removed beyond the cramped horizon which bounds the barrack-square. Possibly we may find in this narrow point of view the reason why the Duke of Cumberland was invariably defeated when commanding armies on the continent of Europe.

In 1753, however, Wolfe at last obtained leave to visit Paris, and we find him going with his friend the Duke of Richmond in the latter's coach to the levées of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour. Wolfe stayed at the British Embassy with the Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, and saw all there was to be seen at that time in Paris. It appears to have become the fashion to depict Wolfe as a man who forced his way up to high command without any assistance except his own merit. This view is hardly borne out by the facts of the case. We know from his correspondence that Wolfe was in close touch throughout his career with men in high positions in the country. Further, of the two women whom he at various times

wished to marry, one, Miss Elizabeth Lawson, was Maid-of-Honour to the Princess of Wales, the other, Miss Kate Lowther, was a sister of Lord Lonsdale. Kate Lowther was engaged to Wolfe at the time of his death and afterwards became Duchess of Bolton. It is clear that Wolfe moved in circles by no means lacking in influence. The fact is that it was utterly impossible at that time for a soldier without influence, no matter how meritorious, to rise high in his profession. If any one doubts this statement, let him study the career of Major Mackellar, the very able Sapper who filled the post of Chief Engineer at Louisburg and Quebec, and who, in spite of his very distinguished services, never rose above the rank of Major.

Wolfe's stay in Paris was cut short owing to the sudden death of his Major, whom he had left in temporary command of his battalion. Wolfe was therefore recalled from leave. He rejoined his battalion at Glasgow in a state of the deepest depression, partly due no doubt to the sudden change from the gaieties of Paris to the humdrum existence which he found awaiting him in Glasgow, partly to the intense disappointment which he felt at having to abandon the tour of foreign armies which he had mapped out for himself. It is to be hoped that few Commanding Officers return to their commands off leave in the state of gloom in which Wolfe did on this occasion. We have a letter of

his to his father written in terms so dejected as to provoke a smile.

It is almost impossible to suffer more than I have done upon the road, and quite impossible to find a regiment in more melancholy circumstances than we are. Officers ruined, impoverished, desperate, and without hopes of preferment; the widow of our late Major and her daughter in tears; his situation before his death, and the effects it had upon the corps, with the tragical end of the unhappy man in everybody's mouth; an ensign struck speechless with the palsy, and another that falls down in the most violent convulsions. He was seized with one the first night I came to the regiment (after supper) that so astonished and affected all that were present, that it is not to be described. I should have fallen upon the floor and fainted, had not one of the officers supported me, and called for immediate relief; and this, as well as I can remember, for the first time in my life. Some of our people spit blood, and others are begging to sell before they are quite undone; and my friend Ben will probably be in jail in a fortnight. In this situation we are, with a martinet and parade major to teach us the manual exercise with the time of the First Regiment.

This letter is of interest, for it proves the truth of what Wolfe said of himself, that he was a creature of moods, as easily elated as depressed.

Wolfe continued to serve with his regiment to the end of 1756, when his father's old friend, the Duke of Bedford, applied for him to go to him as Quartermaster-General in Ireland. This appointment he never took up, as Pitt had begun to develop the idea of a joint naval and military

expedition to Rochefort. The expedition was despatched in 1757 under Admiral Sir Edward Hawke and General Sir John Mordaunt, with Wolfe as Quartermaster-General. This enterprise achieved nothing, owing to the failure of the naval and military commanders concerned to come to any definite decision. For this Hawke certainly could not be blamed, the fault lying with Sir John Mordaunt, who was far too old for his work. Wolfe came into great prominence by his strong advocacy of vigorous action at a Council of War convened by the naval and military commanders. Pitt was very much struck by the advice given on this occasion by Wolfe, who on his return was made a full Colonel and appointed to the command of an Infantry Brigade in the force which was to be despatched under General Jeffry Amherst and Admiral Boscawen to attack Louisburg.

Wolfe was now about to enter on the last two years of his career, the years destined to make his name so famous. An odd-looking figure, he stood six foot three inches in height, his long, lanky, angular frame surmounted by a face which in profile bordered on the ludicrous. His chin receded and his forehead did the same, his face in fact forming with his projecting turned-up nose a regular triangle. The general comic appearance was completed by a shock of carroty hair tied behind in a thick queue. Providence, in fact, in issuing

Wolfe with his facial characteristics had been in no liberal mood. None the less, beneath this unpleasing camouflage there lay a keen and cultivated intellect, an iron will, and the heart of a lion. A devoted son, a devoted—very devoted—admirer of the fair sex, quick to take offence, quicker still to make amends, generous to a degree, ever prompt to reward good service, fond of sport and animals, as we have seen, he presented a very attractive, human, and altogether lovable character, for whom we may be sure his troops would have done a very great deal. His health was now, as ever, exceedingly bad, and we find him writing to his mother expressing his doubts as to whether he will live much longer and his fears lest he may die before he shall have achieved anything great.

The expedition to Louisburg was designed by Pitt to wrest that great naval base from the French and to use it as a stepping-stone to a further advance up the St Lawrence to seize Quebec. Up to now Pitt had been very much hampered by the King in his selection of commanders. He had at last obtained an absolutely free hand and he was fairly launched upon the great scheme which he had in his mind during the Seven Years' War, of devoting his maximum effort to the capture of the French Colonial Empire in North America and India, while by the aid of a small British army and much money he tied the French down to a

struggle in Europe on land. This he was enabled to do owing to the great ability of Frederick the Great and the folly of Madame de Pompadour. The naval and military commanders at Louisbourg were Pitt's own selection. Amherst was an old Coldstreamer who had distinguished himself on many occasions and had the great advantage of youth; Boscawen, the sailor, known to the navy, as "Wry-necked Dick," had had an equally distinguished record. What was of even greater importance was that the temperament of the two men was such as to make them likely to work well together.

Amherst's force was composed of three Infantry Brigades. The right Brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Whitmore and was composed of the Royal Scots, the 40th, the 3rd Battalion of the 60th, the 48th, and the 22nd. The centre Brigade under Wolfe comprised the 17th, the 47th, 2nd Battalion of the 60th, and the 35th. The left Brigade under Lawrence was made up of the 28th, 58th, Fraser's Highlanders, the 45th, and the 15th. The total force at Amherst's disposal amounted in all to some 11,000 men. Included in the above, but outside of the Brigade organisations, were two improvised units, a Grenadier battalion and a Light Infantry battalion. The unsound practice of withdrawing the picked men from each battalion to form *corps d'élite* has been noticed in a previous

chapter. The Grenadier battalion was formed by withdrawing the grenadier company from each battalion. Grenadier companies had been introduced as far back as 1678. When first raised, the appearance of a grenadier company must have been painful to an M.F.H., for each man wore in his hat a fox's brush, for which the sum of three shillings and sixpence was paid. The Light Infantry battalion was formed by withdrawing from each battalion a number of the most active men. Although for some time it had been the practice to improvise light troops, no Light Infantry companies as such were yet officially recognised, and they were not so recognised till 1770. We have a contemporary description of the improvised Light Infantry battalion at Louisburg. We are told that the men were chosen "out of the most active, resolute men from all the battalions of Regulars; dressed some in blue, some in green jackets and drawers, for the easier brushing through the woods: with roughs of black bear skin round their necks; the beard of their upper lips, some grown into whiskers, others not so, but well smutted on that part. Their arms were a Fusil (or Rifle), Cartouche box and a Powder Horn."

The force arrived in Gabarus Bay on June 2nd, but the weather was so rough that disembarkation was postponed till the 8th. To Wolfe's Brigade, reinforced by the Grenadier and Light Infantry

battalions, was assigned the main attack on Freshwater Cove, which is about three miles west of Louisburg. Lawrence was directed upon Flatpoint, while Whitmore was ordered to make a demonstration against Whitepoint, sending in addition one battalion to make a feint attack on Lorambec, east of Louisburg.

It is worth noting that Wolfe had for his own satisfaction worked out a plan of his own. It differed widely from that adopted by Amherst, and of the latter's plan Wolfe was most critical. I mention this because we shall see that at Quebec he nevertheless adopted a plan very similar to Amherst's plan, and this provoked much hostile criticism from at least two of the three Brigadiers serving under him.

To return to the story of the attack. The French had very strongly entrenched themselves above the water's edge, and on the approach of the boats containing Wolfe's Brigade so heavy a fire was opened that Wolfe had actually given the order to sheer off, as he thought landing on an open beach in the face of such a fire was impossible. At this moment three boats commanded by Lieutenants Hopkins and Brown and Ensign Grant of the Light Infantry battalion, who were on the extreme right of Wolfe's Brigade, made a slight divergence from the course laid down for them. This action brought them just outside the small bay which was the

object of attack. They landed on the reverse side of a ledge of rocks jutting out from the shore, drove off the few of the enemy whom they found there, and signalled to Wolfe that they had landed. Wolfe immediately diverted his whole Brigade to the spot with great rapidity and skill, landed, formed up his Brigade, took the enemy in flank, and rolled him up, in which operation he was assisted by Lawrence, who brought his Brigade to the spot with the utmost despatch. In the subsequent operations leading to the fall of Louisburg he took a very prominent part. He was indeed ubiquitous, so much so that his name became a familiar one to the garrison, who used to say of him "there is no certainty where to find him, but wherever he goes he carries with him a mortar in one pocket and a 24-pounder in the other." The campaign closed with the surrender of the fortress on July 26th, and with Wolfe's reputation very greatly enhanced. All through the operations, however, we find him very critical of Amherst, and sometimes we think rather unjustly so.

Orders were sent for Wolfe to remain in North America during the winter of 1758-1759, but these orders arrived after Wolfe, acting on the instructions which he had received before leaving England, had sailed for home. On arrival home he was selected by Pitt for the command of the expedition to Quebec, designed for the summer of

1759. Pitt's selection did not meet with the complete approval of certain influential persons, who approached the King and said that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said the old King, calling to mind all too vividly the failures of his own son, the Duke of Cumberland, and the incompetence of Mordaunt, James Abercromby, Lord Loudoun, and others; "then I wish he would bite my other generals." King George II had a very caustic wit, but he sometimes met his match. For instance, he once asked a Quaker why he never played cards, and received the reply: "Because, sir, I never can tell the difference between the King and a Knave."

Wolfe was now thirty-two, and was given the local rank of Major-General while serving in North America. At the age of thirty-two such promotion, except in the case of a member of the Royal Family, was considered very extraordinary.

Associated with him was Admiral Sir Charles Saunders as Naval Commander, and three Infantry Brigadiers. The study of any operation of war is, I think, very lacking in interest unless we have a look at the human side and get an idea what manner of men were the chief actors in the play. Sir Charles Saunders is a man to whom history is gradually giving the place he should rightly occupy in the story of the taking of Quebec. A most particularly able sailor, he just failed, through no fault of his own, but by the fact that Fate never

put in his way the chance of commanding a fleet in a big general action, to achieve the fame of Lords Hood, Howe, St Vincent, Rodney, or Hawke. The part he played was a very great one during the operations before Quebec, and without his skill, and without his very remarkable and loyal co-operation with Wolfe, the success achieved would have been impossible. The character of the man is well shown by his conduct on his return to England after the fall of Quebec. Having arrived in the Channel, he heard that the French fleet was out and that Hawke was looking for them. Sending a message to Pitt to say that he felt sure that the great Minister would approve of his action, he sailed away at once, hoping to be able to join Hawke in time for the action which he saw was imminent. Unfortunately he arrived too late to take part in Hawke's great victory of Quiberon Bay.

Now to turn to the three Brigadiers. The senior of them, Robert Monckton, was six months older than Wolfe. He was the second son of Lord Galway. He began his career in the Coldstream Guards and had fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Laufeldt. Early in his career he was elected M.P. for Pontefract. From 1752 to the date we are discussing—that is, for seven years—he had been employed in both a military and civil capacity in North America. In 1754 he had conducted with

great skill an independent operation carried out by himself in Nova Scotia, leading to the fall of Beauséjour, where he defeated a French officer called Vergor, whom we shall meet later. After the fall of Quebec Monckton served in various capacities in North America, and was selected for the command of some 8000 men to co-operate with Lord Rodney in a joint naval and military operation in the West Indies in 1762. These operations were crowned with success. He died at the age of fifty-six at Portsmouth, where for some years he had been M.P. for the borough and Governor of the Garrison. He seems to have been a very capable soldier, even-tempered and level-headed.

The next senior was George Townshend, the eldest son of the fourth Lord Townshend. Born in 1724, he began his military career, as what was called a "gentleman volunteer," at Dettingen, where he served as aide-de-camp to Lord Dunmore. He was present at Fontenoy in a similar capacity and took part in the famous advance of the British infantry between Fontenoy village and the Redoubt d'Eu. He was then given a Captaincy in the 20th Foot, the regiment which Wolfe was afterwards to command. With the 20th Foot he was present at Culloden. He then transferred to the Grenadier Guards as a Captain, which rank gave him, as the custom was in those days, the additional rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. In the meantime

he had become M.P. for his division in Norfolk. He served again as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Laufeldt. During this battle he was standing next to a certain Hanoverian officer called Scheiger, who was also on the Duke's Staff. To this officer the Duke had just given an order when a cannon ball took off Scheiger's head, spattering the contents all over Townshend's coat; upon which Townshend, who was a very cool person, was heard to remark, "I never knew Scheiger had so many brains before." We find him in his letters home criticising everybody and everything. For the most part his criticisms were very sound, for he was a man of quite undoubted ability who had the additional advantage of having received an excellent education at St John's College, Cambridge.

Besides being a great critic, he was also a very clever caricaturist. The possession of a pretty wit, a mordant pen, and a clever pencil is likely to lead most men into trouble, and George Townshend was no exception to the rule, for, having employed all three of these very potent weapons at the expense of the Duke of Cumberland, the latter was glad of an opportunity of revenging himself. This opportunity in due course presented itself. In 1757 Townshend left London to hunt with the Belvoir and was recalled by his Colonel, who said that Townshend had gone away without leave.

Townshend contended that as he was not for any particular duty, leave was unnecessary. Whether this was the case or not I cannot say; but the Duke of Cumberland supported the Commanding Officer, and Townshend in a huff resigned his commission. This, I think, was typical of the man; he could not bear being countered.

With the return of Pitt to power, Townshend, who had made himself very useful to that Minister in the House of Commons, was reinstated in the army with the rank of full Colonel and selected for the command of an Infantry Brigade under Wolfe. There was, as we shall see, friction between the two very early in the day. Wolfe was quick-tempered and Townshend was very *difficile*. Moreover the latter had a superior manner which must have been very irritating to Wolfe, the more so as on one or two occasions, when the two differed, Townshend was obviously in the right. On the death of Wolfe in action, Monckton too being severely wounded, the command fell on Townshend. He collected and re-organised the force, which was in some state of confusion owing to the rapidity of the pursuit, reformed them with great skill, and beat off the attack launched by de Bougainville with fresh troops. He showed the greatest energy in getting up guns to bombard the city, actually mounting one hundred and seventeen in five days—all, too, it must be remembered,

hauled up from the ships by hand—and he brought about the fall of the city on September 18th. This was very brilliant work, for by his promptitude the city had fallen before the relief force from Montreal could arrive. Townshend went home with Admiral Saunders and, like him, refused to land on arrival home, but sailed to join Hawke.

His friends were not very judicious in claiming for him a larger share in the great success gained at Quebec than he was entitled to. Amongst other things they asserted that Townshend had written Wolfe's despatch to Pitt of September 2nd. In due course, however, there was published Townshend's own despatch, describing the battle and the subsequent capitulation of the town. The difference in the style of the two despatches was so marked that George Selwyn, meeting Charles Townshend at the Treasury, said "Charles, if your brother George wrote Wolfe's despatch, who the devil wrote your brother George's?" George Selwyn was a man of a very ready tongue. He was credited with a taste for witnessing executions, and one day, meeting Charles James Fox, the latter said "George, I notice that yesterday a namesake of mine, Charles James Fox, was hung. I suppose you were there." "No," said Selwyn, "I was not. The fact is I never attend rehearsals."

Townshend commanded an Infantry Brigade

with great success under Prince Ferdinand at Vellinghausen and Wilhelmsthal. In 1762 he commanded a small force despatched to the Portuguese frontier to assist the Portuguese against the Spaniards. He died a Field-Marshal at the age of eighty-two, having been given a step in the peerage for his services some years earlier.

We now come to the junior of the three Brigadiers, James Murray, who was six years older than Wolfe. Born in 1720, he was the fifth son of Lord Elibank, who had a family of fifteen children, and who had been much impoverished through unwise investment in the South Sea Bubble, the stock of which fell, as is well known, from a thousand to one hundred and four in a few hours. There does not seem to have been much money, in consequence, for the children. There is a letter extant written by James Murray when a small boy at school which shows that small boys were much the same then as now, except that they do not write to their fathers with quite so much respect. "My Lord," it ran, "you cannot expect but that I must be in some little debt now in this time of year when the bowls and diversions are in hand. Half-a-crown, or three shillings, or anything, will serve my turn. I pray you don't forget ye money on ye first occasion." When he was fifteen Murray was given a cadetship in the Scots Brigade which served with such distinction in the service of the Netherlands

Government. For two years Murray was quartered at Ypres. He then returned home and was given a commission in the 15th Regiment, which he accompanied to Carthagen in 1740, and he was one of the very few who served throughout the expedition without going sick. His experience in the West Indies in regard to the measures necessary for the preservation of the troops' health made a very great impression on him. As we shall see if we study his defence of Quebec during the winter of 1759-1760, the lessons he learnt in the West Indies were by no means thrown away. In 1745 he served in Flanders and was very severely wounded at Ostend. In 1746 he took part in the expedition to Port l'Orient.

He served for a time in Ireland under a very enthusiastic Colonel called John Jordan, of whom we have the following description: "A true soldier indeed, for the Officers have not an hour to themselves. He ferrets them out every morning at five and so to continue till they are quite masters of ye Duke's exercise, for he is quite determined to make a good regiment at last." The worthy Colonel appears not to have confined his activities to matters military only, for we find him giving due attention to the preservation of a proper decorum at dances—"No dancing," he orders, "to take place after tea, which is to be made at twelve o'clock, and nobody to dance in a nightgown as

they have done all this Summer at ye card rooms." In 1757 Murray took part in the abortive expedition to Rochefort. He rendered very conspicuous service with his regiment at Louisburg, where he figured prominently in Wolfe's letters.

Before accompanying Wolfe to Quebec, Murray had served, as we have seen, in four conjoint naval and military expeditions, in two of which he had commanded his regiment. He held Quebec against the French during the winter of 1759-1760 under circumstances of very great hardship. He fought the second battle of the Heights of Abraham on April 26th, 1760, where he was beaten by the French under de Levis with very superior numbers. After his relief by the British fleet, he assisted in the general advance during the summer of 1760 which led to the fall of Montreal. He was the first British Governor-General of Canada, a position he held for ten years.

In later life he is chiefly remarkable for his defence of Minorca during the winter and spring of 1781-1782, where he was besieged by the Spaniards under the Duc de Crillon. We have seen an instance further back of the somewhat limited intensity with which war was carried on on the continent of Europe at this period. While he was making a reconnaissance, the Duc de Crillon was fired at by our artillery. Murray, hearing of this, wrote at once to the Duc de Crillon

as follows: "Extremely sorry for the behaviour of our artillery officers; they do protest they had no intention to point the guns at the Duc de Crillon... The thing happened when I was at breakfast. I soon perceived by your attendants and running footmen that it must be your Excellency and I was unhappy. I perceive your Excellency was not mounted as well as you would wish to be, and therefore take the liberty to beg you to accept of a mare I had from Grand Cairo, which I know to be of the first breed in Egypt."

Murray died in 1794 at his house called Beauport near Dover in his seventy-fifth year, one year after the birth of the youngest of his very numerous family.

It will be seen that all three of the Brigadiers were very able men of independent character. Men of this stamp, of our race, while usually the best of men to serve under, are apt to be somewhat insubordinate to those under whom they themselves are serving, unless convinced of their chief's superiority. In the case of the Quebec army, this tendency was accentuated by the fact that the practical experience of war of Wolfe and of his three Brigadiers was very similar, while there was not six years difference in age between any one of them, the Commander-in-Chief being actually the youngest.

Now a word about the British soldier of that

time, commonly known as "Thomas Lobster." Ill-paid, ill-clothed, and ill-fed, he was none the less what he is to-day, the finest fighting man in the world. His pay was only five shillings and tenpence per week, and out of this meagre pittance there was deducted, while on active service in North America, no less a sum than one shilling and eightpence per week to make good the wear and tear in his clothing. He appears to have had one tunic only, and in order to save this as much as possible, troops on board ship were ordered to wear their tunics inside out. As the linings were white, this led to a curious incident on one occasion. A New England privateer, of which the Captain was a Quaker, attacked a British transport, taking it for a Frenchman owing to the white linings of the men's tunics resembling the white uniform of France. A serious accident was only averted by the British skipper jumping into the rigging and addressing the New England skipper in language at once so evidently British and so painful to Quaker ears that the privateer sheered off. This saving of the tunics was apparently a matter which received great attention, for in all orders to working-parties we find reference made to the men turning their coats inside out.

The soldier of those days was subjected to a discipline which, judged by our present standards, appears most brutal. One has to bear in mind,

however, that civilians in those days were hung for offences which in these days would entail no greater punishment than a fine. We read of punishments of a thousand lashes being of quite common occurrence. This sounds most excessive when we call to mind that in Cromwell's army, where the discipline was excellent, the maximum number of lashes that could be inflicted was sixty. Under Wolfe, however, humaner methods appear to have been tried, and not without success. Wolfe seems to have used that very powerful weapon, ridicule, in the case of young soldiers who gave way to sudden panic at night when attacked by Indians while on lonely sentry-posts. In one case we find a court-martial sentencing the prisoner to ride the wooden horse for half-an-hour every day for a week, dressed in a petticoat, with a broom in his hand and a placard on his back: "This is the reward of my merit." This brought down on the offender the ridicule of the women of the regiment, of whom there were generally allotted, on service, four or five to each Company. Another court-martial sentenced the prisoner "to stand for an hour this evening at ye necessary house dressed in woman's clothes." This also, no doubt, attracted the attention of the battalion women.

These women must have been very tough customers indeed. They were soldiers' wives, who, poor things, changed their husbands not

infrequently owing to casualties during a campaign. Lady Hunter in her Journal records the fact that in 1806, in her husband's battalion, there was a certain Mrs Morrison who had been married no less than six times, a triumph indeed of hope over experience, as Dr Johnson would have said. At the end of the winter of 1759-1760 in Quebec there were five hundred and seventy-nine British women with the troops who had survived without one single casualty during a season of great privation and suffering. They are referred to in an official document at the end of the siege in the following quaint language: "In good health, eating their rations and fit for their duties both by day and night."

Nor were they persons to be trifled with, *à propos* of which an incident not altogether lacking in humour occurred at Ostend on May 2nd, 1742. At this time the scarlet coat was about to make its re-appearance on a European battlefield after an absence of thirty years. It had apparently occurred to nobody to keep a record of the administrative regulations which governed the every-day life in the field of the army which served under the great Duke of Marlborough. As a result there existed on the outbreak of war in 1742 a most complete ignorance of the routine to be adopted, and amongst other things which went amiss was the despatch, in advance of the troops

themselves, to the overseas base of a ship whose passengers consisted entirely of soldiers' wives and other ladies whose exact relation to the troops could not be so clearly defined. The Base Commandant, as we should call him now, had not been warned of the advent of this ship with its somewhat explosive cargo, and no arrangements therefore had been made to secure proper accommodation in the town of Ostend. There followed a very considerable uproar, for the married ladies and those whose status was less determinate—and the latter would not have been the least insistent—demanded immediate attention. The office of the Base Commandant that morning must have presented a scene of considerable animation.

Sir Charles Oman, in the volume which he devotes to a description of Wellington's army, gives a vivid sketch of the wives who trailed after their lords and masters through Portugal and Spain. Let us hope that some day a like graphic pen will give us the full story of those large-hearted, courageous women who for two hundred years and more followed the drum of the British army all over the world in war with no less devotion than in peace.

Let us turn for a moment to the chief personalities opposed to Wolfe at Quebec. The Governor-General of Canada at that time was the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He was present in Quebec. As

Governor-General he was head of the civil and military forces of the Crown. He appears to have been a very conceited man, whose capacity was rated by other people by no means so highly as by himself. He has been accused of being a traitor, but for this charge there does not appear to be any proof; he was, however, undoubtedly in the hands of two men who were most certainly rascals, of the first water. These two men were Bigot and Cadet. The first was the chief, the second the sub-chief, of the French administrative services in North America. They had both piled up immense fortunes by the most bare-faced robbery. Both, however, had come under the suspicion of the Government in Paris. So much was this the case, that it was placed on record at the time by the French diarist, the Chevalier Johnston, that it would be well worth the while of Bigot and Cadet to lose Canada to the British in order to cover up all trace of their malpractices.

Finally, there comes the commanding figure of Montcalm, the commander of the French regular forces in Canada. Louis Joseph de Montcalm-Gozon, Marquis de Montcalm, to give him his full title, was now forty-five years of age. After a very distinguished service in the field in Europe, he had come to Canada in order to try and save money to free his family estates, which were very much incumbered. His financial difficulties were

not decreased by the fact that he had a large family of ten children. He had served with great distinction in North America, having to his credit the defeat of Abercromby at Ticonderoga and the capture of Forts Oswego and William Henry. A very able, gallant soldier, he was a man of the highest personal character, the best proof of which is afforded by the fact that, while the civil administrators around him piled up immense fortunes by speculation, he himself died a poorer man than when he came to Canada. Between such a man and a vain incompetent like Vaudreuil there could be nothing in common.

Pitt's plan for 1759 was a very comprehensive one. In addition to the attack under Wolfe and Admiral Saunders up the St Lawrence, there were to be two other lines of advance on Montreal. A subsidiary one under General Prideaux was to capture Fort Niagara and approach Montreal down the St Lawrence. The main attack under General Amherst, via Lakes George and Champlain and the Richelieu river, was to reach Montreal from the south. These two operations may be dismissed very briefly. General Prideaux took Niagara and shortly afterwards came to his end, which is somewhat quaintly described in a contemporary letter: "A gunner fired his piece inconsiderately as the General was passing." This regrettable lack of consideration led to the removal

of the General's head. Operations on this side under General Gage, who succeeded Prideaux, came to a standstill at the end of July, which date is worth remembering. Similarly, the progress of Amherst after his capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point came to an end about the same time, namely the end of July. In this case further progress was impossible, owing to the superiority on the Lakes of the French gun-boats. The student of military operations undertaken for the possession of Canada will find this fact constantly recurring, namely that success or failure has always depended upon the command of the great inland lakes and waterways.

To turn to the expedition up the St Lawrence. This force, under Wolfe and Saunders, gradually collected at Louisburg during April and May. Pitt had promised Wolfe 12,000 men, but the casualties during the previous winter due to exposure and insufficient clothing and food had considerably reduced the strength of some battalions. In consequence the 12,000 men were reduced to 8500. The force was organised in three Infantry Brigades. Monckton's Brigade consisted of the 15th, 43rd, 58th, Fraser's Highlanders; Townshend's Brigade of the 28th, 47th, 2/60th; Murray's Brigade of the 35th, 48th, 3/60th. There were also two Grenadier battalions improvised for the campaign, one consisting of the

grenadier companies belonging to the battalions enumerated above, the other being made up of the grenadier companies belonging to the 22nd, 40th, and 45th Regiments, which had been left behind in garrison at Louisburg. Finally there was a Light Infantry battalion.

The force was a very small one with which to attack Quebec, where the French had some fourteen to fifteen thousand Regulars and Colonials, besides a considerable force of Indians. Both sides employed Indians, and both would gladly have done without them; but each belligerent was compelled to employ them because, unless utilised on one side, the Indians would certainly be found on the other. They consumed vast quantities of meat and equally large quantities of brandy. They were perpetually discontented, and changed sides with a levity and frequency which was most disconcerting. Finally, they committed the most appalling atrocities. Their national custom of scalping the dead was copied by both the French and the English, the only difference being apparently that the British did not scalp a victim until he was dead, while the Indians, on the other hand, appear to have found an extra joy in scalping a wounded man while still alive. We even find Wolfe, a very humane man, so enraged by the number of his sentries who were scalped as to offer a reward of five guineas for the scalp of every

Indian, or Canadian soldier dressed like an Indian, that was brought in. The only protest against scalping that I have come across is contained in an order issued by Count Dieskau, a German officer in the French service: "The Indians must be ordered not to amuse themselves scalping until the enemy has been defeated. Ten men may be killed while one is being scalped." The objection to scalping, it will be seen, was purely one of time to the scrupulous Dieskau.

The expedition under Saunders and Wolfe, with its 141 vessels, big and small, passed up the St Lawrence, a distance of three hundred and sixty miles or so, without mishap. This was in itself a most remarkable feat of seamanship, as no chart of the St Lawrence was available. The credit lay with Saunders. He maintained an excellent discipline. Amongst other orders issued by him was one to the effect that every hired transport failing to obey an order promptly and precisely would be fired on and the skipper be charged with the cost of the powder and shot so expended. This was no idle threat, as the skippers well knew, for H.M. ships engaged on press-gang work invariably fired on any vessel which refused to stop when called upon to do so. In such cases the skipper of the offending vessel had to pay six shillings and eightpence for each round fired, which is of course the origin of the expression "paying the shot."

An intercepted letter from Vaudreuil to the French Government shews what he thought of Saunders' skill. He says: "The English have passed sixty battleships where we would not have ventured one vessel of a hundred tons by day or night." The effort was the more remarkable owing to the fact that many of the North American skippers were not over-capable.

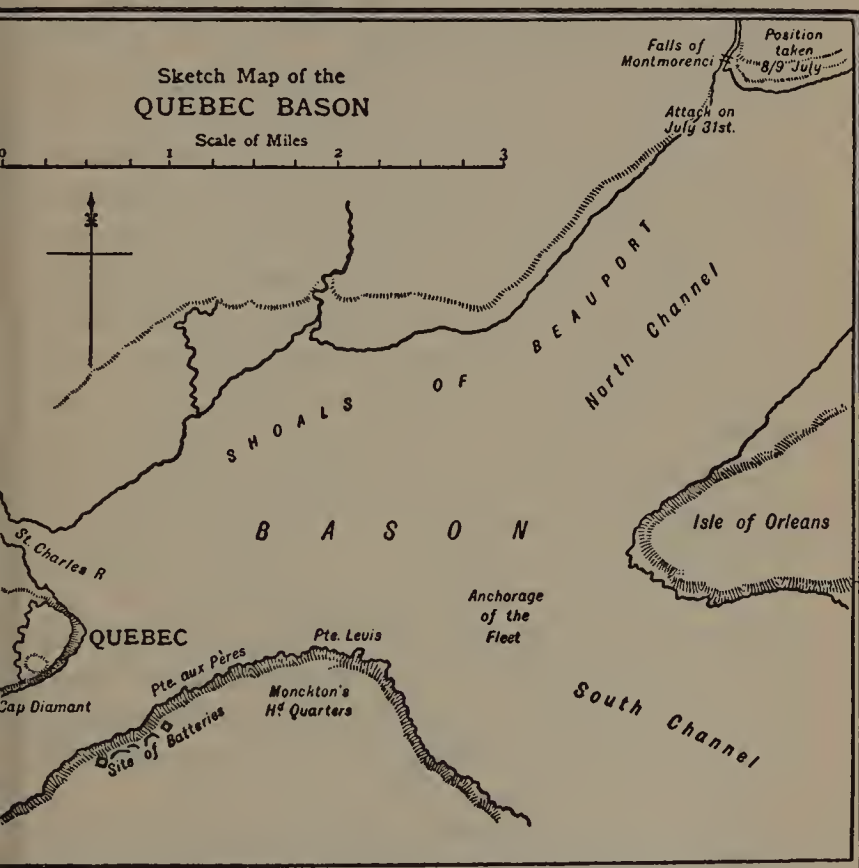
Captain Knox in his Journal tells us the following incident in connection with his vessel, of which the skipper was one Jonathan, a Quaker from New England. There was a heavy sea running and the not too efficient Jonathan was attempting to get the vessel into the safety of a small bay for the night. Instead of getting into the bay, however, the vessel was driving full on to some rocks at the mouth of the bay. Jonathan completely lost his head, and fell on his knees, shouting to his mate "Oh, Ebenezer, I vow we shall be lost, what shall we do? Let us to prayers." To which Ebenezer, who had equally lost his wits, replied, "Good Jonathan, I know not what to do any more than thyself." Seeing the helplessness of the skipper and his mate and the ever-increasing danger which the ship was in, a British soldier, who had served for some years in a man-of-war and again in a privateer and was a thoroughly competent seaman, roared out, "Do? Why, blast and damn your eyes and limbs, lower your sails

and let her go in arse foremost; what the devil is the good in praying and canting now?" With which he seized the helm, ordered the sails to be lowered, and the vessel went stern foremost into the bay and into safety. Upon which Jonathan was heard to remark, "Brother Ebenezer, that young man's advice was very good, but was it not wicked of him to give it so blasphemously?"

On June 27th the whole force was collected at the western point of the Island of Orleans. This island, twenty miles long by four broad, lies just below Quebec, facing the six miles of shore which stretch from the St Charles river to the Montmorenci river, where the latter falls over a precipice two hundred and fifty feet high into the St Lawrence. Along this six mile stretch Montcalm had the bulk of his force entrenched. These entrenchments were known as the Lines of Beauport.

The following night six fire-ships, loaded up with every form of combustibile and explosive and full of cannon loaded to the muzzle, were let loose by the French to float down amongst the British shipping. The French officer in charge, Deloude, lacked the nerve to bring his fire-vessels close to the British shipping before setting them alight. He put a match to them quite four miles up the river. The result was that the British had ample warning, and the sailors of the fleet, rowing out

in small boats, took the fire-ships in tow in the most gallant possible manner and diverted them to some mud-flats, where they exploded harmlessly.



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The next day Wolfe sent Monckton's Brigade

to capture Point Levis. The river narrows here to a breadth of one thousand two hundred yards, and great pressure had been brought upon Montcalm to hold the Point with 4000 men. He refused to divide his force, and in view of the fact that the British had such marked superiority on the water one can only say that Montcalm was wise. Had he placed 4000 men on Point Levis, this isolated force must have been destroyed without hope of help from the Quebec side. A further consideration, which no doubt weighed with Montcalm, was his inability to believe that the British artillery could do any serious damage to Quebec at such a range. In this, however, he was wrong, as events proved; for, since the formation of the Royal Artillery Academy at Woolwich in 1741, a great advance had been made in the science of gunnery, and, further, the artillery of the British army at Quebec was in the hands of a particularly able gunner, Colonel Williamson. The British batteries were soon established on Point Levis and started bombarding Quebec, reducing, in course of time, the lower town to complete ruin and inflicting considerable damage on the upper town.

Two days after the capture of Point Levis, Wolfe, leaving a force to protect his camp and hospitals on the Isle of Orleans, pushed Townshend's and Murray's Brigades over to the opposite shore and took up a position with them on the east side of the Montmorenci Falls, the river—

only some twelve yards broad, but unfordable—being between him and the French. We see now that by July 1st Wolfe had split up his force between Point Levis, the Isle of Orleans, and the Montmorenci Falls, a distance of some six miles dividing the two wings of his army, while communication was by water and liable to interruption in rough weather. It is clear that he was running great danger, and it is difficult to find any sound military reason for what he did.

Montcalm was strongly urged by the best officer he had, de Levis, to exploit Wolfe's scattered condition, to concentrate every available French soldier, and to crush the two Brigades of Murray and Townshend by crossing the Montmorenci river by a ford, some three miles up the stream, and coming down the eastern side of the river on the British camp. Montcalm, however, was very anxious lest Wolfe should take the obvious line of exploiting his command of the water and of landing his army up-stream west of Quebec, thus cutting the city off from Montreal, whence came all its supplies and all its munitions. He said to de Levis: "Let the British stay there and amuse themselves. They can do us no harm where they are."

On July 19th Admiral Saunders sent Admiral Holmes with three vessels up the river past the batteries of Quebec, an operation which was carried out without loss. From Wolfe's journal it is clear

that he discussed with Admiral Saunders the possibility of landing up the river, west of the town. The object he had in his mind all the time was to capture some point, to recover which Montcalm would be obliged to concentrate and fight him. In a word, his objective was the defeat of the main French army, and nothing could have been more sound. He gave up the idea of landing west of the town, because, as he told Pitt in one of his despatches, he was afraid that in landing west of the town he might be unable to get his whole force ashore before the leading troops that might be first landed had been overwhelmed.

He decided, still having in his mind the intention to seize some advantage to recover which Montcalm would be forced to fight, to attack and capture a certain redoubt lying between the main Beauport lines and the beach. He thought that if he could take this redoubt, Montcalm would be obliged to concentrate for its recapture. With this object in view he carried out his much criticised operations of July 31st. These operations were very complicated. Leaving a guard for the batteries, Monckton's Brigade was withdrawn from Point Levis and placed on board ship. Townshend's and Murray's Brigades were to wade through the Montmorenci river below the Falls at low tide, while Monckton's Brigade landed on the open beach and co-operated with the two Brigades of

Monckton and Murray. The latter could only ford the river at low tide, and this fixed the disembarkation of Monckton's Brigade at low tide too. The result was that Monckton's boats grounded at the first attempt on a ledge of rock, too far from the shore. Great delay ensued; and when at last the landing was effected, valuable time had been lost, the ships were unable to come in close enough to support the advance of the troops by their fire, and the operations ended with the repulse of a disjointed attack by three of Monckton's battalions and the abandonment of the whole enterprise.

The reason for the disjointed attack referred to above had never been explained until the matter was dealt with by Captain Lewis Butler in his *Annals of the King's Royal Rifle Corps*. He tells us that the two battalions of Grenadiers, including of course the grenadier companies of the two battalions of the Royal American Regiment, known to fame later as the 60th Rifles and now as the King's Royal Rifle Corps, led the way, with 200 men of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Americans close behind them. The remainder of the Brigade was forming up upon the beach, preparing to follow in support. The 2nd Battalion Royal American Regiment "must have been short of officers, for Ochterlony, who was in command of the two hundred men just mentioned, was acting as a Major although his promotion to the rank of

Captain was so recent that he could hardly have been aware of it. He had been wounded by a German officer in a duel the day previous but, notwithstanding his friends' entreaties, was present on parade, declaring that a wound received in a private encounter should not stop him from doing his duty to his country. Whether Ochterlony felt animosity against Captain Wetterstroom as a German is not known; but he called out to that officer, who commanded the companies of Royal American grenadiers on the immediate right of his own detachment: 'Though my men are not grenadiers, you will see we shall be first at the redoubt.' Fired by the remark, the two R.A.R. grenadier companies dashed to the front, and the remainder of the grenadier battalion with them. Despite all efforts of their officers to control the men, they rushed forward in the greatest disorder and confusion upon the nearest redoubt, without formed support, and drove the French from it, then instantly found themselves under a tremendous fire from the entrenchments above, and for a moment recoiled. Then recovering themselves, the men made a second mad rush up the steep slippery grass of the ascent, but only to roll down in scores, killed or wounded by the French musketry. The affair was wearing an ugly aspect, when a summer's storm suddenly broke over the combatants, effectually stopping the fire by drenching the ammuni-

tion of both sides, and checking all further attempt at assault by making the grassy slopes more slippery than ever. Wolfe, seeing that everything had gone wrong, seized the moment to order a retreat; and the troops fell back and re-embarked."

Wolfe himself was under very heavy fire, being twice hit by splinters and having his stick knocked out of his hand by a grape-shot. Wolfe took all the blame on himself. He acknowledged the obvious fact that he could quite well have landed Monckton's Brigade beforehand on the east side of the Montmorenci river. An attack by all three Brigades across the ford could then have been made, thus avoiding all the risks attending a disembarkation of troops on a muddy fore-shore, the features of which were unknown, under a heavy fire.

It is curious to see that the task set to Monckton's Brigade is remarkably like the task set to Amherst's force at Louisburg, which Wolfe criticised so much. Now he himself became the criticised, for the majority of his three Brigadiers had thought very little of his plan before the battle and still less after it. With Townshend in particular there appears to have been a good deal of friction from the day that he first landed with his Brigade on the Montmorenci Heights. This friction was due to a variety of causes and was to continue to the end. Townshend no doubt had a very irritating

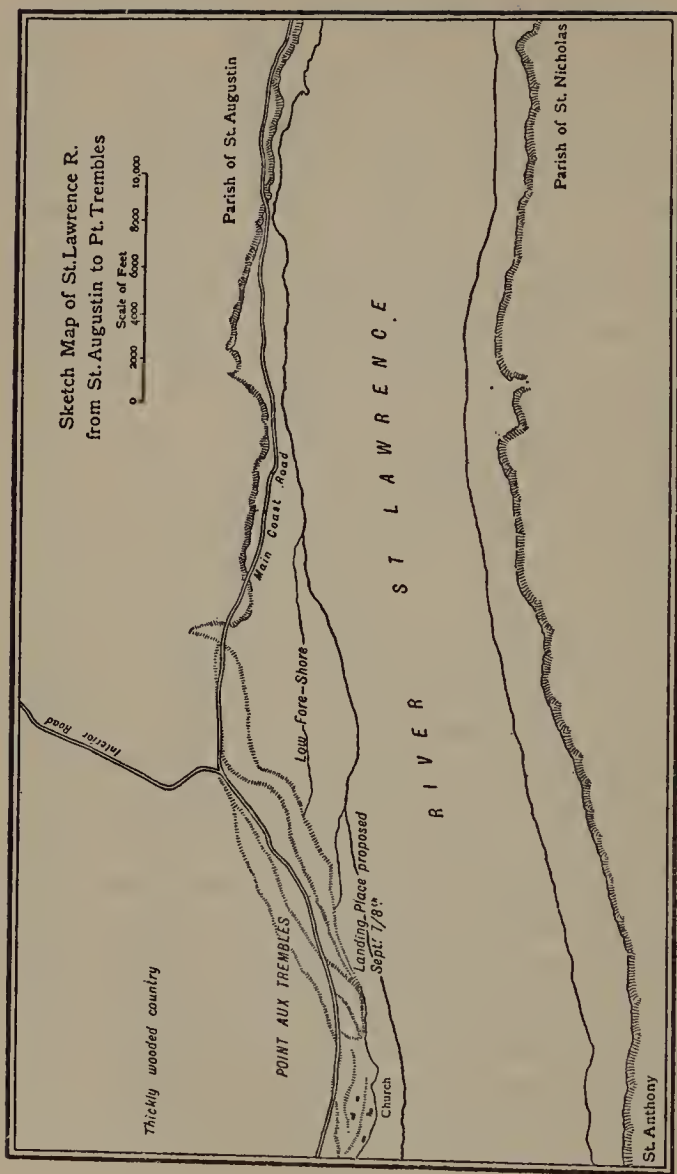
manner. He was, moreover, a very clever caricaturist, and one of his efforts in this direction entitled "General Wolfe reconnoitring a whore house" came into Wolfe's hands and by no means added to the pleasant relations between the two men.

The battle of July 31st furnishes an incident illustrating Wolfe's great generosity. Captain David Ochterlony in the retirement of the Royal American Regiment was left behind very severely wounded. He was about to be murdered by some Indians, when a French soldier came to his rescue and carried him into safety. Wolfe, hearing of this, sent £20 to Montcalm and asked him to give it to the soldier in question.

On August 2nd Wolfe sent Murray with 1200 men and a considerable portion of the fleet up the river. The object of this enterprise was to destroy, if possible, the French vessels, which had retired up the river; a second object was to commit as much damage as possible on French settlements along the banks. Murray appears to have received no particular orders as to the date of his return. As a result, he did not return till August 27th, having failed to find the French vessels, but having done a certain amount of damage to French villages upon the banks. It resulted from this unfortunate delay of Murray's, for which he does not appear to be in any way to blame, that all

operations on a big scale had to be suspended. This was a very serious matter, for time was slipping by. July and August had passed away, and there only remained about six weeks before the British fleet must sail away to avoid the winter ice; and with the departure of the fleet would vanish all prospect of taking Quebec in 1759. In the meantime anxiety, overwork, and his many ailments had forced Wolfe to go on the sick list, and he was in bed from August 20th to the end of the month.

On Murray's return on August 27th, Wolfe, who was still in bed, wrote a memorandum addressed to the three Brigadiers, asking them for their opinion as to what shape future operations should take. In this memorandum Wolfe suggested various plans for attacking Montcalm which were in reality only adaptations of the plan which had ended so disastrously on July 31st. The Brigadiers replied at length and expressed their disapproval of the schemes submitted by Wolfe. They pointed out that any further attempt on the Beauport position must be very risky and very prodigal of life; even if it succeeded, there would still remain the fact that Montcalm would defend the line of the St Charles river. Even were this crossed and Quebec taken, the whole French force would be in a position to retire up-country on Montreal. The Brigadiers suggested that a far



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better plan would be to make use of the sea-power at Wolfe's disposal, effect a landing above the town, and place the British force astride of the French communications with Montreal, whence came all their food and all their munitions. Three roads lead from Quebec towards Montreal, one close to the coast via Foy and Cape Rouge and two some few miles up-country. All three roads met close to the coast at Point aux Trembles, some sixteen miles from Quebec. Here was a position suitable to the size of Wolfe's force where, with his left flank protected by forests and marshes and his right resting on the fleet, he could absolutely block all communication between Quebec and Montreal. In such a position, the Brigadiers contended, the British army would present to Montcalm such a danger that he would be compelled to come out to fight and endeavour to clear himself.

Wolfe accepted the proposal without demur. We know that he had considered the advisability of placing himself astride of the enemy's communications with Montreal before this and had discussed the matter with Admiral Saunders. But though he had recognised the advisability of the step, he does not appear to have gripped the absolute necessity for taking it.

On September 2nd Wolfe wrote his last despatch to Pitt, in which he sketched the progress of events up to date and outlined the operations

which he now proposed to carry out above the town. The general tone of the writer was depressed and the despatch must have been cheerless reading to the great statesman upon whose shoulders rested the whole burden of the war.

Wolfe immediately set about evacuating the Montmorenci position. This operation, in view of the very close touch maintained by the French, was not an easy one. It was carried out with great skill, and by September 3rd the British army was safely encamped on Orleans and by Point Levis.

Wolfe was now committed to a supreme effort to cut the French line of communication and to force them to a battle which should decide the fate of Canada. For this action he would require every man and gun he possessed. We have seen that his force only numbered 8500 at the start, in place of the 12,000 promised by Pitt. Since the operations had begun the casualties had been heavy both in killed and wounded and in sick, and not one single reinforcement had arrived.

As we study the direction of the Seven Years' War, and more particularly of the War of American Independence, we shall be surprised to find the extraordinary manner in which the supply of reinforcements to replace casualties was neglected. We shall find battalions permitted to dwindle and dwindle in numbers until too weak to take the field. The few survivors were then sent home,

their place being taken by a new and inexperienced battalion sent out from home. This policy was utterly wrong. In the first place, it is exceedingly bad for the morale of a unit to allow that unit to dwindle away. Men see their numbers becoming smaller and smaller, and, as their comrades go by disease or battle-casualty, those remaining think that their own turn must soon come. If, however, a unit is kept up to strength by a properly organised system of reinforcements, a man does not regard his chance of becoming a casualty in a battalion a thousand strong to be so great as when that battalion may have become reduced to a strength of two or three hundred or less. It should be noted, too, that if the strength of units falls below a certain point, the health of the survivors begins to suffer, for the same number of duties has to be found in a weak battalion as in a strong one. Consequently, as there are fewer men to do the duties, a man's turn for duty comes round far more often and he gets less opportunity for rest.

Paucity of numbers, too, makes it impossible to give tired men a chance to recuperate. Many a man remains on duty and goes from bad to worse who, had it been possible to send him to a battalion rest camp early in the day, would soon have returned, fit for further service, to his unit. Further, and this is equally important, if casualties are at once made up, the new-comers rapidly absorb the

spirit of the veteran members and the character of a veteran battalion is constantly maintained. It is therefore vital for this reason alone to keep war-worn units up to strength rather than to let them die away from neglect, to be replaced by absolutely green troops. Finally, if casualties are not replaced, the units concerned feel themselves neglected, and this feeling is exceedingly bad for morale.

It may be contested that we do not make these mistakes now, that the replacement of expended personnel in the Great War was placed on a most scientific basis, and that our record in this respect is one of which we have every reason to be proud. This is all very true, and we have every cause for pride; but none the less there was one theatre of operations in which veteran units were allowed to dwindle away while fresh and inexperienced formations were despatched from home, as the student of the operations in the Dardanelles cannot fail to remark.

In consequence of the failure to make good his losses, Wolfe could now dispose of only some 7000 men, of whom some few would be required to protect the hospitals on Orleans and the batteries on Point Levis. It therefore seems to us quite unintelligible that Wolfe at this crisis in affairs should have weakened his main force by the despatch of no less than 1600 men down the river towards the sea, with orders to ravage the French settlements

in those parts. It is clear that the burning of French settlements, no matter how numerous, could not possibly affect the coming struggle with Montcalm, whereas the absence of 1600 men from that struggle might very well affect Wolfe's chances of success adversely and all would be lost. We have noticed the tendency shewn throughout by Wolfe to scatter rather than to concentrate his force, and for this tendency it is difficult to find an excuse.

Between September 5th and the 9th, Wolfe, with all his available force moving up and down the river, threatening first one point and then another, left the French in doubt as to where the blow was to fall. He appears to have entertained the intention of landing where the Brigadiers had suggested, namely at Point aux Trembles; but for reasons of weather, which are too long to go into here, he never actually committed himself to an attempt in this quarter. In the meantime he was suffering from one of the ill-effects of Murray's journey up the river during August. Previous to Murray's journey the French had neglected the defences up-river. Consequent on Murray's operations Montcalm had strengthened the up-river defences, and had despatched some 2300 men, including three hundred cavalry under Colonel de Bougainville, to whom was entrusted the entire charge of the up-river defences.

Louis Antoine de Bougainville was a very capable man, who deserves more than a passing reference. He was now thirty and a full Colonel. He had served as Adjutant of his regiment in France, and then had been sent as Military Attaché to the French Embassy in London. While in London he had published an original paper on the Integral Calculus which had attracted the attention of the Royal Society, which eminent body conferred on him the high distinction of their Fellowship on January 8th, 1756. He had served for five years in America with considerable distinction and had been twice wounded. He had only just returned from France, whither he had been sent to represent to the French Government the desperate state of Canadian affairs. Had the British Admiral Durell been at his post at the mouth of the St Lawrence as early in the year as he should have been, de Bougainville would never have returned to Canada; but Admiral Durell was so dilatory that the French convoy of twenty ships got up the river before the British fleet arrived. For this mistake we paid very dear, for without the provisions, munitions, and reinforcements which the French convoy brought with them, it is very doubtful if Quebec would have been defended at all.

After the loss of Canada de Bougainville entered the French navy. He carried out a remarkable voyage lasting three years in the Pacific, where he

discovered the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. During the War of American Independence, after the entry of France into the struggle, de Bougainville was conspicuous for very meritorious service on various occasions, particularly in the battle between Rodney and de Grasse. During this war he rose to be a Vice-Admiral. He then left the navy and rejoined the army, where he attained the rank of General. Surviving the Revolution, he died at the age of eighty-four in 1811, having attained by hard fighting afloat and ashore the ranks of Vice-Admiral and General, and having been made by the Emperor Napoleon a member of the Legion of Honour, a Senator, and a Count of the Empire¹.

To complete our brief sketch of this very remarkable man, it only remains to point out his very great friendship with a certain Madame de Vienne, the wife of an official high up in the office of Bigot and Cadet. Further, we must note that in Madame de Vienne's house was located the Headquarters of the French Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. We shall hear of Madame de Vienne again.

On the 7th the composition of all three Infantry Brigades was radically altered. The military machine is a very delicate instrument, depending for its

¹ For these and many other details I am indebted to the notes in Mr Doughty's edition of Knox's *Journal*.

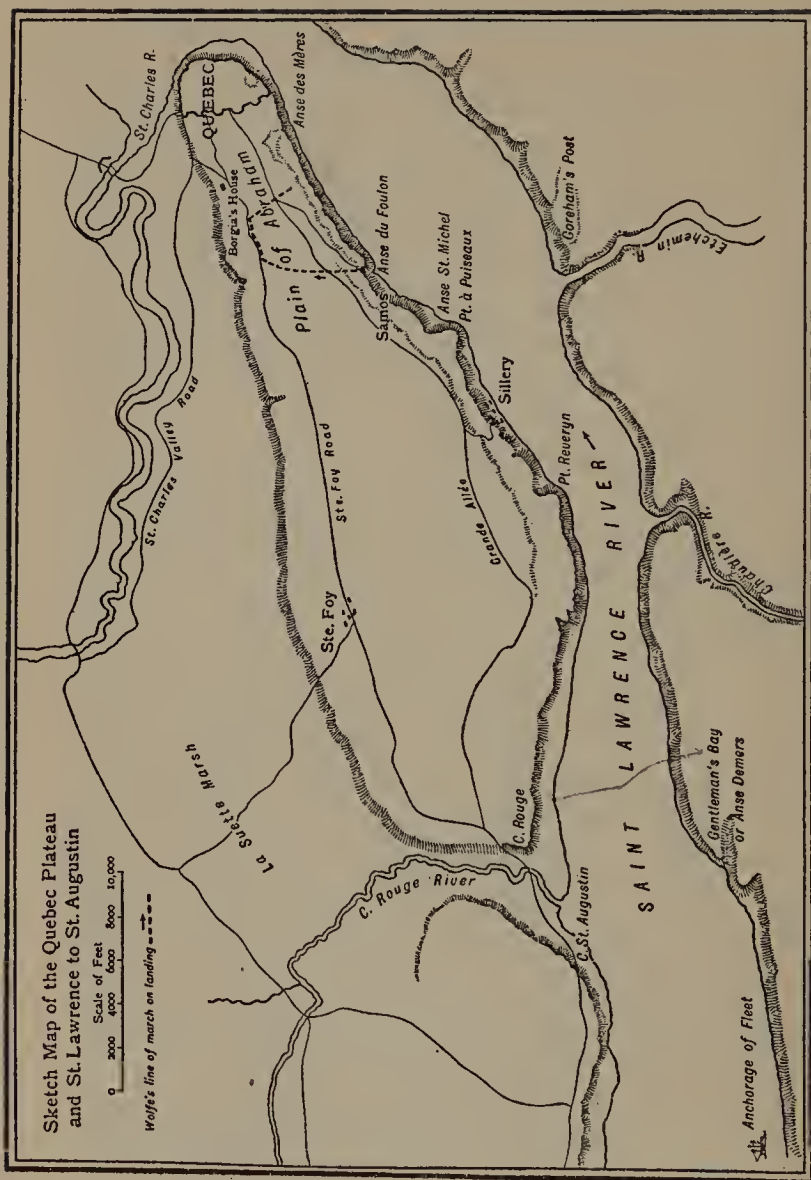
smooth working on a close association between Commanders, their Staffs, and their troops. Thus to throw out of gear the machinery of all three Brigades on the eve of the crisis of the campaign seems to us an extraordinary proceeding, for which it is impossible to find any adequate reason. History, however, has a habit of repeating itself, and we repeated the same mistake on the outbreak of the South African War in 1899. There were at Aldershot at that moment two Infantry Brigades, complete with Commanders and Staffs. These units had long been in existence and were most efficient. They were, moreover, the only complete units of their kind in the country. Nevertheless they were ruthlessly broken up in order that Brigades with fancy titles, presumably attractive to the public, such as English Brigade, Irish Brigade, Fusilier Brigade, etc., might be created.

On the 9th Wolfe landed his troops, or the greater part of them, to stretch their legs on the south shore. On that day he wrote his last letter home. The letter was addressed to Lord Holderness, a member of the Government. It was composed in no optimistic vein and concluded with these words: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined without the satisfaction of having done any considerable service to the State or with any prospect of doing so."

On the 10th he came out with an entirely new scheme quite his own. On the afternoon of the 10th, having asked for six private soldiers' overcoats to cover the conspicuous uniforms of himself and his Staff, he took with him Monckton, Townshend, and the leading members of his Staff down the river to a point near Goreham's Post, and pointed out to them a small cove, called the Anse du Foulon, situated only a mile and a half from Quebec, where he had determined to make his now famous landing.

It is well to emphasise the fact that Wolfe's proposal involved a landing one and a half miles from Quebec, while the suggestion put forward by the Brigadiers was to land sixteen miles from the city. The interesting point arises as to what led Wolfe to change his mind, for he had, as we have seen, entertained very favourably the plan put forward by the Brigadiers. For an answer to this question, we shall, I think, be well advised to consult the pages of General Mahon's *Life of Murray*.

There had arrived, on the morning of the 10th, Major Barré, Wolfe's Adjutant-General. There also arrived a package delivered by a French deserter during the night of the 9-10th. What this package actually contained we do not know. Wolfe destroyed all his papers from September 1st onwards; Major Barré left no papers; and the papers of Wolfe's Quartermaster-General, Colonel



Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, were destroyed by Lady Dorchester on the death of her husband. We can, however, with General Mahon's assistance, arrive at certain definite conclusions as to what the French deserter's package contained if we follow the events of principal interest which occurred in de Bougainville's force during the 11th to 12th inclusive, bearing in mind that Wolfe's attack was timed for the night of September 12-13th. We will take the events as they occurred, from de Bougainville's Headquarters at Cape Rouge downwards.

Cape Rouge is eight miles from Quebec. On the 11th Madame de Vienne evacuated her house in Quebec, which she had so far occupied in security during the siege, and removed herself and all her belongings en route for Montreal. We must bear in mind that her husband was high up in the office of Bigot and Cadet, whose nefarious doings in connection with the administration of Canada were so notorious; and we have before observed that the loss of Canada to the French was likely to be of great service to Bigot and Cadet in covering up their defalcations. It is curious that Madame de Vienne should have chosen this moment to leave Quebec. It is clear that she must have had help from Bigot and Cadet, who controlled the available transport; for she required a considerable number of vehicles to remove her effects,

yet transport of all kinds was very scarce in Quebec. A further point of interest lies in the fact that, instead of choosing the most direct road, which ran through de Bougainville's Headquarters at Cape Rouge, she was sent by one of the upper roads running some miles north of Cape Rouge. On the 11th, too late to communicate with Madame de Vienne, de Bougainville heard of her departure. He at once wrote to an officer under his command, de Blau, who was in charge of the French post at Jacques Cartier, higher up the river. He asked de Blau to stop Madame de Vienne and put her up at Jacques Cartier. On the 12th de Blau replied, saying that ladies at all times could rely on his assistance, and most of all of them Madame de Vienne. He therefore made arrangements to look after this lady at Jacques Cartier. There we will leave her for the moment, located within riding distance of Cape Rouge and at a post which de Bougainville was legitimately empowered to visit if he thought fit.

We will now come lower down the river to the post at Sillery, four and a half miles from Cape Rouge and two thousand yards only from the Anse du Foulon. Here a very capable French regular officer, Captain de Remigny, was in charge. He was, to judge from his reports, which are available to us, a very keen and accurate observer. He had kept de Bougainville very thoroughly

posted in the numbers of British troops operating above the town. On the 12th, however, he records in his diary that of his three chargers the best had been stolen and the other two rendered dead lame. He adds, too, that his application for a mounted orderly had met with no response. It is clear that his power to communicate information quickly was thus very much impaired.

We now come to the French post at the Anse du Foulon itself. Here a very reliable French regular officer, Captain St Martin, was in command. On the 11th, however, he was removed and replaced by a Colonial officer, de Vergor. It is worthy of remark that this is the same officer who was tried by court-martial in 1754 for surrendering Beauséjour in Nova Scotia to Monckton. At the Anse du Foulon post under de Vergor were a hundred men. On the morning of the 12th there was stationed in rear of the Anse du Foulon on the Heights of Abraham, by Montcalm's orders, the French regular Regiment de Guienne. On the afternoon of the 12th Bigot and Cadet went to the Governor, de Vaudreuil, and prevailed upon him to remove the Regiment de Guienne to a camp by the bridge over the St Charles river on the northern edge of the town.

Thus, on the evening of the 12th, within a few hours of Wolfe's attack, the following situation presented itself in the French posts above the

town. De Bougainville, the commander of those defences, was at Cape Rouge, with his great friend Madame de Vienne located for the night within riding distance at Jacques Cartier. At Sillery the very capable commander, de Remigny, was crippled by the lack of his horses. At the Anse du Foulon de Vergor, an incapable if not an actually very untrustworthy officer, was in command; while the battalion which should have been close by to support him had been removed on the very empty plea that it was impossible to supply it with wood in that position.

To complete the picture, and the addition is very important, it is necessary to state that it had been given out that a French convoy with provisions was expected to arrive by water via Cape Rouge, Sillery, and the Anse du Foulon on the night of the 12-13th. In order to facilitate the movements of the convoy, a pass-word was issued so that the convoy might be recognised. Now it is remarkable that on previous occasions on which the passage of a convoy had occurred the most careful preparations had been made, and the most meticulous orders issued, to insure the protection of the convoy in its passage down the river, entailing considerable movement of troops on land. For the night September 12-13th no such preparations were made. The convoy was, indeed, non-existent. Yet the French posts on the river

were thus prepared to accept without comment the passage of boats down the river that night.

We left General Wolfe reconnoitring the Anse du Foulon. His plan was to land every available man (4880) at the Anse du Foulon, beginning the disembarkation at 4 a.m. on the morning of the 13th. Wolfe has been much criticised for not adhering to the plan put forth by the Brigadiers, namely to land at Point aux Trembles, sixteen miles from Quebec. It has been urged that, had he landed there, Montcalm must have fought him there; and that, as the British force would have blocked the only road to Montreal, the whole of the French army about Quebec, including de Bougainville's force, would have been taken or destroyed. It is argued that his own plan, whereby he left open the two roads running north of the Foy-Cape Rouge road, enabled the beaten French army to escape after the battle round the British left flank, to re-appear and all but wrest Quebec from Murray in the spring of the following year.

I submit for consideration the following point of view. Wolfe's force was from the very beginning dangerously small for the task on hand. He had further reduced it by his inexplicable action in detaching 1600 men to destroy French settlements below the town. An additional complication lay in the fact that an immediate decision must be obtained, owing to the rapid approach of the date on

which the British fleet must leave Quebec. His best chance under the circumstances lay in surprising the enemy and causing him to fight at a disadvantage with numbers commensurate with those at Wolfe's own disposal. Let us be clear as to what precisely we mean by the word surprise. We cannot do better than read what Marshal Foch says in this connection. He tells us that to surprise an enemy we must present a danger of such magnitude and such imminence that the enemy, in the time at his disposal, cannot collect forces sufficient to meet the danger. In other words, the question is one of time and space. The closer to the enemy we present the danger, the less time he has to counter our effort; contrariwise, the further off we develop our attack, the better able is the enemy to collect forces with which to meet us. Now the Point aux Trembles is sixteen miles from Quebec. Wolfe had no transport of any kind and no teams to haul the guns. Montcalm knew this quite well and, had Wolfe landed sixteen miles away, the French Commander would have had ample time to collect himself and to bring every available man and gun to bear on the British. He would have had time to secure the co-operation of de Bougainville, and it is also extremely probable that he might have secured help from the direction of Montreal. There had left him, towards the middle of August, an officer of very great ability, the

Marquis de Levis, with about a thousand men. De Levis had been sent to support the French troops who were opposing Amherst on Lake Champlain and Gage at Niagara. It must, however, have been known to the French by now that the British advance on both these lines of approach had come to a standstill for the year, as further advance depended on boats, the construction of which was only just begun. It is, I think, reasonable to urge that de Levis would most certainly have returned to assist Montcalm—he was, as I have said, an officer of great decision and ability, qualities which eventually led him to a dukedom and to the bâton of a Marshal of France.

A great point has been made of the fact that the French in Quebec were very short of supplies and that they would have been bound to attempt to clear their communications at once. I do not think, however, that there is evidence to prove that their supply situation was as critical as all that. I think they most certainly would have had time to look round and make such preparations as they could to deal with the British menace. The date of the decisive conflict would have been postponed, delay would have been caused, and delay was the one thing that Wolfe was most anxious to avoid. Wolfe, however, by his plan, whereby he thrust himself between de Bougainville and the Quebec garrison, presented at the closest possible range a

danger so great and so imminent that Montcalm was forced to make an effort to counter it with whatever troops he could collect in the time. By the time that Montcalm had heard of the British landing having been effected, Wolfe's force was drawn up on the Heights of Abraham, a bare twelve hundred yards from the city wall. Every hour that passed by would enable Wolfe to strengthen his position and to bring up more and more guns. Montcalm had no option but to attack at once. It is true that the bulk of the defeated French army escaped after the battle by moving along the two upper roads, which ran well clear of the British left flank. None the less they left the whole of their stores, munitions, and camp equipment behind them, the lack of which things told very heavily against the Marquis de Levis in his operations the following year.

I think that we are safe when we say that, however slow Wolfe had been to appreciate the power which his command of the river gave him to move troops above the town, and whatever mistakes he may have made in dispersing rather than concentrating his force, he redeemed all by a stroke of genius, carried out with a courage, determination, and resolution—in a word, by a display of character equalled possibly, but never surpassed, in the history of British arms.

Wolfe's plan was simple enough. Two-thirds of

the troops destined for the attack were to move up on board the fleet to a point just above Cape Rouge. The distance from this point to the Anse du Foulon would be about eight miles. During the night of September 12-13th half the force on board the ships was to be embarked in flat-bottomed boats under the command of Monckton, who had with him his own and Murray's Brigades. Monckton's force, starting at 2 a.m. on the 13th, was to drop down with the ebbing tide to the Anse du Foulon, where the boats were timed to arrive at 4 a.m. Wolfe was to go with Monckton's boats. The vessels carrying Townshend's Brigade were to weigh anchor after the departure of the flat-bottomed boats, and Townshend's orders were to support Monckton after the latter had landed. The remaining troops allotted to the attack were to row over from Goreham's Post under Colonel Burton.

Late in the afternoon of the 12th the three Brigadiers submitted a letter to Wolfe, pointing out that the orders issued were not sufficiently precise and asking for further information. Wolfe replied at length to Monckton, the senior of the three and the one, moreover, with whom he seems to have remained on most friendly terms. He pointed out that to name the Anse du Foulon as the actual point of landing in his orders would be most dangerous. He had to fear a last minute

desertion. Such an act of desertion did, we know, actually occur on the evening of the 12th, but the man, a sergeant, knowing nothing, could tell nothing. Wolfe explained to Monckton that the landing-place was precisely the spot which he had pointed out to him personally on the afternoon of the 10th. The letter went on to deal fully with the whole question and must have removed any doubts that Monckton may have entertained. To Townshend Wolfe's reply was very brief and to the point, namely that he only had to carry out his orders, which were to support Monckton after the latter had landed. In Murray's case no reply was required, for he was under Monckton's orders.

Wolfe originally intended to drop down along the southern shore, but owing to the rapidity of the current it was decided to run down the northern shore. In doing so the passage of the boats on such a quiet night was bound to be heard by the French sentries on shore; but these, as we have seen, were expecting a French water-convoy that night.

To complete the plan, Admiral Holmes with a few ships was to move up-river above Cape Rouge, while Admiral Saunders below the town was to fill his boats with naval personnel and to act as if he were about to attack the Lines of Beauport, making as much noise as possible. Finally, the batteries at Point Levis were to fire with increased intensity. The whole scheme thus presented an

example of naval and military co-operation which was unexcelled up to that point in our history.

While Wolfe was dropping down the river in his barge with the leading Brigade, there occurred the incident so often referred to, namely his recitation of Gray's *Elegy*. This has always seemed a curious incident, but its truth is vouched for by Professor Robison of Edinburgh University, who was serving as a subaltern and was actually in Wolfe's boat at the time. Something of this sort apparently happened. There was the boat, moving rapidly down the current, the sailors pulling at the oars, the troops sitting between the sailors on the thwarts, Wolfe in the stern with his Staff and a few other officers. Complete silence on board, everyone wrapped in his own thoughts—some thinking of one thing, some another, some of the troops no doubt wondering if there would be any beer left in the canteen after the operations were over. Then, on the stillness of the night, to the surprise of everybody, comes the voice of the Commander-in-Chief reciting Gray's *Elegy*. On finishing the lines:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Wolfe paused, as if expecting some appreciation of his efforts. None came; the silence remained

unbroken. Wolfe then, apparently somewhat nettled at the silence, remarked, "Well, gentlemen, all I can say is that I would sooner have written those lines than take Quebec." The silence remained unbroken; the recitation came to an abrupt end. The truth is that Wolfe had a very marked trait of sentiment in his composition, of which he gave several instances in his life, and in which he curiously resembled Nelson.

The boats passed unchallenged until they reached the Anse du Foulon, where one of the French sentries called out. He was answered in French by Captain Fraser, telling the sentry that the party belonged to the Regiment de la Reine. Very possibly this was the pass-word given out for the use of the supposed convoy. Anyway, it satisfied the sentry, and the foremost troops, landing, forced their way up the slope and surprised de Vergor's post. After this everything went like clock-work, and by 7 a.m., or a little later, Wolfe's small force was in position on the Heights of Abraham some twelve hundred yards from the town. Beyond a rather galling fire from some Indians and Canadians who were covered by brush-wood on the British left flank, no opposition had so far been met with.

About this time Wolfe observed a young officer who had been hit while doing some excellent work on the left flank. The Commander-in-Chief went

up to him, took his name, and told him that his services should be rewarded and that he should be sent home in the first ship that went. He further took the trouble to write a note to Monckton asking him, should he (Wolfe himself) be killed, to see that his instructions in regard to this young officer were carried out. The incident was typical of Wolfe's habit of promptly rewarding any good work on the part of his subordinates that came under his notice, and it is a further proof of the complete self-possession which, even at the most critical moments, was so marked a feature in his character.

Montcalm does not appear to have received any definite information before seven o'clock. By 10 a.m. he was advancing with about 5500 men in three columns and was then some six hundred yards from the British lines. He had only been able to haul two guns into action, Wolfe on his side having only one, all that he had been able to get up in the time from the beach. No news had reached Montcalm from de Bougainville, which was curious. About 10.30 the French had arrived at about one hundred and fifty yards from the British lines. They were cheering wildly and shooting equally wildly. On the British side complete silence prevailed.

As, in later years, during the Peninsular War the same phenomenon was to be observed of wild

cheering on the part of the attacking French and of equally stony silence on the part of the defending British, one must conclude that the training of the British soldier was so carried out as to ensure his complete silence in action. This, at a period when the most complicated drill movements had to be carried out in face of the enemy, was no doubt a very great advantage, for orders were the more easily heard. No doubt, too, the complete silence had a very steadying effect. One is reminded of one of the maxims laid down by the Chinese General Wu in his *Book of War*, written two thousand five hundred years ago: "to oppose disorder with order, clamour with quiet, is to possess the heart under control." This little book, of which a translation has been provided by Captain Calthrop, is well worth the study of any soldier to-day. Incidentally the wording is in many places quite picturesque; for instance, in describing the rôle of a commander fighting a defensive-offensive action, the writer says: "First behave with the discretion of a maiden, then, when an opening presents itself, dart in like a rabbit."

About this time Wolfe was hit in the left wrist, the bone being shattered. He bound the wound up with his handkerchief. The French, still shouting and firing wildly, had now come within forty yards of the British line. Up went the British muskets, each of which was loaded with two balls,

and a series of the most perfect volleys was poured into the dense French columns. From all accounts, a more perfect fire discipline or more destructive volleys were never seen. So annihilating was the effect that in ten minutes the French force had become a wild, disorganised, and demoralised rabble, whose one idea was to get away from the field of battle as soon as possible. Pressing forward in the attack, Wolfe was hit a second time, now in the groin. Staggered by this wound, he still managed to keep on his legs till a third bullet, passing through his lungs, brought him to the ground, where he lay unconscious. Recovering his consciousness momentarily, he heard his aide-de-camp, Captain Bell, say, "How they run!" "Who runs?" said Wolfe. "The enemy," said Captain Bell. "Then, thank God, I die happy," said Wolfe, and very shortly afterwards passed away.

On the French side Montcalm, mortally wounded, was riding slowly back to Quebec. On the British, Wolfe being dead and Monckton severely wounded, the command had devolved on Townshend, who handled the situation with great skill and decision. He reformed his by now somewhat disorganised troops, and only just in time, for it was now eleven o'clock and de Bougainville with close on two thousand men, who had not so far fired a shot, had made his belated appearance. Townshend, with his reorganised troops and by the use of the two

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captured French guns, in addition to two which he now had of his own, beat off de Bougainville and the latter retired.

The interesting point arises as to what had happened to de Bougainville to delay him. The British landing had begun at 4 a.m. De Bougainville was only four and a half miles away, yet he tells us that he only heard of the landing at 9 a.m. In other words, the information took five hours in reaching him over a distance of four and a half miles, notwithstanding the fact that he had 300 cavalry at his disposal, some of whom would no doubt have been out on patrol work at dawn. I fear that the attractions of Madame de Vienne and her proximity at Jacques Cartier were too much for de Bougainville, and that he did not spend the night of September 12-13th at his Headquarters at Cape Rouge.

It only remains to be said that Townshend, acting with the greatest energy, had got up one hundred and seventeen guns by the 18th and on that day forced Quebec to surrender. Hence it fell to Townshend to write the despatch to Pitt telling of the battle on the Heights of Abraham and the fall of Quebec.

Wolfe's body was embalmed and taken home. He lies buried in the family vault in the parish church of Greenwich.

It has been given to few men to meet so timely

an end. Wolfe was but thirty-two years of age when he fell, but had he survived the battle, there can have been but a brief span of life remaining to him, so many and so grave were the disabilities from which he suffered. His course was indeed well-nigh run. It was, in truth, no unkindly Fate that took him in the hour of victory—a victory, too, so dramatic in its setting, so momentous in its consequences, that the name of the victor has been written large in our national history on the pages sacred to those whose deeds have most contributed to the greatness of their country.

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